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THE CENTENARY MEMORIAL

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

W.H.M.c Farlane, Lich.r, Edin.

IL, IN THE OLD CHURCH
Y, CARLISLE.

ıl of Sir Walter Scott by
art. August. 15. 1871.

THE CENTENARY MEMORIAL

C. T. Copland

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Summer of 1910.

By C. S. M. LOCKHART.

"Sir Walter Scott—for Scotland."

LONDON:

VIRTUE & CO., 294, CITY ROAD, AND 26, IVY LANE.

AUGUST 15, 1871.

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THE CENTENARY MEMORIAL OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT

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Dedicated

TO

HIS COUNTRYMEN.

No! do not scorn, although its hoarser note
Scarce with the cushat's homely song can vie,
Though faint its beauties as the tints remote
That gleam through mist in Autumn's evening sky,
When wild November hath his bugle wound;
Nor mock my toil—a lonely gleaner I,
Through fields time-wasted, on sad inquest bound,
Where happier bards of yore have richer harvest found.
SO SHALT THOU LIST, AND HAPLY NOT UNMOVED.

PREFACE.

"The fame of an illustrious poet is not confined to his own person and writings, but imparts a share of its splendour to whatever has been, even remotely, connected with him; and not only ennobles the objects of his friendships, his loves, and even his likings, but on every spot where he has sojourned through life, leaves traces of its light that do not easily pass away."—THOMAS MOORE.*

THE English claim Scott for the world; the Scotch ken him for their own. He is beloved at home, and revered abroad.

We all know him intimately already from his Poems, his Tales, and his Life. There is a nobility of thought and action in his Poems which stamps him as the Poet of Chivalry.

Combined with this high tone, there is minute fidelity of description, which marks careful observation and the love of Truth.

There is an active principle in Scott's Novels, which, like a bracing wind, brings invigorating health and purity along with it.

Where his spirit meets with kindred feeling, the reader rises a stouter-hearted man, a more genial companion, and returns to his work in life with a determination to throw greater energy into what he has to do.

The "Life of Sir Walter Scott" by J. G. Lockhart is allowed to be a masterpiece in English Biography.

It has certainly the charm of Walter Scott in its varied

* In his "Life of Lord Byron," p. 215, vol. i., First Edition.

pages, and that such a man's Memoirs *should be* written by a congenial mind is equally certain.

There are many lessons to be learnt by those who read this great work. Real kindliness of disposition, combined with untiring industry, would form, were this all, a picture of no little use as an example.

But how much have we to add before the Walter Scott of reality is before us!

Genius which stands alone in Scotland, and which can find no two in any other country;* gentle descent; high spirit; goodness of heart; a most genial disposition; gentlemanly to men; chivalrous to women; loving to children; and last, though not least, kindly to animals.

All this he was, and more.

He was, like true greatness generally is, thoroughly modest from first to last. His Works and Life unite to form one glorious monument of genius, goodness, and industry—simple in prosperity and great in adversity.

Sir Walter Scott lives in the hearts of his countrymen and the light of the world.

The motto selected for the title-page of these additional memoirs gives us the last written words of Scott, whose heart was with his country to the last.

During the progress of this work I received the following from a gentleman at Melrose:—

"I have often thought that there is not only complete *room* for such a work, but that it would enhance its value were it done *before all the* contemporary individuals *in this* locality go hence, so I heartily wish you God-speed in the work.

"11th *April*, 1870."

A few days later from Dean Ramsay:—

* Greece has Homer, England has Shakespeare, and Germany has Goethe, but we cannot name a second in either country.

"I shall be glad to give any assistance in my power to promote your object. He must be a Scotsman unworthy of the name who would not give his aid in building up a temple in honour of Walter Scott.

"*April* 16, 1870."

And again from the former gentleman, to whom this work is much indebted:—

"With reference to your remark about 'Lockhart's Life (of Scott) being for all time,' I quite agree with you—a biographer worthy of such a man; but I do feel often, on rising from it, the desire to know more, to have more filling up and completeness in detail in different parts, from the purchase of Abbotsford till the closing sad scene, and such, I am happy to know, will be realised in your hands.

"16 July, 1870."

What little I may have to say myself, will be found as connecting links which unite the contributions given in the following pages, and in the concluding chapter, which treats of the national event now so near at hand.

Like his son-in-law before me, wishing "to let the character develop itself," I have "refrained from obtruding almost anything of comment."

With regard to previously printed, though scattered letters, written by Scott, now produced for the first time as part of his "Life," I have to say—

No merely business letters have been introduced—all those now given containing more or less of *biographical* matter which might not be omitted in "The Centenary Memorial."

I am sensible that a high value attaches itself to the veritable communications of even the humblest among those who knew him in life. Readers will, therefore, find that

I have strictly given them the benefit of what has been supplied by the surviving friends and neighbours of Scott.

Their own words are retained, and the name of my authority, in nearly every case, added in a note.

By this method I have been enabled to state the contributions of each, and to thank them on the spot. Miss Agnes Strickland, in her "Royal Biographies," has set a good example in this respect, and enables the historical student to follow the text confidently, because he is aware of the foundation it rests securely on.

As the best possible reason for adhering to the very words of my informants, I quote Sir Walter Scott's Diary, where he says:—

"March 11, 1826.—I employed the remainder of the day in completing a set of notes on Captain Maitland's manuscript narrative of the reception of Napoleon Buonaparte on board the *Bellerophon*. It had been previously in the hands of my excellent friend Basil Hall, who had made many excellent corrections in point of style; but he had been hypercritical in wishing (in so important a matter, where everything depends on accuracy) this expression to be altered for delicacy's sake—that to be corrected for fear of giving offence—and that other to be abridged for fear of being tedious. The plain sailor's narrative for me, written on the spot, and bearing in its minuteness the evidence of its veracity." *

The collection and arrangement of the biographical particulars given in this volume have been a labour of love.

The information is now in chronological order, as well as united and safe.

Authentic particulars respecting Scott and Abbotsford are always welcome, but will be found peculiarly appropriate when Scotsmen celebrate his Centenary.

* "Life of Sir Walter Scott," vol. viii. p. 288. Library Edition in 10 vols.

The compiler of these additional memoirs is aware how briefly and imperfectly he has carried out what John Gibson Lockhart had expressed the wish to do himself, but did not.

It will be found, however, that through the zealous co-operation of those able to aid it, "The Centenary Memorial" has preserved something of what the world would not willingly lose.

And it is hoped those readers who can add fresh information to the story of Sir Walter Scott's Life will be kind enough to forward their memoranda to me.

In a future edition I will be most happy to avail myself of all well-informed corrections and additions.

Meanwhile, I beg to lay before the public this slight though sincere tribute to the memory of Scott.

CHARLES STEWART MONTGOMERIE LOCKHART.

ST. MARY BOURNE, ANDOVER.
July, 1871.

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I am indebted to my friend Mr. Kell for the loan of two photographs representing his old university at Glasgow, and engraved for this work.—C. S. M. L.
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The engravings given in this work of "The Popping Stone, Gilsland," "No. 83, Castle Street, Carlisle," where Miss Carpenter lodged in 1797, and "The Crown and Mitre Coffee-House" opposite, frequented by Walter Scott in the above year, are all from photographs carefully taken by Mr. J. Scott, of Carlisle.
60. The Very Rev. Robert Scott, D.D., The Deanery, Rochester.
"As being a Harden Scott myself, I should gladly contribute anything in my power to the completeness of the Centenary Memorial which is contemplated.—Robert Scott.
"*December* 19, 1870."
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77. Miss Wilson, Abbey Gardens, Kelso.

* "The Rev. Henry Michel Wagner, Vicar of Brighton, died on Friday, at the age of about eighty-five years."—*The Times*, Monday, October 10, 1870.

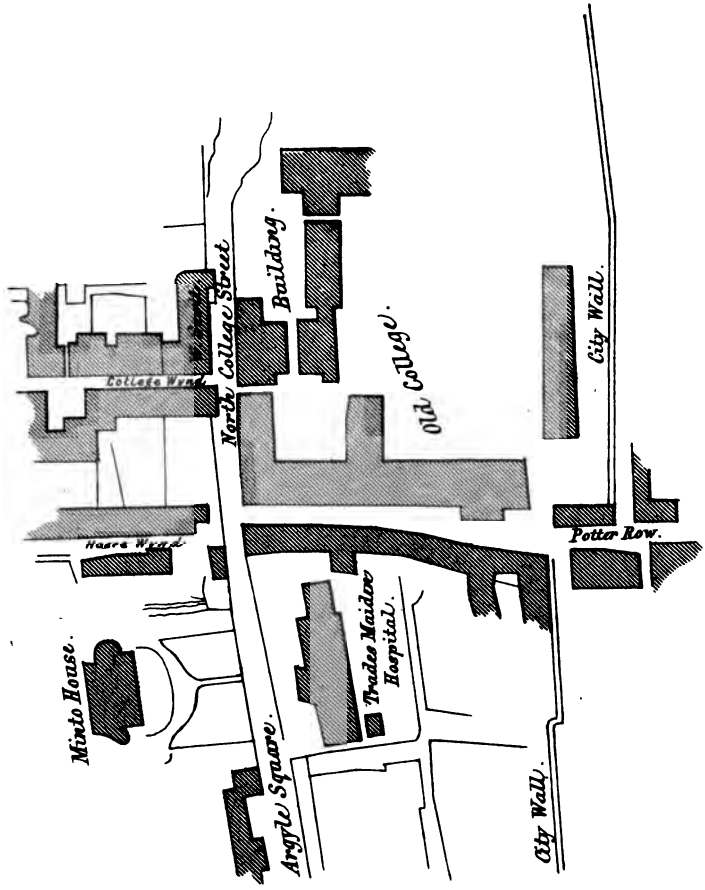
SUMMARY OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF WALTER SCOTT.

Born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771; becomes lame, and is sent to Sandy-Knowe, 177—; visits London and Bath, 1775; resides at Prestonpans, Edinburgh, and Kelso; sent to Leechman's school; becomes a High School boy, Edinburgh, in October, 1778; leaves High School, and visits Kelso, 1783; enters Edinburgh College in Nov., 1783; severe illness; apprenticeship to his father, 1786—1791; often at Rosebank, Kelso; resumes attendance at College, 1790—1791; called to the Scotch bar, July, 1792; raids in Liddesdale, &c.; practises as a barrister; studies German; translates ballads of "Lenore and the Wild Huntsman," 1796; refused by Miss Belsches of Invermay, autumn of 1796; publishes Translations from the German of Bürger —"William and Helen" and the "Wild Huntsman," &c., October, 1796; appointed Quartermaster of the Edinburgh Volunteer Cavalry, spring of 1797; visits Gilsland, autumn of 1797; married to Miss Carpenter at Carlisle, Dec., 1797; returns to Edinburgh with bride; country residence, Lasswade Cottage, 1798—1804; birth of eldest son Walter, 14th of October, 1798; death of his son, October 15; they visit London, March, 1799; death of Scott's father, April, 1799; birth of Sophia Scott, October 24, 1799; Scott appointed as Sheriff of Selkirkshire, Dec. 16, 1799; birth of Walter, afterwards the second baronet, 1801; publication of the "Border Minstrelsy," 1802—1803; removal to Ashestiel, 1804; publication of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," Jan., 1805; "Waverley" begun and laid aside, 1805; appointment as Clerk of Session, March, 1806; visits London and the Isle of Wight, 1807; "Marmion" published Feb., 1808; partnership with John Ballantyne and Co., 1808; visits London, 1809; publication of the "Lady of the Lake," 1810; "Waverley" resumed and again laid aside, 1810; purchase of Abbotsford, 1811; publication of "Rokeby," Dec., 1812; publication of the "Bridal of Triermain," 1813; publi-

cation of "Waverley," 1814; publication of the "Lord of the Isles," Jan., 1815; "Guy Mannering," Feb., 1815; visits France, August, 1815; publication of the "Antiquary," May, 1816; publication of "Rob Roy," 1817; publication of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," June, 1818; visit of Prince Leopold to Abbotsford, 1819; created a baronet by George IV., April, 1820; marriage of Sir Walter Scott's elder daughter to J. G. Lockhart, April 29, 1820; new buildings at Abbotsford, 1821; the King's visit to Edinburgh, 1822; publication of "St. Ronan's Well," 1823; Abbotsford completed, 1824; marriage of Lieut. Walter Scott, 1825; visit to Ireland, summer of 1825; catastrophe of his affairs, in the downfall of the three houses of Hurst and Robinson, Constable, and Ballantyne, Jan., 1826; leaves 39, North Castle Street, March, 1826; death of Lady Scott, May, 1826; revisits France, October, 1826; avowal as author of "Waverley," &c., 1827; publication of the "Fair Maid of Perth," 1828; publication of "Tales of a Grandfather," third series, 1829; resigned Clerkship of Session, 1830; publication of his last novels, and departure for Italy, 1831; return home, and death at Abbotsford, 1832; burial at Dryburgh Abbey, Sept. 26, 1832.

THE CENTENARY MEMORIAL.

1871.



GROUND PLAN OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH WALTER SCOTT WAS BORN.
FROM EDGAR'S PLAN OF EDINBURGH, DRAWN IN 1742.

CHAPTER FIRST.

"Mine own romantic town."
Marmion, canto iv., stanza xxx.

THE ninth child and seventh son of Mr. and Mrs. Scott was born at Edinburgh, on Thursday, the 15th of August, 1771.

"A search in all the registers of births and baptisms at Edinburgh has not revealed any record of the birth or baptism of the great minstrel."*

But he *was born*, and named *Walter*.

"He was connected, both by the father and mother's side, with several Scottish families of ancient lineage and renown."† Mr. Gillies tells us that Walter Scott's father belonged professionally to that higher class of Edinburgh attorneys (among whom are often men of old family and great fortune) who are incorporated as an integral part of the "College of Justice," deriving their title (as every southern reader may not be aware) from their exclusive right to draw up all such law papers as require an affix of the royal seal. Of Mr. Scott, senior, little more is remembered than that he was a steady, prudent, unambitious, and honourable man of business, not pre-eminent for talents, but much respected by his clients, and so far tinged with literature that he had collected a large library of miscellaneous books, exhibiting, however, an overstock of controversial divinity.‡

The poet's mother, who survived to an advanced age,

* *Note* to page 76 of "The Modern Scottish Minstrel," by the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D. Nimmo, Edinburgh, 1870.

† Thomas Pringle in *The Penny Magazine*.

‡ The poet's father also was "curious in historical antiquities."—*Note* on "Absalom and Achitophel," by Scott, in his edition of Dryden's Works, vol. ix. p. 255. 1808.

and whom I remember seeing at her own house in 1805, was also a descendant of an old and aristocratic family, and had through life a partiality for books, especially works of fiction and poetry, which, according to one of the late Sir John Sinclair's theories, her illustrious son may have directly inherited.*

"The house occupied by the family at the period of his birth, and for some time afterwards, stood at the head of the College Wynd, a narrow alley leading from the Cowgate to the northern gate of the college, and now considered one of the meanest lanes of the Old Town. At that time, however, the College Wynd was inhabited by several families of respectability, and among others by that of Mr. Keith, grandfather to the present Sir Alexander Keith, likewise a Writer to the Signet, who (agreeably to the ancient Edinburgh fashion) occupied the two lower flats of the same house of which the upper stories, accessible by another entrance, belonged to the family of the poet.

"This mansion was eventually pulled down to make way for the new College."†

No drawing of this most interesting house is known to exist, but there is some further account of it to be found in the local works of Robert Chambers, called "The Traditions of Edinburgh," 1825, and "Reekiana," 1833.

At page 289 of the latter work Chambers records that—

"In the course of a walk through the south side of the Old Town, in 1825, Sir Walter did me the honour to point out the *site* of the house in which he had been born.

"The site is now partly occupied as a wood-yard,‡ and partly used in the line of North College Street."

The tenement stood at the head of College Wynd, east side of the wynd, and exactly facing the common privy on the west side of the wynd. It consisted of three flats or stories, of which the two under ones were occupied as a

* Pages 6 and 7 of "Recollections of Sir Walter Scott, Bart." London, MDCCCXXXVII.

† Pringle in *The Penny Magazine*, 1832.

‡ Mr. Douglas, of 2, Greyfriar's Place, Edinburgh, thus writes to Mr. Thomas Sanderson, now of Galashiels:—"You must well recollect the corner surrounded with high palings inclosing a yard, where the Great Whale (now in our Industrial Museum) was for a time exhibited."—15th November, 1870.

self-contained house by Mr. Keith, W.S., grandfather to the late Sir Alexander Keith, Knight Mareschal of Scotland; and Mr. Walter Scott, W.S., father of the poet, resided in the third story, entered by a common stair from a back court.

"When the house required to be destroyed for the public conveniency, Mr. Scott received a good price for it. He had some time before removed to a house in the west side of George Square, where Walter Scott spent all his schoolboy and college days."*

Alexander Keith, W.S., and his family, who occupied the two under flats of Mr. Walter Scott's house at the head of College Wynd, continued to reside there, and remained in the ground portion for several years after the upper portion had been evacuated by the Scott family.

In Peter Williamson's Edinburgh Directory, June, 1784, to June, 1788, we find him entered:—

"Alexander Keith, W.S., College Wynd."

And in the same Directory, at a later period, namely, June, 1790, to June, 1792, he is still given as resident there:—

"Alexander Keith, W.S., College Wynd."

The site was required, it is said, to make room for the new University Buildings, and especially to widen the passage or public street south of the College, now called "North College Street."

But as the University Buildings were erected in 1780, and the house in which Scott had been born was still standing in 1790, it is probable the demolition of the latter was caused only by the improvement of the approaches to the new College.

The third flat of the house belonged to Scott's father, and on Sir Walter observing to Robert Chambers that his father got a good price for it, and removed from thence to a larger house in the west side of George's Square, Chambers remarked that *more money might have been made of the old house by letting it stand to be shown as the birthplace of Sir Walter Scott.* The old knight replied—

"Aye! aye! all very well! but you know I would require to be *dead* first, and that would not be quite so convenient as the ready money."

* Chambers.

Edgar's plan of Edinburgh, drawn in 1742, shows the ground-plan of the tenement.*

The "Trades Maiden Hospital," marked in this plan, has been removed, and the present INDUSTRIAL MUSEUM stands on the site it used to occupy.

SMAILHOLM.

"It is well to be bred up amid those scenes wherein our future is cast. Nothing ever supplies the place of those early associations, nothing ever knits the heart to the place of its birth, like the remembrances of childhood. Nothing can give the entire knowledge of a people but having been brought up among them."

L. E. L.†

Though not born at Sandy-Knowe, yet as Scott's *first* recollections are connected with its farmhouse and old tower, we may well adopt as our motto the words of Miss Landon.

On plate xvii. of the "Geographical Annual, or Family Cabinet Atlas, designed and engraved by Thomas Starling," this parish is thus noted :—

	N. Lat.	W. Long.
"Smailholm	55° 4′	3° 35′" ‡

"The farm of Sandy-Knowe was then the property of Mr. Scott's relative, 'Scott of Harden,' ancestor of the Right Hon. Lord Polwarth, who is the present proprietor of that and the adjoining estate." §

"It is situated near the border line of the rich arable strath of the Tweed, where the land rises towards the wild pasture-lands of the Lammermuirs. The farmhouse is situated on a braehead, beneath the shelter of the rude crags on which the tower of Smailholm is built."‖

Here is one description of what must often have greeted Scott's eyes in those early days :—

"The delicacy of his health induced his parents to consent to his residence, during a considerable part of his early

* See plate i., No. 1.

† See in "Life of Miss Landon," vol. ii. page 116.

‡ London, published for the Proprietors By E. Churton, Holmes Street, Cavendish Square.

§ *The Border Magazine, November*, 1863, page 261.

‖ Page 7 of George Allan's "Life of Scott."

boyhood, at Sandy-Knowe, the house of his paternal grandfather, a respectable farmer in Roxburghshire. This farmhouse occupies an elevated situation near the old border fortlet, called Smailholm Tower, and overlooks a large portion of the vale of the Tweed and the adjacent country —the Arcadia of Scotland, and the very cradle of Scottish romance and song. Southward, on the Northumbrian marches, rise, dark and massive, the Cheviot mountains, with the field of Flodden on their eastern skirts; while on the west, within a few miles' distance, appears the legendary three-peaked Eildon, looking down on the monastic ruins of Melrose and Dryburgh, on the 'Rhymer's Tower,' and 'Huntly Bank,' and 'Leader Haughs,' and 'Cowdenknows,' and on the storied streams of Teviot, and Ettrick, and Yarrow, and Gala-water, issuing to the Tweed from their pastoral glens. The 'whole land,' to use the poetical language of Allan Cunningham, 'is alive with song and story;' almost every stone that stands above the ground is the record of some skirmish or single combat; and every stream, although its waters be so inconsiderable as scarcely to moisten the pasture through which they run, is renowned in song and in ballad. 'I can stand,' said Sir Walter one day, 'on the Eildon Hill and point out forty-three places famous in war and verse.'" *

"Such was the country that opened from the thatched farmhouse at Smailholm Tower to the eyes and the imagination of the future minstrel; and the impressions that were then indelibly stamped on his infant mind by the pastoral scenery and legendary lore of the 'land of his sires,' are beautifully described in the introduction to the third canto of 'Marmion.' His residence, with his venerable relatives, at this secluded spot, which, after early boyhood, was, we believe, occasionally renewed during the summer vacations of the High School and College, was undoubtedly fraught with many advantages, physical and mental. It was here that his feeble constitution was, by the aid of free air and exercise, gradually strengthened into robustness; and, though he never got rid of his lameness, it was so far over-

* "Memoir of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.," by Allan Cunningham, in *The Athenæum.*

come as to be in after-life rather a deformity than an inconvenience. It was here that his love of ballad lore and border story was fostered into a passion; and it was here, doubtless, and at the house of one of his uncles (Mr. Thomas Scott, of Woolee, also a Roxburghshire farmer), that he early acquired that intimate acquaintance with the manners, character, and language of the Scottish peasantry, which he afterwards turned to such admirable account in his novels. That such was the fact, indeed, the writer of this sketch is fully persuaded from circumstances that have come within his own knowledge, as well as from many incidents mentioned to him in conversation by Sir Walter himself." *

It was while resident at Sandy-Knowe that the little Walter was enveloped in the warm skin of a sheep, with the hope of thereby curing his lameness.

Scott has in his works made use of what occurred to himself in some particulars. We have one instance here, for the Hermit Brian, in the "Lady of the Lake," was enclosed in the skin of a white bull, and let down to the brink of a cataract to see visions, and dream dreams of dreadful augury.

"There were two more of old Robert Scott's grandchildren inmates of his house when Walter arrived, both of whom were younger than him. One of them still remembers her cousin as kind and attentive to them, as 'a famous playfellow.' He used to limp about, leaning on his little crutch, with the lesser children trotting after him." †

Mr. William Oliver, of Langraw, writes:‡—

"In reply to yours of the 14th instant, as to the relationship between our family and that of Sir Walter Scott, my mother, Jane Scott, was the eldest daughter of Thomas Scott, the second son of Robert Scott of Sandy-Knowe, and Ann Scott, only daughter of William Scott of Raeburn.

"Sir Walter Scott's father was the eldest son of Robert Scott of Sandy-Knowe, and consequently he and my mother were cousins.

"I may add that Thomas Scott and Ann Scott, my grandfather and grandmother, were cousins.

* Thomas Pringle in *The Penny Magazine*, 1832.

† Page 10 of George Allan's "Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.," 1834.

‡ In a letter to Mr. Thomas Usher, dated 18th May, 1870.

"I regret that I am unable to furnish you with any particulars worth relating that are not already before the public.

"When Scott in his childhood was sent to Sandy-Knowe, my mother went from Crailing, where her father then resided, to become his playmate, and she often spoke of his intelligence."

With regard to the history of the tower, we are told that—

"Mr. Robert Scott's 'thatched farmhouse' stood in an elevated position near to the renowned baronial border fortalice, which anciently belonged to the Pringles of Whytebank (sometimes called Hop Pringles), and popularly known as Smailholm Tower, or Sandy-Knowe Tower. The lands of Smailholm were possessed by the Pringles in very early times. The first on record is Robert Pringle, who died in 1300, and left a son. Thomas Hop Pringle lived in the reign of Bruce, and there is a safe-conduct from King Edward of England granted to this one and his son, with twelve persons in their retinue, in the year 1363. 'Rymer's Fœd.,' Anglia, vol. vi., page 418. Part of Smailholm and the lands of Littledean, on the opposite side of the Tweed, belonged to the Bothwell family at one period." *

"Kelso, the queen of border-towns, is about six miles distant from Smailholm, and its weekly and other markets are much resorted to by the agricultural community of the district." †

Sandy-Knowe fades into the past, and Kelso is where we find Walter Scott.

Bath and Kelso.

"'The child is father of the man;' and this is true of none more, or so much, as of Walter Scott. Nay, in him, as in many great men, the man and the child refuse to be separated: they are always one. In his boyhood we find clear and full exemplification of all his noble qualities—his enthusiasm, warm-hearted affection, bold manly feelings, sense, honesty, and invincible perseverence. Afterwards these characteristics ripened and expanded, but they never changed; and hence a unity, amidst great breadth, in Scott as a man and as a writer, which has been rarely equalled, and perhaps never surpassed."

Rev. George Gilfillan.‡

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* *The Border Magazine*, No. 5, *Nov.*, 1863.

† *The Border Magazine*, No. 5, *Nov.*, 1863, page 262.

‡ "Life of Sir Walter Scott, Baronet." Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Co., 1870, page 1.

We have now the pleasure to introduce the only surviving friend of Sir Walter, who can remember him in early boyhood.

From Miss Wilson, of Abbey Gardens, Kelso, I have obtained some of the most precious information contained in the memorial, and all who read it will feel deeply grateful to this kind lady.

We quote from a small MS. volume entitled, "My Little Book of Notices respecting dear Sir Walter."

Extract of a letter from M. W. to a Friend:—

". . . . . With respect to the interest attached to that old table, it is this—that at the time referred to, it stood in the consulting-room of my father, the late Dr. Andrew Wilson of Kelso, of whom I may mention that the reviewers of the *Medical Journal* upon his work on 'Morbid Sympathy' pronounced him 'thirty years ahead of his profession generally.' And thus it was that his friend Dr. Daniel Rutherford, of Edinburgh, to his care committed his sister's son, the young Walter Scott, then a lame and very delicate child.

"When his grandmother having left Sandy-Knowe, and come to live in the Garden Cottage in Kelso, he was, for several years, sent out to pass the summer with her. In the house, to invigorate his weak limb, my father determined to try the power of electricity. I do not know his then age, but that he must have been very young is clear from the following circumstances.

"An ancient and true friendship had subsisted between our own family and that of the Scotts—I believe (from near vicinity) before, but certainly ever since, the time when Beardy Scott, of Raeburn, and my forefather, old Beardy Turner, of Helendean, were united, with many borderers more, by a solemn pledge and token, of small mark in our day, 'Not to suffer the touch of a razor till the King, the true King, should enjoy his own again.'

"Thus their intercourse in Kelso was one of very close intimacy (and from suitability of mind also), so that the children of the families were perpetually together. And thus it was that the little Walter, whose loving young heart had given itself with a passionate fondness to my mother (a love which closed only in cries for her loss many years after),

made up his mind that he would sit nowhere to be electrified but on her knee.

"Very often I have heard my father describe them, placed near a window in an arm-chair at the end of the table in question, where, while the process was preparing, he lay reclining, his whole countenance brightly awake, as with great emphasis and a strong lisp, he recited the opening verses of the Ballad of Hardeknute, which he had learned from her lips—while, with his head thrown back, and right arm flung upwards, he declaimed—

'Sta—tately ste—teped he eastet the wa',
And sta—tately ste—teped he westet!' &c.,*

all of which is most familiar to me, and to a surviving sister much younger, as often narrated with pleasure by him when recalled by conversation, and honoured in his after day; and at this distant time it forms a curious feature of internal evidence, that while that powerful fluid was submitting itself to regulation, it took an unaccountable direction of its own with such force as to throw out a little wedge from the end of the table, which remains to prove its identity at this house, but which in *no way* disturbed the calm of that young mind absorbed in other thoughts."

A little further on, Miss Wilson tells us that—

"Another circumstance, in some connection with these, rises upon me so strongly, and, though very trivial, is so characteristic, that I cannot resist recording that also—that *thick lisp*, which I have mentioned, my father saw was such as to prove very inconvenient, unless very early removed, which, by a touch of his lancet, he quickly did.

"After very many years had passed—and it was indeed the last time they met at the gay board of the late Sir Alexander Don, at Newton Don—some of those tales of other times were called up between them, when Lady Scott, who had listened with much attention, turned quickly round exclaiming, 'Well, Dr. Wilson! I will uphold you for the *very cleverest*

* The first two lines of "Hardyknute" are—

"Stately stept he east the wa',
And stately stept he west."

From Bishop Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," edition of 1840.

doctor in all Great Britain, for you set Scott's tongue agoing then, and it has never stood still one moment since!'

"Soon, soon after that day were all those, linked together as they were by very peculiar ties, one by one swept onward by the tide into the great ocean of eternity, and I remain, after a long life, to follow shortly; and while desiring to rejoice with hope in the future, I would cheerfully place these slight traces of the far-away past in the hands of some one who will look into them with interest."

We think both these operations would be performed previously to the trial of the wells of Bladud.

The interesting anecdotes contained in Miss Wilson's little book are by no means exhausted; but, as *time rules all*, we must now give her charming account of young Walter Scott at Bath. There is a natural archness about the dear little boy, which not only amuses, but wins the heart as well.

The good old lady says:*—

"I wish I could have told you more respecting the early years of the beloved Sir Walter, to add to the little you might glean from my little book.

"Still, I send you a very few notes, and these are new—as they relate to his early visit to Bath, which is merely named in the former publications.

"Yet in narrow bounds they are very characteristic—alike so of the kindness of that loving young heart, and its early roguery—they show the identity of the bud with the noble flower of after years.

"In summer, 1775, Dr. Wilson advised the family of Sir Walter Scott to try the effect of the Bath waters upon his lameness; and, as his opinion always had much weight with Dr. Rutherford, it was determined that Miss Jenney Scott should take her little nephew there, while their friend, Mr. Robertson, a gentleman of this neighbourhood, who was there already, promised to take charge of them and their arrangements on their first going.

"On the 11th of August, that gentleman, in writing to Dr. Wilson respecting his own health, goes on to say:—

"'Miss Scott and Walter (who, I think, went by sea to

* In a letter dated "Abbey Gardens, Kelso, January 6th, 1871," Miss Wilson was in her eighty-ninth year when she wrote the above.

London, probably from Berwick) have had a tedious journey here. They are both well, and have got lodgings in this house. The first physician here, Dr. Gusthart, has ordered him into the hot bath. He expects well for his recovery, from his great youth (that of four years exactly), yet is not quite confident.

"'This place is full of fine people. The Prince of Anhalt Dessau,* and his beautiful Princess, are sitting near me, while little Wat is scrawling on a piece of paper what he calls "a letter to dear Dr. Wilson." He has been astonishing some of the people here with Hardicnute.'

"On the 3rd of September Mr. Robertson writes:—

"'Your little friend takes his bath regularly. He now stands by me, and desires his compliments to his dear Dr. Wilson (take his own words)—"that he bears the pump on his hip pretty well; that he was two days sick at London; that he has fallen in love with Miss Carlysle; that he has had half-a-dozen of sweethearts, and has forsaken them all; and that he has kissed another man's wife!—and that," but there is no end to his chatter. He entertains our company vastly with his Scottish poems, and has many sage observations.'

"Again, in a letter of the 23rd of September, Mr. Robertson says:—

"'Watty commands me to say your little friend has just been in the tower of the church, and seen the bells, and the angels ascending and descending; and he is a good boy, and he likes the bath very well.' And this—'with Miss Scott's kind regards'—closes Mr. Robertson's reports of our friends, as he left Bath immediately after the last date.

"A close copy. "M. W."

Scott says:—"After being a year at Bath, I returned first to Edinburgh, and afterwards for a season to Sandy-Knowe."

Edinburgh.

"The Good Town."
Marmion.†

Walter Scott had left the capital of Scotland before his

* "Duke Francis in 1774."—*Penny Cyclopædia.*
† Introduction to canto v.

first conscious remembrance. He now returned to it renewed in health, and with all the sharpness of boyish observation within him.

Well did it now impress its varied features of romantic beauty upon the heart of the boy, and never afterwards did aught efface this early knowledge of his beloved city.

His love for Dun-Edin grew with his growth, and expanded with the progress of his own wonderful mind. Edinburgh returns his love.

We resume our extracts from Miss Wilson's little book.

In speaking of the electric fluid, she says:—

"Whether that experiment proved really useful I know not; but this I know, that by the time he was from seven to eight years old he was able to fly after the girls—his cousin (afterwards Mrs. Meek) and my eldest sister—down the grass walks of that old garden, where, in after years, the cutting down of the great maple-tree touched him so tenderly; and there, when not so fleet in the race, he *used* to *shy* after them that little staff, somewhat between walking-stick and crutch, of which he was then getting independent.

"It must not be thought from this that any want of sociability with his young friends ever entered his kind nature, though a contempt of *girls* still lingers a little among the boys of our borders. Not so with him! Cordially he joined in all the pursuits of those two dear companions, up to the point of *dressing Dolls* with them!'

"In that little attic-room, devoted to their use, with its ample south window projecting through the roof, and a little table in front of it,—there, with united interest, they carried on the common work, at which the fine fingers of his cousin were singularly dexterous.

"One only caveat he entered to maintain the dignity of his manhood—that *his* dolls should all *be boys! I remember them!* The young ladies were of all sizes, up to ten or twelve inches, made of fine linen stuffed with bran, like an old-fashioned pincushion. They had fine complexions *painted*, and hair of the beautiful ringlets of those fair young heads.

"Walter's were made and clothed of printed cotton, of a pale blue colour, with a small figure in darker blue, which I could draw here at this moment, and evidently was a portion of a frock of Miss Barbara's, on which, under a line where

the hair should end, had there been any, was drawn by pen and ink the human face divine! They were chiefly rather about four inches long and less, having a sort of semblance of hands and feet—all very firm and neatly made.

"I think that, being a very young child, I must have been only once allowed to climb that steep little stair to enjoy the mysteries of the doll-room, and that this would tend to deepen its impression on a memory naturally very tenacious. That I recollect distinctly that on one side of that window, which had a shelf about half a foot broad all round it, sat that great array of ladies, attired with much magnificence—with one in a mob cap and apron, as a servant, a little behind them; while few in number on the other side stood the boys. I think there might be about six or seven of them.

"It awakens a singular feeling in my mind to have been led to record, and I am glad to preserve these little points of early history, being (as an eye-witness) known, I believe, in all the living world to myself alone."

Scott early became acquainted with Bishop Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry." Miss Wilson writes thus:—

"You mention the fine Platinus, for loss of which his grief is noticed elsewhere; a slight occurrence brought out that feeling not long before the close. You have seen by my notes the close friendship between the Scott family and ours; and the very last time my sister and he met, he spoke of that tree, with a feeling of its loss as fresh as if it had been new.

"'Ah, Jeannie! Jeannie!' he said, 'how often and often have you and I *played at Bogley* under its branches!' She had that day taken a very few friends to see Abbotsford; as it chanced, they were denied admittance. Still she sent in her card, when instantly, with two hands held out, he came to bid her welcome. He led them about himself, and showed them *everything*, and then took them into his own special den, and showed her all the choice objects that he liked the best. She never saw him again, and seldom indeed had they met for years before. Once he had made a strong effort to pass a day here, but the intense pain he suffered in seeing another preside where he had often sat by one he dearly loved was such that not all his regard for my father could ever bring him back. Thus after that I never saw him

again; and thus, I think, the better do I remember, though very young, all his stories of that day.

"You inquire about the old cottage in the garden; that, with part of the garden, has been bought by Mr. Brown, who has retained the original little parlour—of far other days—as a part of his own house, to which he gives the name of 'Waverley Cottage.'" *

CHAPTER SECOND.

"For Love will still be lord of all."

WALTER SCOTT.†

1797.

J. G. LOCKHART informs us that after the rising of the Court of Session in July, Scott set out on a tour to the English lakes, accompanied by his brother John and Adam Ferguson. Their first stage was Hallyards, in Tweeddale. "Dr. Ferguson lived for some time at Neidpath Castle, from whence he moved to Hallyards, in Manor parish. David Ritchie was a pauper, who lived the greater part of a long life, and finally died so late as the year 1811, in a solitary cottage situated in the romantic glen of Manor, in Peeblesshire. Dr. Ferguson used sometimes to visit the eccentric solitary, as an amusement in that retired spot; and Walter Scott, who was his guest upon this occasion, had an interview with the misshapen dwarf.‡ His sister, Agnes Ritchie, resided for some years in the same spot, and died in December, 1821." §

Proceeding southwards, the tourists at length fixed their head-quarters at GILSLAND. Scott had here a passing glimpse of flirtation, and on occasion of a visit to part of the Roman wall, in the company of the young lady, he wrote some pleasing lines.‖

* Communicated Jan. 6, 1871.
† From song of Albert Græme in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."
‡ See Scott's Introduction (1829) to the "Black Dwarf."
§ Pages 94, 95, and 104.
‖ See the "Life of Scott," vol. i. p. 365, library edition.

"I REMEMBERED THE NAME I THEN CARVED IN RUNIC CHARACTERS ON THE TURF BESIDE THE CASTLE GATE."

SIR WALTER SCOTT, JUNE, 1827.

AN OLD ASH TREE IN RYMERS GLEN, 5TH JULY, 1870.

A. CURRIE.

Speaking of the Roman wall, Arthur's "Guide to Carlisle" observes that—

"Perhaps the most complete of the stations now remaining is that at Birdoswald, near Gilsland—the Amboglana of the *Notitia Imperii.*" *

There can be little doubt that it was this part of the Roman wall that Scott visited from Gilsland.

The young advocate was destined to meet the partner of his life in this watering-place, and so it was Miss Charpentier formed his acquaintance.

A little book, kindly lent me by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, and entitled, "Anecdotes of the Family Circle," † gives a curious as well as very interesting account of Scott's courtship and marriage.

Mr. Burd (*Bird*) was not Dean of Carlisle, but a minor canon.

It is possible there may be other slight mistakes; but, nevertheless, the following narrative is well worth having:—

"When the Marquis of Downshire,‡ about fifty years ago, was about to proceed upon his travels, he begged some letters of introduction, amongst others, from the Reverend Mr. Burd, Dean of Carlisle, who had been his early friend. This gentleman communicated to his lordship one letter, recommending him to the favourable notice of almost his only continental acquaintance, Monsieur Charpentier, of Paris, an individual who held the lucrative office of provider of post-horses to the royal family of France."

When M. Charpentier died, which occurred in the

* Page 51, second edition, 1869.

† London: Orr & Smith, Paternoster Row, MDCCCXXXVI., pages 40—45. "Sir Walter Scott."

‡ Arthur, second Marquis of Downshire, was born on the 3rd of March, 1753, and married Mary, Baroness Sands, 29th June, 1786. His father, the first marquis, died in 1793, and Miss Carpenter's friendly guardian himself died 7th September, 1801.

"The Marquis of Downshire was the poetical Earl of Stirling's heir of line, and as such owner of the estates acquired by Lord Stirling's successors."—Rev. Dr. ROGERS, December 24, 1870.

"Please correct a statement of mine as to Arthur, second Marquis of Downshire, being *descended* from the Earl of Stirling. He was not so, but married to a descendant of Lord Stirling.

"C. ROGERS

"March 18th, 1871."

beginning of the Revolution, Madame made her escape with her children to England, where they found a warm friend in the marquis, who had, in consequence of the introduction, formed an intimate acquaintance with the family abroad. M. Charpentier had, in his first alarm as to the coming Revolution, invested £4,000 in English securities, part in a mortgage upon Lord Downshire's estates. On the mother's death, which occurred soon after her arrival in London, this nobleman took on himself the character of sole guardian to her children, and all who care for Scott must feel grateful to the marquis for his kindness to them.

"He placed the girl in a French convent for her education, and soon after, by an exertion of patronage, had the boy sent out on a lucrative appointment to India, his name having been previously changed, on his naturalisation as a British subject, to Carpenter. It was a stipulation before the young man received his appointment, that two hundred pounds of his annual salary should fall regularly to his sister. Miss Carpenter in time returned to London, and was placed under the charge of a governess named Miss Nicholson, who, however, could not prevent her from forming an attachment to a youthful admirer, whose addresses were not agreeable to the marquis. His lordship, having learned that a change of scene was necessary, wrote hastily to Mr. Burd, requesting him to seek for a cottage in his own neighbourhood among the Cumberland lakes, fit for the reception of two young ladies who could spend two hundred a year. Mr. Burd, having made the desired inquiries, wrote to inform his lordship that there was such a place near his own house, but that it would require a certain time to put it into repair. He heard no more of the matter till, a few days after, as he and Mrs. Burd were on the point of setting out for Gilsland Wells, on account of the delicate health of the latter individual, they were surprised by the arrival of two young ladies at their door in a post-chaise, being the persons alluded to by the marquis. His lordship had found it convenient to send them off to the care of Mr. Burd, even at the hazard of the house not being ready for their reception. This was at the end of the month of August or beginning of September, 1797. The dilemma occasioned by the unexpected arrival of the young ladies was of a very distressing

kind, and Mrs. Burd was afraid that it would, for one thing, put a stop to her intended expedition to Gilsland. Her husband, however, finally determined that their journey thither should still hold good, and that to place his guests above inconvenience, they should join the party proceeding to the Spa.

"Having duly arrived at Gilsland, which is situated near the borders of Scotland, they took up their residence at the inn, where, according to the custom of such places, they were placed, as the latest guests, at the bottom of the table. It chanced that a young Scotch gentleman had arrived the same afternoon, though only as a passing traveller, and he, being also placed at the bottom of the table, came into close contact with the party of Mr. Burd. Enough of conversation took place during dinner to let the latter individuals understand that the gentleman was a Scotchman, and this was in itself the cause of the acquaintance being protracted. Mrs. Burd was intimate with a Scotch military gentleman, a Major Riddell, whose regiment was then in Scotland; and as there had been a collision between the military and the people at Tranent,* on account of the Militia Act, she was anxious to know if her friend had been among those present, or if he had received any hurt. After dinner, therefore, as they were rising from table, Mrs. Burd requested her husband to ask the Scotch gentleman if he knew anything of the late riots, and particularly if a Major Riddell had been concerned in suppressing them. On these questions being put, it was found that the stranger knew Major Riddell intimately, and he was able to assure them, in very courteous terms, that his friend was quite well. From a desire to prolong the conversation on this point, the Burds invited their informant to drink tea with them in their own room, to which he very readily consented, notwithstanding that he had previously ordered his horse to be brought to the door in order to proceed upon his journey. At tea, their common acquaintance with Major Riddell furnished much pleasant conversation, and the parties became so agreeable to each other, that, in a subsequent walk to the Wells, the stranger still accompanied Mr. Burd's party. He had now ordered his horse back to

* This riot took place on the 29th of August, 1797.—C. S. M. L.

the stable, and talked no more of continuing his journey. It may be easily imagined that a desire of discussing the major was not *now* the sole bond of union between the parties. Mr. Scott, for so he gave his name, had been impressed during the earlier part of the evening with the elegant and fascinating appearance of Miss Carpenter, and it was on her account that he was lingering at Gilsland. Of this young lady, it will be observed, he could have previously known nothing; she was hardly known even to the respectable persons under whose protection she appeared to be living. She was simply a lovely woman, and a young poet was struck with her charms.

"Next day Mr. Scott was still found at the Wells—and the next—and the next—in short, every day for a fortnight. He was as much in the company of Mr. Burd and his family as the equivocal foundation of their acquaintance would allow; and by affecting an intention of speedily visiting the lakes, he even contrived to obtain an invitation to the Dean's country house in that part of England. In the course of this fortnight, the impression made upon his heart by the young Frenchwoman was gradually deepened; and, notwithstanding the girlish love affair in which Miss Carpenter had been recently engaged, the effect was already reciprocal. He only tore himself away in consequence of a call to attend certain imperative matters of business at Edinburgh. It was not long ere he made his appearance at Mr. Burd's house, where, though the Dean had only contemplated a passing visit, as from a tourist, he contrived to enjoy another fortnight of Miss Carpenter's society. In order to give a plausible appearance to his intercourse with the young lady, he was perpetually talking to her in French, for the ostensible purpose of perfecting his pronunciation of that language under the instructions of one to whom it was vernacular. Though delighted with the lively conversation of the young Scotchman, Mr. and Mrs. Burd could not now help feeling uneasy about his proceedings, being apprehensive as to the construction which Lord Downshire would put upon them, as well as upon their own conduct in admitting a person of whom they knew so little to the acquaintance of his ward. Miss Nicholson's sentiments were, if possible, of a still more painful kind, as, indeed, her responsibility was more onerous

and delicate. In this dilemma it was resolved by Mrs. Burd to write to a friend in Edinburgh, in order to learn something of the character and status of their guest. The answer returned was to the effect that Mr. Scott was a respectable young man, and rising at the bar. It chanced at the same time that one of Mr. Scott's female friends, hearing of some love adventure in which he had been entangled at Gilsland, wrote to this very Mrs. Burd, with whom she was acquainted, inquiring if she had heard of such a thing, and 'what kind of a young lady was it who was going to take Watty Scott?' The poet soon after found means to conciliate Lord Downshire to his views in reference to Miss Carpenter, and the marriage took place at Carlisle within four months of the first acquaintance of the parties.*

"The match made up under such extraordinary circumstances was a happy one; a kind and gentle nature resided in the bosoms of both parties, and they lived, accordingly, in the utmost peace and amity. The bounteous but unostentatious beneficence of Lady Scott will long be remembered in the rural circle where she presided; and though her foreign education gave a tinge to her manners, she formed an excellent mistress to the household of her illustrious husband, and an equally excellent mother to his children. One of the last acts of Sir Walter Scott, before the illness which carried her to the tomb, was to discharge an attached and valued servant who had forgotten himself one day so far as to speak disrespectfully to his mistress. He lamented the necessity of parting with such a servant, and one who had been so long with him; but he could not overlook an insult to one whom he held so dear."

It should here be observed that Miss Carpenter was a member of the Church of England, and in reality had an income of £400 per annum.

By the side of the river Irthing, at Gilsland, local tradition tells us we shall find an interesting relic of Scott's romantic visit:—

"Here we go along a pretty glen. At the end of our walk we stop at a boulder-stone, which from its worn appear-

* "As an expatriated French loyalist there was something in her story to suit Scott's political feelings, as well as to captivate his romantic imagination."—Gilfillan's "Life of Scott," page 43.

ance seems to be an object of special attention. It has been stood upon and sat upon, and so chipped and maltreated generally, that we are sure it is a stone of no ordinary kind. And yet in what consists its attraction? It is not the remnant of a Druidical circle; it has no Roman or Scandinavian lettering upon it; nay, it has not even the initials of the modern roving Englishman. Then what is it? This is really called the *Popping-Stone*—the tradition being that young Walter Scott, having led his companion up this lovely glen, became so *lost* amid so many of nature's beauties, that he fairly 'popped the question' on this identical stone. You see that spreading hawthorn-tree? Well, tradition also says that the compact was sealed under its sheltering boughs by the first kiss."*

The vicar of St. Mary's parish, Carlisle, was the first to inform me that a very early acquaintance of Scott still survived to tell of other days. He wrote thus:†—

"There is an old lady in my parish who remembers the marriage, and knew something of the personages concerned. . . . If you should think of coming in person, this lady (named Mrs. Halton, in Fisher Street) would gladly tell you all she remembers."

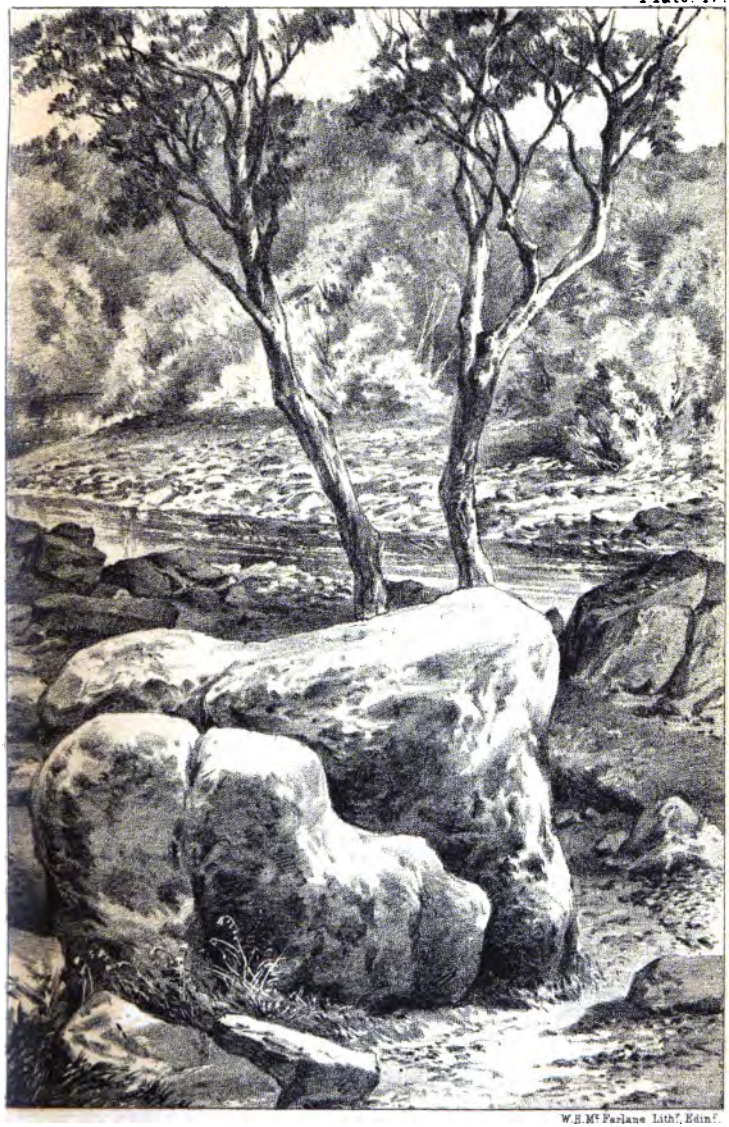
I wrote without delay to Mrs. Halton, and in reply it was pleasant indeed to receive the recollections of one who knew Walter Scott *before* he was famous, for this kind old lady comes only second on the list of Scott's surviving friends.‡ Her reminiscences of so interesting a period in Scott's life form an unexpected and welcome addition to *The Centenary Memorial.* It is now seventy-three years and nearly six months since his marriage, and the following remembrances may well seem like *a resurrection of the past*:—

"After the lapse of above seventy years, I fear I can give you but little information. My Uncle and Aunt Bird met with Miss Nicholson and Miss Carpenter at Gilsland, where they were mutually pleased with each other, and when they

* From Arthur's "Guide to Carlisle," second edition, 1869.

† In a communication dated "April 22, 1870."

‡ Miss Wilson, of Abbey Gardens, Kelso, who can remember Scott a boy there, is certainly entitled to the name of Walter Scott's oldest surviving friend.



W.H.Mc Farlane Lith.r, Edin.r

"THE POPPING STONE", GILSLAND.

Centenary Memorial of Sir Walter Scott by
C. S. M. Lockhart August, 15, 1871.

W.H.M.c Farlane, Lith.r, Edin.r.

Nº 83, CASTLE STREET, CARLISLE.

Centenary Memorial of Sir Walter Scott by
C.S.M.Lockhart, August, 15, 1871.

left Gilsland Miss Nicholson and Miss Carpenter took lodgings in Carlisle at a Mrs. Palmer's, who kept a china shop in a corner house in Castle Street. My uncle, Mr. Bird, had the parish church of St. Mary's, partly under the roof of the cathedral, where he did duty, and, I believe, there married Sir W. Scott and Miss Carpenter.

"I remember taking tea with Miss Nicholson, Miss Carpenter, and Mr. Scott. They took me to see a panorama. I sat between my aunt and Mr. Scott, and no doubt enjoyed it much—quite a treat to a school-girl. Miss Carpenter was a sprightly, lively person, and had beautiful hair. Mr. Scott was lame, and once I got a very severe rebuke for imitating his limp—though it was only slight. I know no one now living that knew anything about them. My brother died a few months ago, or he might have assisted me; he was eighty-four, and I will be that age if spared till November. I feel sorry I can give you so little information, but my memory is not now very correct. I am yours truly,

"ELIZABETH HALTON.

"30, Fisher Street, Carlisle, April 29, 1870."

"PANORAMA—a picture showing a view completely around the spectator. This ingenious pictorial contrivance was first devised by an English artist, Robert Barber, about the year 1794."*

This will not be what Mrs. Halton mentions as having seen in 1797. It must have been a *diorama*, for "the room was darkened, and I was frightened."

With the diorama, "the light being concentrated upon the picture, the effect is materially increased by the spectator being in comparative darkness, receiving no other light than what is reflected from the surface of the painting itself."†

We give a separate illustration of No. 83, Castle Street, and also of *The Crown and Mitre Coffee House*, in English Street, where, Mrs. Halton tells us, Scott put up on his visits to Carlisle in the latter half of 1797. They are nearly opposite each other, and we are consequently enabled to give both in one picture, as a third (and certainly very appropriate) illustration of this period in Walter Scott's career.

* *Penny Cyclopædia.* † Ditto.

When I was at Carlisle on the 4th of last November, Mrs. Halton told me—

"He was not very lame, only had a slight limp."

We must remember that Scott was then in his early prime, and had successfully grappled with the disadvantage. Before the approach of age it returned heavily upon him, but he still *fought* against it like a wise man; consequently, it could never quite overcome him. As a physical man, Scott was *a fine fellow*. What he was mentally, is now a part of our national pride.

Speaking of Miss Carpenter, she said—

"I should not call her beautiful, but she had pretty eyes —a nice, cheerful-looking lady."

Owing to "their being birds of passage in Carlisle, they did not visit much. I was not at the wedding, but my uncle married them. The breakfast would be very quiet, and at their lodgings."

Having first obtained the full consent of Miss Carpenter's kind guardian, and otherwise made all necessary business arrangements, Walter Scott was soon a happy man.

On Sunday morning, December 24, 1797, he stood at the communion-rail in St. Mary's Church, Carlisle, and Margaret Charlotte Carpenter became Mrs. Walter Scott.

For a description of the old-fashioned site, we are indebted to Arthur's "Guide." It tells us that—

"In 1814, the remains of the nave were 'decorated' with the present walls and gallery.

"We can also obtain, by looking over the partition wall where the bell-ropes hang, a glimpse of what remains of the nave, which is used as the parish church of St. Mary; and the interior of which, but for the ugly sheep-pens that disfigure it, is well worthy an inspection."

"St. Mary's Church is, as we have stated in describing the cathedral, formed by the remains of the nave. It is necessarily of small dimensions. In 1813 a gallery was erected, to afford more accommodation, the sittings being now between 300 and 400. A few years ago, during the restoration of the cathedral, a movement was set on foot for building a new church for the parish, and a considerable sum of money was subscribed and promised for the purpose; but some objection disturbed the arrangements, and the

W.H. Mc Farlane, Lith.r Edin.r

THE CROWN AND MITRE COFFEE HOUSE, ENGLISH STREET, CARLISLE.

Centenary Memorial of Sir Walter Scott by C.S.M. Lockhart, August 15. 1871

W.H.M.ᶜ Farlane Lith.ʳ, Edin.ʳ

Nº 83, CASTLE STREET AND THE CROWN AND MITRE
COFFEE HOUSE, CARLISLE.

project was abandoned. If it had succeeded, the partition wall which now separates the nave from the transept would, no doubt, have been pulled down, and the Norman part of the cathedral have been exposed to view. The ground on which stood the remainder of the nave is now a closed burial-ground, like the rest of the graveyards in the city (first edition of 'Guide,' 1861). Since the first edition of this 'Guide' was written, the project of restoring the nave of the cathedral, and of erecting a separate parish of St. Mary, has been revived; and the new edifice is in course of erection. It is on the site of the old Black Swan public-house, in Castle Street, which was presented by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and which the Dean (Dr. Close) was mainly instrumental in raising subscriptions for the building." *

In reply to my application to the Dean, I received, on the 8th of April, 1870, a copy of the marriage certificate from the vicar of the parish, with this note :—

"The Rev. W. Pettitt, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary's, Carlisle, has much pleasure in forwarding the inclosed. Sir W. Scott was married in St. Mary's Church, which consisted till last month of the *nave* of the cathedral.

"'Page 52. The year 1797.

"'(No. 197.) Walter Scott, of the parish of St. Andrew's, in Edinburgh, Esqre., Bachelor, & Margaret Charlotte Carpenter of this parish single woman were Married in this church by Licence, this twenty-fourth Day of December, in the Year one Thousand seven Hundred and ninety-seven.

"'By me,

"'J. Brown.

"'This Marriage was solemnized between us,

{"'Walter Scott,
{"'M. Charlotte Scott, late Carpenter,

in the presence of Jane Nicolson,
John Bird.'

"I certify that this is a correct copy taken from the Registers of St. Mary's Church, Carlisle.

"(Signed) W. Pettitt,
"April 6, 1870." "Vicar.

* Pages 66, 70, 87, 88, of second edition, 1869.

The following correspondence then took place between us:—

"St. Mary's Vicarage, Carlisle, April 22, 1870.

"*John Bird* was the perpetual curate of St. Mary's, and *J. Brown* was a minor canon of the cathedral.

"No. The communion-rails and pews have *not yet* been removed, but stand exactly in the position which I believe they were at Sir Walter's marriage.

"I will gladly give you a description of the interior if you still wish it; but I infer from what you say, that you yourself would come and see for yourself, only that you suppose that all the arrangements in the church have been altered.

"W. PETTITT."

"St. Mary's Vicarage, Carlisle, May 5th, 1870.

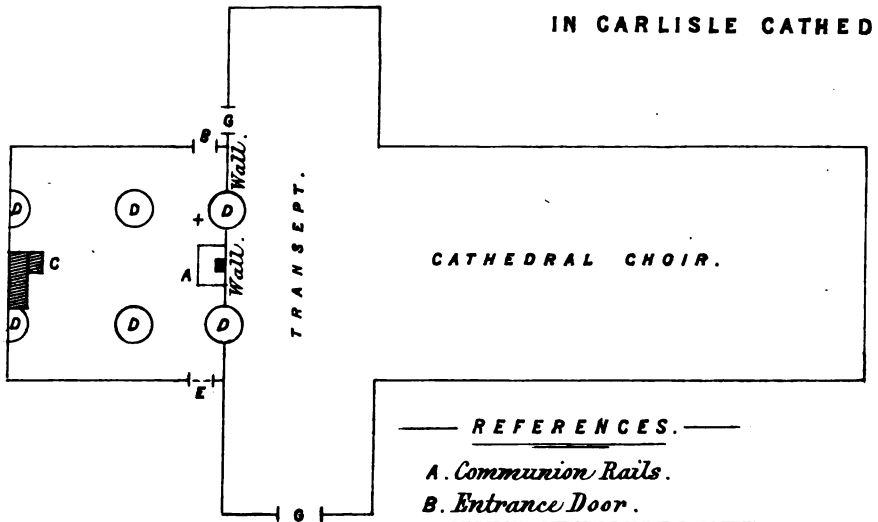
"Now as to the appearance of the church. At the present, the nave (which is only one-third of its original proportions, having been destroyed by Cromwell) is divided from the transept by a wall which does not go up to the roof, but reaches scarcely half-way up; and at this height a *ceiling* shuts in the old church, so that the worshippers in it could not be disturbed by the organ in the cathedral. The pulpit and reading-desk stand now at the west end, against the wall under the window; opposite to them, against the wall separating from the cathedral, is the communion-table, surrounded by rails.

"Between these and the entrance-door, on the north, is the *font*—a very old, plain one. There are two huge Norman pillars in the church, and galleries built round three sides of the church. But neither these galleries nor the ceiling were built at the time when Sir W. Scott was married, though the wall separating from the cathedral *was* there; and Mrs. Halton thinks that the pulpit then stood against that wall, on one side of the communion-rails. On the other side you will find a rough sketch, which may help you, perhaps, to understand this rather irregular church.* It is in shape exactly *square*, or I might say a hollow cube, for the height up to the ceiling is about equal to the length and breadth.

"W. PETTITT."

* See Plate VIII.—C. S. M. L.

PLAN OF THE OLD CHURCH OF ST MARY, IN CARLISLE CATHEDRAL.



REFERENCES.

A. *Communion Rails.*
B. *Entrance Door.*
C. *Pulpit and Reading-desk.*
DD. *Huge Norman pillars 17 feet in circumference.*
E *Door in time of Sir Walter Scott—now blocked up.*
\+. *The old Font.*
G. *Entrance into the Cathedral.*

Plate. VIII.

The interior had never been sketched in order to illustrate any biography of Scott, and I therefore begged the Vicar of St. Mary's to kindly get a photograph of it taken, looking towards the communion-rail, in case the old fittings were likely to be removed.

The result of my application is the frontispiece to this volume, and all lovers of Scott will thank Mr. Pettitt for having preserved a picture of the site where our poet stood to be married.

I had also inquired—"Is the old communion-table *service-book* still in existence? As the one used at Scott's marriage it is a relic of much interest."

"St. Mary's Vicarage, Carlisle, June 27th, 1870.

"Finding that the *old* St. Mary's was about to be 'gutted,' I immediately went to a photographer here, named Mr. Bell, and asked him to take a picture of the communion-rails. You say in your last note that you want the negative, which I have secured for you.

"There are some old books, but nothing to identify any one of them as having been used at Sir Walter's wedding. If you are coming hither in the autumn you shall see them, and judge for yourself. The woodwork of the old church is sold to a joiner here; and I have been wondering whether you would care to purchase the *communion-rails* themselves for preservation at Abbotsford. I fancy I could obtain them.

"W. PETTITT."

Immediately upon receipt of this information, I wrote back to Mr. Pettitt:—

"June 28th, 1870.

"I would gladly pay something for the communion-rails if you can obtain them.

"They shall first be offered to Mr. Hope Scott at Abbotsford.

"In case they are not accepted there, I will present them to *The Scott Monument* Museum, or the National Collection at Edinburgh."

And a day or so later—

When I was at Carlisle on the 4th of last November, Mrs. Halton told me—

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We must remember that Scott was then in his early prime, and had successfully grappled with the disadvantage. Before the approach of age it returned heavily upon him, but he still *fought* against it like a wise man; consequently, it could never quite overcome him. As a physical man, Scott was *a fine fellow*. What he was mentally, is now a part of our national pride.

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W. H. M.ᶜ Farlane, Lithʳ, Edinʳ.

THE CROWN AND MITRE COFFEE HOUSE, ENGLISH STREET, CARLISLE.

Centenary Memorial of Sir Walter Scott by C.S.M.Lockhart, August,15,1871.

"Colour of clothing—Dark green." *

The present secretary of the Lodge having been kind enough to copy out the particulars relating to Scott, I am here enabled to complete my account of this event in his life.

Extracted from Minute Book.

"Emergency Meeting, Monday, 2nd March, 1801, Lodge St. David's, No. 36.

"There having been many applications for entries in this Lodge, the present evening was appointed for that purpose, when the following gentlemen were admitted Apprentices :—

Andrew Ross.
George McKattie.
Walter Scott.
John Campbell.

"The Lodge was afterwards successively opened as a Fellow-Craft's and Master's Lodge, when the following Brethren were passed, and raised to the degrees of Master Masons—viz., the said—

Andrew Ross.
George McKattie.
Walter Scott.

As also—

John Tod.
James Luke.
George Morse.
Hugh McLean.
William Dunlop.
Lieut. George Pott.
Lieut. John Dunlop.
Patrick Erskine.
James Hope.
Bruce Rob^{t} Nairn.
John Ramsay.

* From the "Laws and Constitution of the Grand Lodge of the Ancient and Honourable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of Scotland." Edinburgh, A.D. M. DCCC. XLVIII.

Alexr Kedie.
David Anderson.
James Dewar.
Robert Walker.

"The ceremony was gone through on this occasion with very great accuracy and solemnity by the Right Worshipful Master (Houston Rigg Brown), who afterwards took the Chair; and the Lodge being joined by some of the other Brethren, continued together for some time in the usual amusements of the Craft.

"It may be here added, that from the institution of the Lodge of St. David's to this present time there has not been an instance of so great a number being on one occasion entered Masons.

(Signed) "J. CAMPBELL, *Sec.*"

Lasswade Cottage had been Scott's summer retreat ever since 1797, but, owing to his duty as Sheriff of residing some part of each year within his jurisdiction, it became necessary for him to find a home in the Forest.

The months of April and May were thus occupied, and by the 4th of the latter he had taken a lease of the house and grounds of Ashestiel, with a small farm adjoining. It was thus early in the summer of 1804 that "Scott left sweet Lasswade, the home of his early wedded life and the cradle of his fame, for Ashestiel, a place which will always be dear to the lovers of poetry." *

He suffered a severe domestic loss at this time, for his uncle Robert died on the 10th of June. In the news column of the *Kelso Mail*, of Thursday, June 14, 1804, we find:—

"Died at Rosebank, on Sunday last, universally regretted, Captain Robert Scott, of Rosebank, a gentleman whose life afforded one uniform example of unostentatious charity and extensive benevolence."

Rosebank was left to Walter Scott, who soon afterwards sold it.

* Adapted from page 71 of the Rev. George Gilfillan's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," 1870.

Mr. Thomas Train, of Kelso, speaks of the place thus:*—

"Rosebank. Oh yes! I have known it all my days. It has been very much improved of late years by its present possessor, J. J. G. Brown, Esq. (late of Penag), who is now residing in it. He bought it in 1863. The house itself has been thoroughly overhauled and enlarged. The stables, &c., have been rebuilt, and a neat lodge added to the whole."

Shortly before Walter Scott settled at Ashestiel, he "evinced a special predilection for the scenery of Newark Castle, and it is reported that, unless for the entail, he had, prior to building Abbotsford, sought its purchase as a residence." †

"The Lay Of The Last Minstrel. A Poem. By Walter Scott, Esq. London: Printed For Longman, Hurst, Rees, And Orme, Paternoster Row, And A. Constable And Co., Edinburgh, By James Ballantyne, Edinburgh. 1805."

"To The Right Honourable Charles, Earl Of Dalkeith, This Poem Is Inscribed By The Author."

Pages, 319. With Notes. 4to. Boards. The Poem is in six Cantos.

On the title-page are two names deeply connected with Scott in his career as a man of letters. Of Archibald Constable the Rev. Dr. Rogers writes: ‡—

"This prince of bibliopoles, as he may be justly termed, was born at Carnbee, Fifeshire, on the 24th of May, 1773, *not* 1775, as some of his biographers have stated.

"His father was employed on a farm, and his grandfather, I believe, also occupied a humble agrarian position. But he belonged to a good stock, of which the head was Viscount Dunbar, a title now dormant. Some persons of the name now residing in the Carse of Gowrie are in circumstances of opulence. A member of this branch of the family some years since succeeded to the estate of Benarty, bordering Lochore. My father, who was parish clergyman at Dunino, bordering the parish of Carnbee, enjoyed the acquaintance of Archibald Constable. He uniformly spoke of the great bookseller as

* In a letter dated "Dec. 13th, 1870."
† Page 61 of the Rev. Dr. Rogers's "Guide to Yarrow."
‡ In a communication dated "December 24, 1870."

a kindly gentlemanly man, who in the heyday of prosperity was as unpretentious as if he had pursued the occupation of his forefathers among the fields of Carnbee. Some twenty-five years ago I was acquainted with an elderly gentleman at Anstruther, who had the best opportunities of forming an estimate of the true character of Archibald Constable. I forget the old gentleman's name, but he had been a quarter of a century confidential clerk and principal manager in Constable's establishment. I quite well remember the strain in which he spoke of his former employer. 'A more honourable, upright, and true-hearted man than Archibald Constable,' he said, 'never lived. He was most bountiful to all, and his excessive liberality to authors and others contributed to his fall.'"

The other person mentioned on the title-page, who was, about this time, still more immediately connected with Scott than even Constable, was James Ballantyne, the printer.

"I believe it should be observed, that the establishment of the press of Ballantyne at the very same instant, almost, as the commencement of the *Edinburgh Review* and the publication of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," helped to push on Scottish publications, or, indeed, Scottish literature. Before that press was set up in Edinburgh, I am told, nobody could venture a book to be printed in Edinburgh; afterwards, the Edinburgh press gained the same sort of celebrity as the Edinburgh title-pages."*

"Mr. James Ballantyne was thus the founder of the extensive and enterprising firm of Ballantyne and Co., Paul's Work, Edinburgh."†

Scott contributed two articles to the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 10, volume v., published January, 1805.

"By WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

T. Johnson's (Esq.) Translation of Froissart, page 347.
Colonel Thornton's Sporting Tour, page 398."

Abbotsford Library Catalogue.—"Press C, Shelf IV.—Sir John Froissart's 'Chronicles of England, France, and the adjoining countries, from the latter part of Edward II. to the

* "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," vol. ii. pages 167, 168. 1819.
† *The Border Magazine, December*, 1863, page 321.

Coronation of Henry IV.' Newly translated by Thomas Johnes, Esq. 4 volumes, 4to. Hassel, 1803—5."*

"'Marmion' was the next production of Scott's muse. It was commenced in November, 1806, and ready for publication by the middle of February, 1808. The poem consists of six cantos, and each of these is introduced by an episode in the form of a familiar epistle to a friend. The names of the gentlemen thus distinguished deserve to be mentioned. They are—William Stewart Rose, Esq.; the Rev. John Marriot, A.M.; William Erskine, Esq.; James Skene, Esq.; George Ellis, Esq.; and Richard Heber, Esq.† The first four of these epistles were all dated from *Ashiestiel*, the fifth at *Edinburgh*, and the last from *Mertoun House, Christmas*.

"We have heard an anecdote connected with this period of his life, related by a lady, which, if not of much general interest, is at least illustrative of the character of the poet at that time. She had been residing, along with other visitors, with the family at Ashiestiel for some days, and had fixed a certain afternoon on which to take her departure. The day, however, turned out so cold, rainy, and boisterous, as to deter her from setting out. The evening—it was the month of November—drew on, drizzly and gloomily, and despite the appliances of music and cards, a feeling of dreary sadness, sympathetic with the atmosphere without, gradually stole over the company within. Scott was not amongst them—he was shut up in his study, and, as afterwards

* See review of this in "Scott's Prose Works," vol. xix. page 112.

† "Whilst writing we observed in the newspapers an announcement of the death of this eminent bibliophilist. The literary stores which he had collected were altogether unprecedented. His residence in Pimlico, London, where he died, was filled with books from top to bottom; every chair, every table, every passage containing piles of books. He had another house in Broadway laden from the ground-floor to the garret with curious books. He had also a library at Oxford, another at Hodnet, an immense one at Paris, another at Antwerp, another at Brussels, another at Ghent, and at other places in the Low Countries, and in Germany. It has been calculated by a London journalist that should these extensive possessions be sold by auction, the sale would, on the most moderate calculation, occupy 365 days!"—Note by George Allan.

Richard Heber's books were sold in London, and the days occupied by the sale over 300.—C. S. M. L.

appeared, busily engaged with "Marmion." Upon coming in to tea, he perceived how matters stood with his guests, and as nothing gave him more uneasiness than to see any one unhappy around him, he made a strong exertion—invited them into his *forge*, as he playfully termed it, and, having arranged them comfortably around the fire, proceeded to pour out upon them such a store of wild legendary tales and traditions, in the most rapid succession, that his auditory sat entranced around him till far on in the night. The lady we allude to declared that a night of such agitating interest—such alternate terror and delight—she never passed. It was like a night of the 'Decameron.' This is the only instance we ever heard of where Scott broke through his rigid rule of exclusion from his *studio*, in favour of strangers."*

CHAPTER FOURTH.

1811—1813.

"They purchase land, and then take their place in the great body of British gentry, that most enviable of all human conditions."
Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk.†

WALTER SCOTT first purchased house and land early in the year 1811, at the age of forty; henceforth, then, the Shirra and Poet was a Scotch Laird, and this pleasant fact consoled him upon leaving his beloved Ashestiel.

"It was not his original intention to make purchase of *Clarty Hole* as the site of his *country* residence—such, till he changed it, was the inharmonious designation of the future Abbotsford. Scott's desire was to become owner of Darnick Tower, a little property with an old peelhouse upon it, about two miles west of Melrose, or half-way between that town and Abbotsford. The owner of Darnick Tower refused for any pecuniary consideration to part with the inheritance of his fathers; and Mr. Scott, owing to his great

* From pages 262—264 of G. Allan's "Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.," 1834.

† See p. 253 of vol. iii., second edition, 1819.

anxiety to purchase this little property, was afterwards styled by folks at the spot "The Duke o' Darnick. He is still remembered by the name."*

"Scott bought Cartley Hole of Dr. Douglas—he had purchased it of an heiress of Melrose; her husband's name was Turnbull, and he was parish schoolmaster."†

We have been fortunate enough to glean a few particulars respecting the appearance of *Cartley Hole*. Wattie Tait, one of the old folk of Darnick, who was employed by Sir Walter Scott, tells us:—

"Ma mother died in 1808, and she was ayont the three score and ten—she was born at Cartley Hole, and ma faither was for mony years the tenant there—that was afore Dr. Douglas bocht the place—ane o' ma mother's memorable stories about the place was about a mad dog—she used to herd the sheep on the braes about the auld camp, and by-the-bye a wheen o' ye haud a wark about an auld fail dyke and yon stell near the camp—now I can just tell ye at ainee, that that stell was just naither mair nor less than the ewe-buchts‡ they had i' thae days for milking the ewes—as for the camp a' can say naething about it, but ye may tak' ma word on't about the stell—well there was a dog went mad, when ma mother was a lassie herding her ewes, and that dog was chased across the country from the north after biting a number of cattle—it crossed the Tweed at Cartley Hole, and took to the hill; well it got among ma mother's sheep and kye, and bit a number of them—they all died mad—she herself would have fared the same, if she had not got up a tree, and remained there till men came in pursuit, who killed the dog there!"§

Jamie Johnston, now a hawker, but "in Sir Walter's day a well-to-do manufacturer in Galashiels," observed to Mr.

* Communicated by the Rev. Dr. Rogers under date of December 24, 1870.

† Authority, Mr. Masser, late of Kaeside, Nov. 1, 1870.—C. S. M. L.

‡ "Bught, Bucht, the fold where the ewes are enclosed at milking-time."—Definition given in "A Dictionary of the Scottish Language." Second Edition. Edinburgh: Printed For James Sawers, Calton Street. 1818.

§ Recorded and communicated by Mr. Andrew Currie, of Darnick, to whom this *Centenary Memorial* is indebted for much interesting and valuable information.—C. S. M. L.

Currie that Scott "bocht Abbotsford frae Dr. Douglas, Galashiels. The name o' the place then was Cartley Hole, and there was a decent comfortable house on the place wi' a rickle o' labourers' huts."*

Another valued correspondent, Mr. Alexander A. Hogg, has supplied us with the following additional description:†—

"The truth is, I have little more to communicate, my budget of reminiscences being nearly exhausted. Your queries refer chiefly to a period when, having left Selkirk, I had no opportunity of knowing much about the Scott family.

"I left my native place some years before the death of Sir Walter, and have since resided in Hawick, except for two or three years previous to 1839.

"The first time I saw Cartley Hole, or, as it is more appropriately called generally, *Clarty* Hole, which you are probably aware is the Scotch term for *dirty*, was in 1807 or 1808. I was on my first holiday visit to an uncle in Darnick. There were two of my brothers with me, and we had for our guide one of my father's female servants, who was as ignorant of the geography of our route as we were; and I recollect well what a panic we little ones were in when, on arriving opposite Cartley Hole, she acknowledged that she did not know whether the road to Darnick was that which led down to the house, or straightforward. However, she went down, and inquired, and the good people at once put us right.

"It is a long time since then, and I seldom saw the house again, as in my annual visits to Darnick, for some years afterwards, I almost always took the hill road, which strikes off from the public road, about a mile west of Abbotsford. However, I mind well, it was a low-built, one-story house, standing in what was literally a *hole*, and it had anything but a prepossessing appearance. It may have had attics, but of this I am not quite sure. It had nothing to recommend it as a site for a stately mansion, save its proximity to the Tweed. The scenery around was bare, and did not boast of a single natural beauty. I don't recollect anything of Sir Walter's first residence."

* Addressed in conversation to Mr. Currie, who communicated it under date of June 13, 1870.

† In a communication dated Hawick, Feb. 14th, 1871.

So Scott "purchased a hundred acres of moorland on the banks of the Tweed, near Melrose. The neighbourhood was full of historical associations, but the spot itself was bleak and bare. Four thousand pounds were expended on this purchase; and the name of Abbotsford was substituted for the very ordinary one of *Cartley Hole*." *

ABBOTSFORD, as Scott named his purchase, and which is consequently henceforth to be called by that charming designation, is about three miles above Melrose; and to be still more exact, we find it thus noted:—

	N. Lat.	W. Long.
"Abbotsford . . .	55° 34′	2° 53′"

"And far beneath, in lustre wan,
Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed ran:
Like some tall rock, with lichens grey,
Rose, dimly huge, the dark abbaye."
SCOTT.

"The Tweed is only in a portion of its course a boundary river. It wanders in its whole course over a space of one hundred and two miles (falling on an average about fifteen feet the mile), and approaches, at the town of Peebles, to within twenty miles of the metropolis. This range includes every variety of scenery of which Scotland can boast; and in some places the views are not excelled, either in beauty or grandeur, by any other part of the kingdom." †

"Our Caledonian pride!"
Marmion, canto vi., stanza xxiii.

Henry, Duke of Buccleuch, Scott's kind chief, and the patron of the poet's early manhood, died on the 11th of January, 1812. He was buried in the aisle of Dalkeith Church, Walter Scott being present, on the 16th of the same month.

The virtues of this truly noble race were continued in

* From page 379 of the "Cyclopædia of English Literature," edited by Robert Chambers, 1844. We believe Mr. William Laidlaw supplied the editor with the details given respecting the estate and house of Abbotsford.

† From a work entitled "Scott and Scotland," page 55.

Charles, fourth Duke, who succeeded his father in the title and estates. Scott lived to see another change, and witnessed the rising of our Duke of Buccleuch, whom we shall soon hear propose the memory of his early friend at the Centenary Banquet in Edinburgh.

"The following anecdote of Walter Scott has never, I believe, appeared in print. In the summer of 1812 John Kemble was in Edinburgh playing the part of Cato in Addison's Tragedy of that name. A gentleman (my father) took a country friend to the Theatre, and as he entered with him Mr. Scott's box, remarked to Mr. S., 'My friend, Mr. L., is very happy to-night; for he never saw *Cato*, he never saw Kemble, and he never saw Walter Scott.' Scott's reply, without a moment's hesitation, was: 'That reminds me of the North American Indian mentioned in the 'Citizen of the World,' who said that the three finest things he had ever seen were the Sun, the Moon, and a Brass-hilted sword.'" *

We find an allusion to an expected poem, the first from Abbotsford, in the following note from Leslie, the painter, addressed to his sister:—

"London, Sept. 14th, 1812.

"By-the-bye, it is said Walter Scott is just going to publish another poem. What it is I have not heard." †

1812 was numbered with the past ere "Rokeby" made its appearance.

"It was not until after Lord Byron's return from abroad, in 1812, that any direct intercourse took place betwixt him and Scott; and the account given by the latter of the abridged and interrupted term of their correspondence is so redolent of amiable feeling, that we think it proper to state where it may be read. It will be found in Moore's 'Life of Lord Byron,' having been communicated to the noble poet's biographer by Scott, during the compilation of that interesting work.

"The friendship of the two poets, after the above period, suffered no interruption save from the distance which divided

* Received from A. Campbell Swinton, Esq., of Kimmerghame, and dated August 29, 1870.

† See "Leslie's Life," edited by Tom Taylor, vol. ii. p. 22.

them. That they mutually and unaffectedly regarded each other as the greatest poet of the day, is evident."*

"It may be mentioned that nearly six years had now elapsed since Scott's appointment as a principal Clerk of Session, and that during the whole time, though discharging the duties, he had not enjoyed any of the emoluments. At this period the provision of a retiring annuity to superannuated officers was substituted for the system of allowing them to make an agreement with their successors. Upon this, Mr. Home handsomely surrendered up all interest in his former office to Scott, who was thereby admitted to the full benefits of the situation."†

1813.

"In numbers high, the witching tale
The minstrel pour'd along;
No after bard might e'er avail
Those numbers to prolong."
Thomas the Rhymer, part iii.

Walter Scott's great English poem of "Rokeby" was published in Edinburgh on the 11th of January, 1813.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

1815—1817.

"Scott's poetry comes after Homer's and the 'Ballads of the Border,' and has, besides their martial energy, a picturesque force, a chivalric spirit and fire, a free and graceful movement, and at times an aërial charm and sweetness, all its own. Call 'Marmion,' 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and the rest, as Coleridge does call them, rhymed romances and not poems, if you please; they are so delightful that, in spite of the critic, the delight will overflow into all ages, as it has already into all lands."—Rev. George Gilfillan.‡

The following work of Scott's has been placed under 1814

* From pages 279 to 284 of George Allan's "Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.," 1834.
† Page 258 of Allan's "Life of Scott," 1834.
‡ See page 344 of his "Life of Scott," 1870.

in J. G. Lockhart's list of those published.* But the title-page has the date of 1815.

J. Lord Somerville's "Memorie of the Somervilles," edited by Walter Scott, two volumes, 8vo. Portraits and views. Edinburgh, 1815.

"THE LORD OF THE ISLES" was completed by Scott in December, 1814, and was published on the 18th of January following.

"Walter Scott, as all the world knows, was the inventor of the historical romance.

"Decisive was the answer which the genius of the Scottish bard afforded to the opinion that the treasures of original thought were exhausted, and that nothing now remained for the sons of men. In the midst of that delusion he wrote 'Waverley,' and the effect was like the sun bursting through the clouds. After a space shorter than is usually required for a work of original conception to make its way in society, the effect began to appear. The hearts of men were taken, as it were, by storm. A new vein of boundless extent and surpassing richness was opened, as it were, under our feet. Men marvelled that it had been so long of being found out. And the first discoverer worked it with such rapidity and success, that for long no one attempted to disturb him in the turning forth of its wealth." †

By the 19th of January, 1815, two volumes of Scott's second prose tale were printed.

Thomas Pringle, who knew Scott, says that—

"The appearance of the prose romance of 'Waverley,' in 1814, forms an epoch in modern literature as well as in the life of Scott. The circumstances which led him to attempt this new style of composition, and induced him for so long a period carefully to conceal his authorship, are detailed in a very interesting manner in his introduction to the new edition

* "This inimitable "Memorie of the Somervilles" came out in October (1814).—J. G. Lockhart. Abbotsford Library Catalogue, Press Y, Shelf III.—James, Eleventh Lord Somerville's Memorie of the Somervilles; being a History of the Baronial House of Somerville. Edited by Walter Scott. Two volumes, 8vo., Large Paper, With Plates in 4to. Edin., 1815. See "Scott's Prose Works," vol. iv. pp. 309—334.

† From pp. 345, 346 of "The Historical Romance," an article in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September, 1845.

of his novels. We cannot do more than merely refer to his own narrative. But we may remark, in passing, that however well the secret was kept, and however vehement and ludicrous the controversies to which it gave rise, it was in reality no secret at all to any one (to any Scotchman, at least, of literary sagacity) who was acquainted with Sir Walter's other works, or with his trains of thought and modes of expression. Among the literary men of Edinburgh, assuredly, there was scarcely even the shadow of a doubt from the beginning. The writer of this sketch remembers well a conversation he had with Sir Walter after the publication of 'Guy Mannering' about the gipsy heroine Jean Gordon, subsequently avowed to have been the prototype of Meg Merrilies. After relating the story (now well known) of Jean Gordon and the Goodman of Lochside, 'I have a great notion,' added Scott, with impenetrable command of countenance, though he saw that his auditor could not repress a smile, 'I have a great notion that the author of 'Waverley' had Jean Gordon in his eye when he drew the character of Meg Merrilies.' And his visitor concurred in the opinion as gravely as he could; having, at the same time, no more doubt as to the authorship than he has now." *

"It may appear fanciful to some, but we feel thoroughly convinced that it was at Sandy-Knowe the first germs of those imaginings to which Scott owed his future eminence were planted in his mind. The intensity with which he has been able to identify himself with the feelings which animate the 'farmer's ha',' could never have been awakened in after-life. He was a denizen of that abode of homely shrewdness and glowing comfort. Educated in a town, he might have felt the strength and humour of Dinmont's character, but he could not have entered into the depth and warmth of his affections. He knew from experience how much sterling nobility of sentiment is compatible with what appears to the would-be fine ones of the world mere rudeness. He was taught to feel the difference between true worth and superficial refinement; and when in after-life he sought for heroes to his tales, he had no prejudices to lay aside, and threw himself at once boldly into the arms of nature. The spirit

* From *The Penny Magazine*, 1832.

of holiness, too, which has breathed over the rural life of Scotland settled down upon him." *

"'Guy Mannering' is by far the most Scott-like of Scott's tales. Its hearty homeliness, as exhibited in the Dandie Dinmont and Charlieshope scenes; the wild flavour of romance and enthusiasm manifested in the astrological and gipsy departments of the book; the passionate love for Scottish scenery—for rocks, woods, and waves; and its sympathy with the old mirthful life of the Edinburgh lawyers —are all characteristic of the varied genius and broad, manifold nature of the author, who united intense interest in simple country manners with feelings of the loftiest poetry." †

The Battle of Waterloo was fought by Wellington on Sunday, June 18, 1815. Through the well-directed research of our Border Sculptor, we are enabled to supply the following valuable reminiscence in connection with the Waterloo Oak-tree planted in memory of the battle by Scott himself. Mr. Currie writes :—

"1st July, 1870.

"To-day I have been to the upper haugh at Abbotsford, on the hunt for an oak-tree, the site accurately described to me by Gordon Wayness (84), planted by Sir Walter's *own hands* in commemoration of the battle of Waterloo. Said Gordon, remarking while digging the hole for it, 'Ye couldna hae *waled* an uglier ane, Sir Walter.' Says Sir Walter, 'Ugly let him be; I'll not change him.' I send you a leaf of this oak."

We have no reason to doubt that the right tree has been discovered, and it is not only the most interesting one on the Abbotsford estate, but may well match with the Shakespeare Mulberry at Stratford-upon-Avon, and the Byron Oak on the lawn at Newstead Abbey.

Another correspondent was good enough to make inquiries on the subject of this tree, and although unaware of Mr. Currie's success when he wrote, the information given is of sufficient interest to appear in this volume.

* From page 10 of George Allan's "Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.," 1834.

† From page 133 of Gilfillan's "Life of Scott," 1870.

Mr. Thomas Sanderson writes thus :*—

"I happened to meet with a gentleman who had heard of the tree that Walter Scott planted in commemoration of Waterloo, and who has had frequent cracks with Gordon Wayness on these subjects. Gordon told the gentleman that Sir Walter and he planted the tree, and after it was put all right, Sir W. said that the tree was planted in commemoration of Waterloo, and bade Gordon go into the house and get a GLASS.

"But the gentleman could never get out of Gordon the exact whereabouts of the tree, and came to the conclusion that the tree had been cleared away at the time that the alterations in front of the house were made. There were at one time a great many trees, which have been cleared away, thus opening up the view of the house greatly from the opposite side of the Tweed."

Scott hurried over to see the field of Waterloo, in company with John Scott of Gala, Alexander Pringle, the younger, of Whytbank, and Robert Bruce, advocate. They sailed from Harwich on the 3rd of August, and by the 12th he could write to his noble Chief that on the Wednesday before "I rode over the field of Waterloo."

The Abbotsford Library Catalogue mentions one memorial of Walter Scott's first visit to the gallant Nation which has for so long been the faithful ally of auld Scotland.

"Study, Press L, Shelf VII.—John Scott's Visit to Paris in 1814. Fourth edition, 8vo. London, 1816.†

"——— Paris Revisited in 1815 by the way of Brussels. Third edition, 8vo. London, 1816." ‡

An old Joiner named Brodie tells the following anecdote:—

"Od, I mind ance, when we were working in Rymer's Glen, Mr. Bruce Langlee was new married. He had been weel acquainted wi' Tam Purdie lang afore Tam engaged wi' Mr. Scott. Weel, ye see, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce were on a visit to Mr. Scott, and he brought them down to Rymer's

* In a communication dated "Galashiels, Feb. 7, 1871."
† See "Scott's Prose Works," vol. v. pp. 336, 337.
‡ See "Prose Works," vol. v. p. 222.

Glen to show them his improvements. Mr. Scott brings up Tam to introduce him to Mr. Bruce. Mr. Bruce shook hands wi' him, and says, 'How are ye getting on, Tam?' 'Lord, man,' says Tam, 'where did ye get that bonny wife?'" *

Washington Irving's charming account of his only visit to Abbotsford, in September, 1817, is alike worthy of writer and place. It was written at the request of a friend, and first published in 1835. Irving understood Scott, and consequently knew how to describe Abbotsford. While it is quite unnecessary for me to praise this delightful essay to any who have read it, I would most confidently recommend the work to all who have not yet had that pleasure. I cannot skim the book for this memorial, as it is all cream, and, besides, may be easily obtained at little cost.†

In the Abbotsford Library Catalogue we find, among the "Additional books at the binders', &c., not yet placed," "Walter Scott's Border Antiquities of England and Scotland; together with Illustrations of Remarkable Incidents in Border History and Original Poetry. Two volumes, 4to. Large paper. London, 1817."

Scott's novel of "Rob Roy" was published before 1817 closed.

L. E. L. says of the heroine:—

"Diana Vernon is a creature formed by no conventional rules; she has been educated by her own heart amid hardships and difficulties; and if nature has but given the original good impulse, and the strength of mind to work it out, hardships and difficulties will only serve to form a character of the loftiest order. Again, there is that tender relationship

* See Washington Irving's account of the Laird's choice, and the unmerciful remarks made by his neighbours, &c. The marriage took place not long before Irving's visit to the neighbourhood. (See his "Abbotsford and Newstead.")

† It is advertised in "Bohn's Cheap Series," price 1*s*. "Abbotsford And Newstead Abbey, By Washington Irving. London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden, 1860." The description of "Abbotsford" extends to fifty-two pages, and that of "Newstead Abbey" to fifty-three, in this edition. Bohn's various libraries are now published by Bell and Daldy, 6, York Street, Covent Garden, and 186, Fleet Street. The account of Lord Byron's Newstead Abbey by Irving must find an echo in the heart of many a *gentleman*.—C. S. M. L., July, 1871.

between the widowed father and the only girl in which Scott so much delights. But if the cradle be lonely which lacks a mother at its side, still more lonely is the hour when girlhood is on the eve of womanhood—

> 'On the horizon like a dewy star,
> That trembles into lustre.'

The most soothing sympathy is that which guesses the suffering without a question." *

J. G. Lockhart also writes that—

"Captain Hall surmises, but, in our opinion, without sufficient grounds, that Miss Cranstoun was the prototype of Walter Scott's Diana Vernon. We altogether dissent from this conjecture. Miss Cranstoun was at least eleven years older than Scott, and at the period when he could have been intimate with her she must have lost much of the bloom and freshness which are essential to the idea of Diana Vernon. It may be also inferred that her personal charms were not equal to her mental endowments, from the circumstance of her having reached her thirty-seventh year in single blessedness; and, finally, the scenes in which she and Scott must generally, and perhaps could only, have met—a college tutor's family circle in the city of Edinburgh—could have little analogy to those in which he placed his rural heroine." †

This tale was soon taken up by the players, and of all who acted in the dramatised *Rob Roy*, a Scotchman named Charles Mackay was the best. Dr. Rogers says :—

"This ingenious actor, whose inimitable impersonation of Baillie Nicol Jarvie gave him a foremost place on the Scottish boards, I have seen perform in the Edinburgh Theatre. On one occasion he appeared as Sir Peter Teazle in the *School for Scandal*, when he was accompanied by Miss Helen Faucit. I was much pleased with his acting, but was more struck with the power of the great actress, who performed at the same time. Afterwards I saw Mackay in the character of a country farmer half seas over, supporting himself by a hay-

* From pages 110, 111 of "Miss Landon's Life," vol. ii.

† From J. G. Lockhart's article in the *Quarterly Review* on Captain Basil Hall's printed account of his visit to the Countess of Purgstall.

fork; and I shall never forget the intense drollery of the scene. No attempt at Scottish personation, which I have seen, has come up to it." *

Mr. Alexander A. Hogg saw Scott about this period of his life, and describes the interview thus: †—

"The first time I spoke to Sir Walter was, I think, about the year 1817 or 18. He was taking a drive with one of his daughters in an open carriage. It was a fine summer afternoon. He was driving very slow, seemingly enjoying the beautiful landscape which lay before him—viz., the junction of the Ettrick and Yarrow, Bowhill and Newark. Having made my obeisance to him, he most unexpectedly drew up, and made an inquiry of me. It was about a matter of no consequence, but I was young and bashful, and being rather taken aback, returned, I doubt, a very incoherent answer.

"There was a kindliness in his look and manner, however, that would at once set any one at ease, except a raw Scotch boy."

J. G. Lockhart tells us it was in the autumn of 1817 that Scott purchased the principal lands (including the house) of Toftfield. Mr. Masser's account is as follows:—

"Toftfield, which laid into the Lake—Hexil Glen to the Loch—he purchased of Usher in 1816 for £7,000. I think it was bought by the acre. This was only part of their property. Usher built Huntly Burn House about the year 1817 or 1818 (it has been enlarged since). Smith of Darnick did it for him, and Usher sold it unfinished to Scott when he sold him the rest of his property, in a year and a half from the first purchase. Usher bought this Burn,‡ with Scott's money, of Wilson.

"The remainder of Toftfield comprised White Haugh (good land) and Harlaw Burn. Usher never got into the new house (of Huntly Burn), then called Toftfield. He

* In a communication dated Dec. 24, 1870.

† In a letter dated "Hawick, February 14, 1870.

Among the many various accounts of Scott, all seem to agree in one particular respecting him—namely, his kindliness of manner.—C. S. M. L.

‡ "Harlaw Burn, now Chiefswood, belonged to old Thomas Wilson."—*Mr. Masser.*

bought White Haugh from Mylne, of Faldonside. Sold all to Scott for £9,000—£16,000 for both purchases." *

Robert Chambers, whom we now lament, thus describes Scott's great purchase of land in the autumn of 1817:—

"So great was his sense of the encouragement extended to these novels, that in 1817 he made purchase of an addition to his property, involving an outlay of no less than £10,000. Just to show, however, how much generosity towards others was mixed with the noway mean ambition of Scott, his prime object here was to secure a residence for his old school friend, Adam Ferguson, and his sisters, whom he was eager to plant near his own fireside. On his concluding a rather hasty bargain for this estate, Ferguson expressed his surprise and concern at seeing him exert so little pains to cheapen it. 'Never say a word about it,' said Scott; 'it will just answer you and the ladies exactly; and it's only scribbling a little more nonsense some of these mornings to pay anything it costs me more than enough.' From calculations of this kind, Scott is understood to have bought nearly the whole of his landed property, at a very large percentage above its actual value." †

The year 1817 is past and gone.

* After mentioning the acquisition of Kaeside, the "Cyclopædia of English Literature," edited by Robert Chambers in 1844, goes on to describe the purchases which followed in their due order: "Outfield of Toftfield, £6,000; Toftfield and Parks, £10,000; Abbotslea, £3,000; Field at Langside, £500; Shearing Flat, £3,500; Broomilees, £4,200; Short Acres and Scrabtree Park, £700, &c. From these farms and *pendicles* was formed the estate of Abbotsford. In planting and draining about £5,000 were expended; and in erecting the mansion-house (that 'romance of stone and mortar,' as it has been termed), and constructing the garden, &c., a sum not less than £20,000 was spent."—Page 379. Mr. William Laidlaw is the editor's very good authority for this account, as also for the note on the "Waverley" Chest, Rebecca in "Ivanhoe," and Scott's sayings at Abbotsford when very ill.—C. S. M. L.

† From page 15 of *Chambers's Miscellany*, No. 73.

W.H. Mc Farlane, Lith.r, Edin.r.

FRONT VIEW OF THE OLD UNIVERSITY AT GLASGOW.

Centenary Memorial of Sir Walter Scott by
C.S.M. Lockhart, August, 15, 1871.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

1818—1820.

"He that delights to plant and set,
Makes after-ages in his debt."
QUARLES' *Emblems.*

"JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, whose name as editor of the *Quarterly Review*, as author of successful works of various kinds, and as son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, will always be connected with the literary history of this country, was born in 1794, his father being the Rev. John Lockhart, the minister of the parish of Cambusnethan, and afterwards of the College Church, Glasgow." *

I am indebted to the kindness of the Registrar-General of Scotland for the two following copies of entries. The first records the marriage of J. G. Lockhart's parents, and the second his own birth and baptism.

"1793.

"June 21. The Rev^d. John Lockhart, Min^r. of this Parish, & Miss Elizabeth Gibson, St. Cuthbert's Parish, Edin^r

"(From) REGISTER OF CAMBUSNEATHAN."

"1794.

"John Gibson Lockhart, son of the Rev^d. Mr. John Lockhart, Min^r. of this Parish, and Mrs. Elizabeth Gibson, his spouse, was born on the 12th June, and Baptized being their 1st child.

"(From) REGISTER OF CAMBUSNEATHAN."

We give two views of the old University of Glasgow, where Lockhart studied in early youth.†

* From Maunder's "Biographical Treasury: a Dictionary of Universal Biography," Supplement, page 925, Twelfth Edition. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts, 1862.

† See Plates X. and XI. in this volume.

About this time, as described in J. G. Lockhart's "Life of Scott," Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg paid a short visit to Abbotsford.

An eye-witness of his reception at Selkirk (Mr. Alexander A. Hogg) observes: *—

"I was present when Prince Leopold visited Selkirk, and was made a Burgess at the Market-place, but have nothing to communicate beyond what is already known to the world, except that on leaving the town on his way to Abbotsford, the Prince ran a great (risk) of having his career cut short in an abrupt manner. About half-a-mile from the town, there is, or rather was, a very steep declivity; like many of the old roads in Scotland, it was almost perpendicular. A number of our town's-folks had attached themselves to the carriage, and were honouring the Prince by acting as horses. On reaching the top of the declivity they had no thought of halting, and had not some, whose enthusiasm had not altogether bereft them of reason, interfered, and by an instant and desperate effort stopped their downward progress, the carriage and its inmate would have been dashed to pieces at the foot of the hill, if they had not met their fate before getting to the foot.

"The reception was just such as a small country town of less than 2,000 inhabitants would be able to give almost without notice or preparation. If it was not a grand one, it was at least as hearty and sincere as the proudest city could have given. All the principal inhabitants of the town, and the less noted in their best clothes, were present, and in addition there were all the students attending the classes of Dr. Lawson, Professor of Divinity to Burgher dissenters—certainly these were reputable both in appearance and manners. There was no country gentleman in the immediate neighbourhood to get warned in time, except young Pringle of Clifton, a man whose memory is even yet deeply revered for his unbounded charity and modest bearing. In fact, he was bashful to a degree beyond any man I ever knew. He always gave free access to his beautiful grounds, and whenever he ran the risk of encountering in his walks any of the town's-folks, he at once stepped aside and took a different

* In a letter dated Hawick, Feb. 14, 1871.

W. H. M.c Farlane, Lith.r Edin.r

VIEW OF THE 1ST COLLEGE COURT,
IN THE OLD UNIVERSITY, GLASGOW.

Centenary Memorial of Sir Walter Scott by
C. S. M. Lockhart, August, 15, 1871.

direction. He had, however, peculiar opinions as to the equality of classes, as a letter I once received from him, and yet in my possession, shows in a striking manner. The people of Selkirk applied upon this public occasion to him in vain, as may be supposed."

In addition to his own very shaky state of health, caused by continued attacks of cramp in the stomach, Scott suffered at the close of 1819 from severe domestic bereavements.

His uncle, Dr. Rutherford, died suddenly on Wednesday, December 15th, and was buried on Monday, the 20th.

His aunt, Miss C. Rutherford, died Friday, December 17th, and was buried beside her brother on Wednesday, the 22nd.

And while the life of her distinguished son seemed yet doubtful, Scott's aged mother died on the 24th, the anniversary of his wedding-day. She was laid to rest on Wednesday, the 29th.

Even this bereavement did not stay the hand of death, for one other member of the devoted family followed almost immediately.

Hardly had the new year opened (and how sadly it must have done so to Scott we can all feel), when a dear cousin —Elizabeth Jane Russell—died, and was buried among her kindred.

The following additional particulars will be welcome to those who care for Walter Scott:—

"14, Young Street, Edinburgh, 13th June, 1870.
St. John's.

"I have this morning your note of the 11th, relative to the burial certificates of the Scott and Rutherford families. I now enclose copies of the entries from the Register in so far as concerns Dr. Rutherford, Miss Rutherford, and Mrs. Anne Scott, and Miss Russell. I cannot, however, find the other sister you refer to. There is a flat stone in the ground, on which there is inscribed the deaths of Jane B. Russell, Anne Russell, and Elizabeth Janet Russell, as transcribed on page 3 of enclosed.

"I may mention that at the east end of St. John's, there is a piece of ground enclosed with a high wall in keeping with the architecture of the church, and it is within this,

which we call the Dormitory, that the deceased were interred, immediately opposite the entrance gate to it.

"HUGH JAS. ROLLO."

"14, Young Street, Edinburgh, 14th June, 1870.

"I find my clerk forwarded the copy of entries from the Register of St. John's, without having them compared. I now enclose another set, to make all certain, which I have collated myself. Yours faithfully,

"HUGH JAS. ROLLO."

Entries from Register of Burials in Burying-ground around St. John's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh.

"1819. Page Eleventh.

"6. Dr. Daniel Rutherford, M.D., Pro: fessor of Botany in the University of Edin: burgh, died on the fifteenth day of December, and was buried on the twentieth day of the same in the Dormitory belonging to St. John's Chapel.

"7. Miss Christian Rutherford, youngest daughter of the deceased Dr. John Rutherford, Professor of Materia Medica in the University of Edinburgh, died on the 18th day of December, and was buried in the same ground with Dr. D. Rutherford.

"8. Mrs. Anne Scott, widow of the deceased Walter Scott, Esq^re. Mrs. S. died on the twenty-fourth of December, and was buried in the same ground on the twenty-ninth of the same month. Aged 86 years."

"1820.

"1. Miss Elizabeth Janet Russel, youngest daughter of the late Lieu^t: Col: W^m. Russel, of Ashiestiel, was buried in the same burial ground with Dr. Rutherford on the fourteenth day of January."

Certified as correct copies by H. J. R.

PLAN OF THE EPISCOPAL CH

Information given on Flat Slab in Dormitory.

"Jane Boston Russell. Born 31st October, 1778, died 6th Feby., 1849.
"Anne Russell. Born 1st Feby., 1780, died 29th May, 1849.
"Elizabeth Janet Russell. Born 12th June, 1791, died 19th Jany., 1820. All daughters of Col. William Russell, of Ashiesteel."

"14, Young Street, Edinburgh, 20th June, 1870.

"I have your note of the 15th relative to the Rutherford burying-ground. There is no monument to the memory of either Mrs. Scott, Dr. Rutherford, or Miss Rutherford. The only one on the ground is that to the memory of the three Miss Russells, and is a large flat slab lying upon the ground.

"With the view of your understanding more precisely the position of the ground, I enclose a rough sketch, showing the church and the enclosed burying-ground behind it, and which we call the Dormitory.*

"Referring to what you quote from the present life of Sir Walter Scott, the burying-ground adjoins, and may be said to surround, St. John's Episcopal Church, as it lies to the south side and east of it. The burial-place is to the east of the church, as you will observe on the ground-plan herewith. It is surrounded with a high wall, 12 feet I should think, and there are party walls. When you are within the gate, which is an open iron Gothic one, the place is secluded, private, and secure, and when it was purchased there was no great thoroughfare along Princes Street, which is within fifty yards of it; but within the last few years the thoroughfare is much increased, and the noise little short of Oxford Street, London.

"As the Russell Monument is in the east portion of the space, probably Mrs. Scott was buried in the west, the space still being one of eight graves. That you may the more readily follow the description, in addition to the ground-plan I send you a photograph of the church at the entrance, and of which you will observe the low building indicated. As

* See Plate XII. in this volume.—C. S. M. L.

the Caledonian Railway Station now enters at the lamp on the right hand of the photograph, the thoroughfare within the last few months has been much increased, as formerly it was further up the Lothian Road.

"I enclose a full copy of the inscription on the Russells' slab,* and I have marked where it lies. The last interment in the ground was Mrs. Lockhart, daughter of Sir James Russell.

"HUGH JAS. ROLLO.

"You will observe there are many more than five separate burial-places within the Dormitory."

"From the dim landscape roll the clouds away."
WALTER SCOTT.†

"'Ivanhoe' appeared in December, 1819. Never in the literary world had there been, perhaps, such a tumult of applause, particularly in England. It seemed an event of national trumph when Ivanhoe rode with his vizor down into the lists. 'Criticism was lost in wonder;' but it was not a wonder blended with doubt, but mixed with unbounded delight.

"Nowhere does Scott display more of a master's power than

* Sacred
To the memory of
JANE BOSTON RUSSELL,
Born, 31 Oct., 1778; died, 6 Feby., 1849.
ANNE RUSSELL,
Born, 1 Feb., 1780; Died, 29 May, 1849.
ELIZABETH JANE RUSSELL,
Born, 12 June, 1791; Died, 19 Jany., 1820.
Daughters of
COLONEL WM. RUSSELL,
of Ashiesteel.
This Tablet, which marks the Spot
where their ashes repose,
was erected by their
affectionate and last surviving
Brother,
LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR JAMES RUSSELL,
K. C. B.
of Ashiesteel.

† From the "Vision of Don Roderick," stanza xxvii.

in his management of the materials used; the adjustment of each to each and all to all; the happy cross lights of contrast which he throws in ever and anon, and the perfect oneness of the romance which they combine to form. There is another point, too, in which 'Ivanhoe' is very remarkable. It has three climaxes, each rising above the other like mountain stairs; the first at the close of the tournament, the second at the completion of the storm of Torquilstone, and the third at the final deliverance of Rebecca. He gains a height on which inferior writers would have paused, and makes that the mere basis from which he takes a bolder and yet a bolder step." *

> "To her who can the heart command,
> Well may I yield the plighted hand."
> *The Lord of the Isles.*†

It is very pleasant to find in Scott's library one of the earliest works of the great English novelist.

In Bulwer Lytton, now Baron Lytton, we have an author worthy to follow Sir Walter Scott, and one who stands alone in his literary eminence.

"Press P, Shelf X.—Ed. Lytton Bulwer's 'Ismael,' an Oriental Tale, with other Poems. 12mo. London, 1820.

"Scott recovered, but ever after the attacks of cramp his constitution was not so strong as it seemed, though the angel of disease at present suspended his blow, and left other ministers of ruin to do their work first."‡

The following letter explains itself:—

"*To* MR. STRUTHERS, *Hull & Blackie's Printing Office, Glasgow.*

"SIR,—I was favoured with the beautiful copy of the 'Songs' with which you have had the goodness to present me which I should have acknowledged sooner but for the awfull visitation which has in one week deprived me of my

* From Gilfillan's "Life of Scott," 1870, pages 163, 164, 166, 167.

† Canto v., stanza ii.

‡ Adapted from page 224 of the Rev. George Gilfillan's "Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.," 1870.

mother, her brother and her sister, all excellent and highly gifted persons to whom I was strongly attached and whose decease in this remarkable manner has made a blank in my domestic society never to be supplied. I regret your time should (be) occupied otherwise than is perfectly agreeable to you, but alas my good sir how (few) they are (if indeed there be any) who are not by some external circumstances forced from the bias of their own inclination. I should be much pleased to forward your practical views on that most important of all subjects the support of the poor to the editor of the *Quarterly Review* but we have had little correspondence for a very long time. The circumstances of my family must excuse my writing briefly.

"I am Sir
"With regard
"Your very sincere well-wisher
"WALTER SCOTT."

"Edinburgh, 1st January,
1820."

"In April, 1820, Sir Walter Scott happened to visit London, and, dining with his old henchman Daniel Terry, one day, met Matthews, whom he had long appreciated, and, for the first time, Hook. Terry's account of Theodore and his distresses had much interested Scott. His conversational resources produced their usual effect; and, of course, it did no harm to find that, in the midst of all his griefs and losses, and—as he and his friends represented the matter—the most cruel persecution at the Audit Board, Hook had kept his political faith unshaken, and was at that tempestuous era among the staunchest of Tories, gratefully mindful of his personal obligations to the sovereign, and most indignantly opposed to the pretensions and partisans of Queen Caroline. A day or two afterwards a nobleman of influence and talents called on Sir Walter, and asked if he could find him at Edinburgh some clever fellow to undertake the editorship of a newspaper about to be established in an English county town. Sir Walter suggested that his lordship need not go so far a-field, described Hook's situation, and the impression he had received of him from his table-talk and *The Arcadian*. This was all that occurred. Sir Walter

heard no more of the provincial paper; but confessed when, towards the end of the year, *John Bull* electrified London, that he could not help fancying his mention of Theodore to this noble lord might have had its consequences. His lordship enjoyed much of the personal notice of George IV., and indeed could hardly have failed to meet Hook himself at Hertford House before he started for the Mauritius." *

The Poet and Novelist was then created a Baronet.

"*The Gazette* announcing this event was dated the 30th March, and published on the 2nd of April; and soon afterwards his native land again welcomed back her most distinguished son as SIR WALTER SCOTT." †

"For Love was still the lord of all."
WALTER SCOTT.‡

J. G. Lockhart was worthy to be the son-in-law of Scott, and married his elder daughter on Saturday, the 29th of April, 1820.

I received the following interesting copy of the marriage entry from the Registrar-General of Scotland, and need only add that the date given is either a mistake in the register itself or the copy sent me:—

"Edinburgh, 20th April, 1820.

"John Gibson Lockhart, Esq., Advocate, St. Andrew's parish, and Miss Sophia Charlotte Scot, St. George's parish, eldest daughter of Sir Walter Scot, Bart., of Abbotsford. Mar^{d} by the Rev^{d} Mr. Shannon.

(In) "Register of Edinburgh."

Having thus "married Scott's eldest daughter Sophia, he took up his abode at the cottage of Chiefswood, close to Abbotsford. Here, perhaps, he spent his happiest days, and the passages in Scott's life which describe them are peculiarly pleasant. This was also a prolific period in Lockhart's

* From pages 41, 42 of J. G. Lockhart's reprinted "Sketch of Hook," 1853.

† From page 173 of Gilfillan's "Life of Scott," 1870.

‡ In song of Carlisle Wall. See the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

literary career. He wrote his translations of 'Spanish Ballads' for *Blackwood*, afterwards published collectively (in 1823)." *

"In September, 1820, appeared 'The Abbot,' the sequel to 'The Monastery,' and was welcomed with universal applause. Queen Mary is every inch a Queen. Most touching, too, the character of the noble abbot, Edward Glendinning, to whom, thoroughly devoted to the duties of his high office as he is, yet in the watches of the night recur memories of his youthful life at Glendearg, and the fair face of Mary Avenel, once and for ever beloved by him. How natural and how true all these touches written by the hand of Scott." †

> "His bugle Wat of Harden blew;
> Pensils and pennons wide were flung,
> To heaven the Border slogan rung,
> 'St. Mary for the young Buccleuch.'"
> WALTER SCOTT.‡

The present Duke of Buccleuch was served heir to the Scottish estates of his family in November, 1820, and Scott's lines have been well borne out by the life of his noble Chief—

> "When age shall give thee thy command
> And leading in thy native land."

Since Scott's time there has been no falling off in the great influence and virtues so long hereditary with the house of Buccleuch.

Long may it flourish!

* From *The Penny Cyclopædia.*
† Adapted from page 180 of "Gilfillan's "Life of Scott," 1870.
‡ In the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," canto iv., stanza xxvii.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

1824.

"It is a proof that in slight, but characteristic details is to be found the source of sympathy in the story of a real life."—LORD JOHN RUSSELL.*

"IN his daily life at Abbotsford, while the caressed of princes, men of letters, and the nobility of the land, he was the administrator of justice, and a common good to the whole country-side." †

This was his last year of undisturbed prosperity, and in June appeared—

"Redgauntlet, A Tale Of The Eighteenth Century. By The Author Of Waverley. In Three Volumes. Edinburgh: Printed For Archibald Constable And Co., Edinburgh; And Hurst, Robinson And Co., London. 1824. Edinburgh: Printed By James Ballantyne And Co."

Pages—Volume I. 319, Vol. II. 328, Vol. III. 331. Post 8vo.

Many of "his most virtuous and amiable specimens of human character are taken from the poorer classes of society. Where shall we find so fine a picture of filial and sisterly affection, and true moral firmness, as in his portraiture of Jeanie Deans?—of real generosity and honest worth, as in that of Dandie Dinmont?—and of humble affection and devoted gratitude, as in Dominie Sampson? If it be true, what Byron said of him, 'that he was the *poet* of princes,' it is as unquestionably true that he was the *chronicler* of the people, and may be said, in this respect, to be in prose what Burns was in rhyme. The whole spirit of Scott's genius breathes the emphatic language of his brother bard—

> 'The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that.'" ‡

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* In the preface to his "Life of Thomas Moore," page vii.
† From page 160 of Gilfillan's "Life of Scott," 1870.
‡ From page 315 of George Allan's "Life of Scott," 1834.

A Selkirk Man's Reminiscences of Sir Walter Scott.

"I think it was about the year 1824, I was a laddie ten or twelve year auld, at the Grammar School of Selkirk, and auld Oliver, or 'Wishy Washy o' the back-raw,' as he was called for a bye-name by the boys, was the master. Mr. Lang was Sheriff-clerk, and Sir Walter was Sheriff. There were three of us, bosom cronies, not remarkable for shining lights at school, and, though usually unready with our tasks in Cæsar and Virgil, we were ever ready for a ramble anywhere, and for being well posted up in the knowledge of hawks and owlets, howdie craws, game of all sorts, and fishing trout in the Ettrick, there were few in the school could compete with us. We were no great readers at that time. 'Marmion' was beyond our ken, but we knew of the Sheriff as a great man; how, we could not exactly make out, but accepted it as an acknowledged fact; and, being enterprising boys, in the pursuit of knowledge of everything going on around us, we made a practice of attending the Court, to see this great man and hear the fun of the cases, for Selkirk was very litigious, and the following case occurs to me as a sample of the many petty cases Sir Walter had to try. But first let me describe the Sheriff, as I look back and see him in those days. Picture to yourself, then, a tall, ungainly man, over six feet, I would say, leaning heavily on the arm of Mr. Lang, some fifteen minutes or so before the Court opens; the two are walking back and forward in a small square up the Flesh-Market Close, and which formed the back part but the entrance into the Court-house of Selkirk. We three were posted—well, it does not matter where, but we are *taking stock*, and we have come to the conclusion that that stern, unimpressionable old Roman, Mr. Lang, who was up to all the town's affairs, and who ruled and kept them in hand as never a man did since the days of Brydone of Flodden Field, and a hard-headed lawyer withal, is indoctrinating the Sheriff into the character of the folk, and the cases coming before him. Such was Robbie Park's whispered surmise; for Robbie was aye the speculative, metaphysical boy of the trio. For myself, I was *rivetted* to the remarkable play of expression in that rugged face—I say rugged, for Sir Walter had more

strongly-marked lines on his face than almost any man ever I saw: add to this, his bushy overhanging eyebrows, which, when drawn down, gave him a severe, sombre expression which you feel, but cannot describe. The clock strikes, and Sir Walter gives a hasty glance upwards; the sombre face is lighted up, as he turns with some difficulty, for he had an unsightly club-foot; and you would swear, from that genial expression, that that could not be the same man you saw two minutes ago*—so sudden and varied was his power of expression. But we have caught the eye of his clerk, as we are snugly ensconced behind the railings, and one glance of that basilisk eye sends us nowhere. The eye said, as plain as speech, 'I'll speak to you boys in due time; at present, begone!' Well, ten minutes after finds us snug in one of the back seats of the Court-house, and the case is called—'Walter Paterson for assaulting Nan ——'

"I may here mention, anent this case, that it was said that the woman assaulted had formerly had an illegitimate child to him, and that he had ill-used her; hence the origin of bad feeling, in which the wives of the Kirkwynd took their respective sides, and fought as doughtily with the tongue, in which it was generally allowed they were ill to beat, as ever their forebears did at Flodden; but be this as it may, it so happened that the said Wat Paterson, who was in the main as canny and inoffensive a tailor as ever drew stitch, had got an extra dram one day in Gulen Robison's, down the Green, and been detailing to her how that he could not set his nose o'er his ain door, up or down the Kirkwynd, but he was abused with bad language, &c. What Gulen's advice was is not recorded, but certain it (is) that, on that unlucky day for him, as he speeled the Kirkwynd, he carried a baulder head and air, as much as to say, 'I've tholed o'er lang, I'll take a different plan wi' man or woman

* *From Mr. Currie.*

"July 17, 1870.

"The asterisk refers to a note I omitted—viz., a visit of two hours from the late Lord John Scott some years ago (I am sorry indeed that in all my jottings my dates are in most part omitted), when I listened with great interest to *his account of Sir Walter's remarkable power of expression*, &c. This quite coincided with my own recollections of him in the Court cases at Selkirk. I shall by-and-by give you Lord John's account at greater length."

that says a wrang word to me.' Well, it so happened, that ere he reached his ain door, this woman, standing in her door with a besom in her hand, stept forth, and brandishing the besom in his face, gave him a bit of her mind; her words seem to have made him lose his usual prudence, for in a passion he suddenly struck her with his hand (on) the side of the head, and the next minute another virago seized the besom, and floored the tailor on his own doorstep. A general mellee ensued among the wives, to which Wat's was but a flea-bite; however, his was the only one that came to Court. She summoned him for assault.

"As soon as the case was called, there looked very like a renewal of the wordy war, till Jamie Inglis, the town officer, was ordered to clear the Court of the batch; but what was said in this short time, by some half-dozen women, so tickled Sir Walter, that I well recollect of him laughing, while, with spectacles on, he seemed to be noting something down with a pencil. Mr. Lang looked more than usually stern, perhaps chagrined that in the Sheriff's eyes this might be like a reflection on his magistracy. On being asked if he was guilty or not guilty, Wat pled guilty, 'but I had very great provocation, my Lord, as a number of witnesses can testify to.'

"A witness was called and sworn. 'Now, my good woman, tell me what you saw of this assault, and what was the provocation he got.' Hereupon the witness told very truthfully all the case, and the 'provocation,' viz.:—

"'She c'aad him an unhanged blaguard, and that at the great day of judgment there wad be as mony een looking on him as there were feathers on a hen; and then he gae her a bit cluffevi.'

"Says Sir Walter, pencil in hand, and looking over his spectacles, and with a peculiar comic twinkle of his eye, 'My good woman, will you just repeat that over again?'

"Wat Paterson got off with a small fine and a caution.

"This was among the first, if not the first, time I ever saw Sir Walter Scott, but for years after we seldom missed a chance of attending Court. Not long after this there occurred a case in which a good few of us boys were summoned as witnesses to an assault on our schoolmaster, and I can yet recall Sir Walter's affecting language and appearance before

he passed sentence on J—— H——; but there are parties still living whose feelings in that case I will not pain by recital."

J. G. Lockhart observes that, "Without such details the life of a lawyer is like what a general's would be that should omit his battles—realising Scott's a *little* exaggerated objection to Mackintosh, who, he said, in his History of Edward III., 'put Creci into a parenthesis.'" *

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

1825.

"In beauty's proudest pitch of power,
And conquest won—the bridal hour—
With every charm that wins the heart,
By Nature given, enhanced by Art,
Could yet the fair reflection view,
In the bright mirror pictured true."
The Lord of the Isles.†

SCOTT'S eldest son Walter was happily married on Thursday, February 3rd, 1825.

The following particulars relate to that auspicious event in Sir Walter's career:—

"8th June, 1870.

"I now enclose the result of the investigations which have been made in the various registers referred to in the memorandum transmitted with your letter of the 3rd instant. I am afraid the success of our search has not been very great, but you are aware that prior to the year 1855 nothing could be more unsatisfactory than the state of the parochial registers generally throughout Scotland.

"W. PITT DUNDAS."

From the Registrar-General of Scotland.

"N.B.—The register of marriages for the City of Edinburgh

* See review of Lord Cockburn's "Life of Jeffrey" in the *Quarterly Review.*

† Canto i., stanza vi.

after the year 1820 down to 1854, are in the custody of the Registrar of St. Giles District, No. 51, Cockburn Street. This note applies to No. 16 of Mr. Lockhart's list."

"Edinburgh, 51, Cockburn Street, 13th June, 1870.

"I received your letter of the 10th instant, and have much pleasure in sending you an extract of the marriage of Walter Scott and Miss Jobson.

"I am yours faithfully,
"J. Dav. Beatson,
"W. S. S.

"Extract.

"*In terms of* 17° & 18° *Vict., cap.* 80, *s.* 58, *and* 23° & 24° *Vict., cap.* 85, *s.* 6.

"'Edinburgh, 23rd January, 1825.

"'Walter Scott Esquire King's Hussars—Younger of Abbotsford St. George's Parish—Miss Jane Jobson, St. Cuthbert's Parish, daughter of the late Wm. Jobson Esqre. of Lochore—3 proclamations—no objections. Married 3d. Feby., 1825, by the Revd. Dr. David Dickson.' *

"Extracted by me from the Register of Proclamations and Marriages, for the City of Edinburgh, in the County of Edinburgh, this Thirteenth day of June, Eighteen hundred and Seventy.

"Dav. Beatson, Registrar
& Session Clerk City of Edinr."

"That Love may still be lord of all."
Walter Scott.†

The Rev. Dr. Rogers thus writes: ‡—

"*The Heiress of Lochore.*

"Through Sir Adam Fergusson, young Walter Scott became acquainted with Jane Jobson, the heiress of Lochore.

* "Mrs. Dickson was a Miss Jobson, and of the same family as the present Lady Scott."—Dr. Lockhart, October 27, 1870.

† See the song on Carlisle Wall in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

‡ In a communication dated December 24, 1870.

She was Lady Fergusson's niece. The father of Miss Jobson was a London merchant, and a native of Dundee. At Dundee several members of the family prospered in merchandise, and attained positions of social importance. Mr. Jobson, the father of the 'heiress,' I believe, purchased Lochore from Mr. Sime, father of the distinguished surgeon, who so lately passed away.

"The estate rests on the southern slope of Benarty Hill, and at the base, in the parish of Ballingry, within Fifeshire, and at the borders of Kinrosshire. It is two miles distant from Blair-Adam, the seat of Scott's friend, Lord Chief Commissioner Adam, and is separated by Benarty Hill from the waters of Lochleven. The estate, prior to the ownership of Mr. Sime, belonged to Sir Michael Malcolm, one of a race of spendthrift baronets who acquired the possession of the old Scottish family of Lochore, now almost extinct. It was upon one of the Malcolms, Baronets of Lochore, that some poetical satirist composed these comic verses:—

'Ken ye ought o' Sir John Malcolm?
Igo and ago.
If he's a wise man I mistake him,
Iram, coram, dago.

'To hear him o' his travels talk,
Igo and ago;
To go to London's but a walk,
Iram, coram, dago.'*

"Lochore estate is in one portion hilly and pastoral; the other rests in the plain of the Or, and is arable and fertile. Nearly the whole of this arable portion constituted the bed of a loch, which gave name to the estate, and which was drained about a century ago.

"At Lochore, the Roman General Agricola held winter

* The lines "Written in a Wrapper, enclosing a Letter to Captain Grose," and sent by Burns to Cardonne the Antiquary, are very similar—witness the first verse:—

"Ken ye aught o' Captain Grose?
Igo and ago.
If he's amang his friends or foes?
Iram, coram, dago."

See pages 97, 98 of the "Life and Land of Burns." By Allan Cunningham. Part IV. London, Virtue, 1840.—C. S. M. L.

quarters, A.D. 83, soon after his invasion of Britain, and before proceeding to meet Galgacus at the battle of *Mons Grampius*. In the time of Gordon, author of the 'Septenrionale,' the camp of Lochore was entire. It formed a square, and was defended on every side by three rows of parallel ramparts. In a farmhouse, built on the *Prætorium* of the camp, I resided for some months about twenty years ago. A marble chess-board found in the lake, on the borders of the camp, was presented to me by a farmer's wife. I handed it to my late friend Major J. A. Henderson, of Westerton, whose brother, Colonel Sir James Edward Alexander, now possesses it. I offer no opinion as to its antiquity, but chess was certainly known long before the time of Agricola.

"Lochore House is a substantial modern residence, situated on the rising ground immediately under the wooded heights of Benarty. Sir Walter Scott visited Lochore in the spring of 1825,* shortly after the marriage of the heiress to his eldest son. My late venerated friend, the Rev. James Greig, minister of the parish, met Sir Walter at dinner at Lochore House. Mr. Greig often spoke of the occasion. He said that Sir Walter was the best story-teller he had ever heard, and that one of his stories so closely followed on another, that the evening glided past imperceptibly. I believe that since her marriage Lady Scott has resided only one summer at Lochore."

The "Tales of the Crusaders," in four volumes, were published in June of this year, and comprised "The Betrothed" and "The Talisman."

"'The Talisman' was received nearly as 'Ivanhoe' had been. Enchantment and elaborate finish were never more thoroughly united than in this tale, which Wilson has pronounced Scott's *only* artistic whole, and which drew from Mrs. Hemans, after spending some delightful hours reading it in her garden, one of her sweetest strains." †

Jamie Johnston's Reminiscences of Sir W. Scott.

"I think Sir Walter was *greatest* in his adversity. Mony a time I used to admire the heroism of the man, who in his

* In March.—C. S. M. L.

† From p. 218 of Gilfillan's "Life of Scott," 1870.

auld days, wi' ruin staring him in the face, set to work again to begin the world, and wadna compound wi' his creditors like other folk, but would pay them twenty shillings i' the pound. Od, sir, it was a grand speerit! A' mind ance there was a Kirn at Kaeside; he made a Kirn there every harvest. Aweel, ma uncle was Baillie Walker, manufacturer in Galashiels, and Sir Walter and him being aye very clannish, he gat an invitation every harst to the Kirn. But this year that a' refer to was the last Kirn at Kaeside, and ma uncle being engaged, he sent me o'er to Kaeside to the Kirn instead o' himsel'. Aweel, when the dancing commenced, us young chaps was a wee sheepish about dancing wi' the young Misses, and Sir Walter seeing that, cam' to me and me neighbour, and said, 'Now, lads, dinna be blate to ask my daughters to dance.' Sae in a short time we were a' enjoying ourselves to our hearts' content wi' reels and country dances. After a bit, I went out to get a smoke at the back of the barn, and while standing in a dark corner, a' hears a footstep gaun past. It was Sir Walter's, and he was speaking to himsel'. Aweel, he didna say muckle, but what he did say made me sae wae, that a' enjoyed nae mair dancing that night. 'They are a' happy but me; a' happy but me!'"

And now for something very different, though still characteristic (and therefore valuable) both of the laird and his factotum, Purdie.

Brodie the joiner's account is as follows:—

"Wat Davidson was lang at Abbotsford. (I) don't know what became of him after he went away. Jameson went to a gentleman of the name of Scroop as gamekeeper. Tam Purdie was a droll fallow! I kend him weel. Capital hand wi' the gun, and aye was; for Tam, afore he went to Sir Walter's, was rather a bit of a poacher, but when he got on to keeper and a' thing under Sir Walter, he preserved aye plenty of game, and yet was never very severe in prosecuting poachers. I mind ance taking a shot at some patrichs up by Huntly Burn. Weel, Tam had seen me, and doun he comes next day, very severe and threatening. Says I, 'What about it? I saw you, and Davidson, and Jameson last week shooting patrichs too, and they had guns. Pray,

have they the license?' 'Wheesht, wheesht, a'll sae nae mair about it enow; but come away down to Shusie's, and I'll gie ye——' He was very often in Darnick, and mostly aye fou at nicht. Shusie Harper had the public-house (t)here then, and Tam could never gang by Shusie's. I had him often to take hame at nicht, and what was strange, he aye carried the gun wi' him; ye scarcely ever saw him without it. I mind ance o' him being down at Darnick on some business, and he got well on for being fou, when Sir Walter suddenly appears on horseback, and cries Tam to him to gie him some orders. Of course, Tam wad hae a *strong smell*, which his master had noticed, for he says, 'Tam, ye must have been drinking.' 'Weel—Sir Walter—I had—just—*ane*, in—Shusie's.' 'It must have been very strong, Tam!'

"He was an honest, outspoken man, and ane that lookit weel after his master's interest. Whatever he thought a' had against ye cam' out at ance, and barring the dram, was a faultless servant.

* * * *

"I mind ae winter nicht, when the snaw war laying very deep, Tam gat himself geyan fou in Darnick. His son-in-law, Geordie Fairbairn (Geordie was on for piper then)—weel, Geordie cam' down to take him hame; but they cast oot aboot something or other, and Tam will not be taen hame wi' him, but he must have me to convoy him to Abbotsford. Well, he orders Geordie to walk before him, which Geordie did to please him, being a very canny man; but in going through Kaeside wood, Geordie in one moment goes down through an old quarry-hole which was levelled up with snaw, head and shouthers and coat-tails lying along the snaw being all that was visible. Geordie cried lustily, of course, and I made a rush to help him oot; but Tam wadna let me, but bend o'er him with drunken gravity, 'Geordie, ma—man—hiccup—there's naething to grip by—but—hiccup—the hair o' yere head—and if that—hiccup—stands gude, I'll sune hae ye on yere pins again.'

"Geordie he wriggles and roars to me. Tam gets him by the coat-tails, and he just halves the coat in two up the back. Well, I couldna but admire Geordie's gude temper when he got out. He just composedly took the things out of the pockets, and threw the pieces of the coat away, wi' the

remark, 'Some gangrel bodie wull may be the better o' that.'

"Weel, I daursay there was o'er much whiskey drinking; but mind, there was far mair hospitality and less selfishness among the folks o' that generation than now-a-days. Lord, ye have hardly time gien ye now to take yere meat, and if auld age or illness unfits ye for yere wark, yere employers regard ye no more than they wad do an auld horse. But how opposite to that was Sir Walter! If ye was a day off wi' sickness, there was he himself, and Lady, and daughters, coming and asking kindly for ye; sent a doctor, and wine, speerits, or ony comfort ye micht require; and he liked aye to see every ane around him happy and comfortable."

Mr. Currie, of Darnick, supplies the Memorial with the following graphic account of salmon fishing in the Tweed :—

John Purdie's Tale, showing how Sir W. Scott and he killed a 30lb. Salmon with a harpoon, in the Bank Pool, above Abbotsford.

"Him a fisher! No, no; kent naething about it, naething at a'; but young Sir Walter was *gude* wi' aither rod or leister —a better never threw a line, and a strapping fallow as ever stood in shoe leather. Him and me was baith about a age, and about a heicht, and twae as *bang* youths when we took the moors wi' oor guns as ye micht hae seen. Ah me! I can see him now throw his line wi' a 16lb. rod across the Carey weel pool, and make her licht like a feather at the far side.

"And yet auld Sir Walter *had something in him.* I mind o' him and me having an adventure wi' a big Saumon, that pat me gey sair about at the time; but when it comes across my mind now a' canna help laughing at it: a' thocht aye muckle o' Sir Walter after.

"It micht be some time in the back end; I dinna mind the year. I was living wi' ma faither at Boldside. He had the tack o' the fishery; and there comes up a message ae nicht frae Abbotsford frae Uncle Tam, to bring down the boat the neist morning preceesly at eleven, to the foot of the pool at the head o' Abbotsford haugh; and to bring it by cart, so as the fish in the pool michtna be scared wi' the boat. The water was gey an' heavy, and there was at the time a

gude run up o' biggish fish. Well, I was there, time and place; but there was naebody but a wheen rollicking youngsters, that said they had been sent by my uncle to watch the streams. By the time I get birkies drilled, I sees, coming up the haugh-side, Sir Walter, uncle, and two men. They were coming slowly up the haugh-side, Sir Walter leaning on ma uncle Tam, as he aye did, and carrying o'er his shouthers what I took to be a leister.* When they cam' nearer hand, I sees that it's nae leister after a', but a queer, lang-tapered thing, wi' a soot o' spear on the other end o't. They ca'd it a harpoon. Uncle, he is carrying a coil o' rein rope, which he forthwith sets about fastening to the boat-pin and the harpoon. The little gentleman, a white-faced man, lichts a cigar. Sir Walter into the boat, an' takes his stand i' the fore end, harpoon thing in hand.

"When we're a' ready, says Sir Walter, 'Now, Tam, ye are the captain o' the boat; I give ye full power to set every ane to his post, and to obey your orders,' and something else that I've forgot now—it was to that effec', ony way. So up gets uncle—he was a kind o' consequential body was Uncle Tam. 'Vera weel, Sir Walter; let's proceed to business, then. A'll do what a' can.' 'Jock'—that was to me—'ye'll row Sir Walter straucht up the pool, cannily and steady. Haud a wee to the nor' side, so as I may hae a better look oot, gaun afore ye up the bank. Callants, haud away, twae o' ye, to the upper stream; an' the rest o' ye get stabs apiece and wade in doun there as far as ye can. If the fish comes doun, splash richt and left till ye drive him back again; but if ye let him past . . . . I have hardly a post for you yet, sir,' turning to the white-faced gentleman; 'but if ye hae nae objections, I think ye had better bide where ye are, and look after the callants. That's oor weak point,' says Uncle Tam, casting a concerned look o'er his shouther as he pecheled up the brae.

"I daursay I took a kind o' stealed lauch to mysel' at the whole affair as we shot up the pool, tho' it was onything but a laughing matter shortly. Well, up and up we go slowly, for there was a stiff wund, uncle afore us on the bank, when I sees him, near the tap o' the pool, setting like a

* "*Leister*, a three-pronged dart for striking fish."—CHARLES MACKAY.

pointer dowg. 'There he is then, Sir Walter; he is dropping slowly doun, and exactly in a line wi' the boat. Steady, Jock, for yere life! A wee to the north! There—dinna move another inch. That's the spot to stick him, Sir Walter. He will be wi' ye in another minute.' By ma faith, but the fish was na sae daft as come and be strickit where Uncle Tam wanted him. He suddenly made a rapid sweep round the boat, and gaed down the water like an evil speerit. Then there gat up a noise ye micht hae heard it a mile i' the wund. Uncle he scrauched to the callants; they splashed wi' sticks and staves, and scrauched again. I row to the north side. Sir Walter takes a hearty fit o' laughing, as weel he micht. Well, it's no lang though till they turn the fish up again a' richt. I saw him shoot past us up the deep water again; and he *was a gude ane*, but gey and wild. We are at our post again i' the middle o' the pool, Sir Walter wi' his stick poised as firm as *brass;* uncle sair out o' wund, but fechting his way ahead o' us alang the bank as weel's he could, and crying to the callants aboon to keep a sharp look-oot, and no let him up—under pains and penalties, nae doot. Well, for a while he's *visying* every fit o' the water wi' his hand aboon his een—sets again, 'Here he is, Sir Walter, and making for a dash up, as a'm a sinner; and ance up, we'll ne'er lay saut on his tail. Quick, Jock, and be canny wi' the oars. Now for him, Sir Walter!' Aweel, Sir Walter thraws his harpoon thing, and dad, sir! he stack him—yes, he stack him aboon the tail! A' wadna hae beleeved it unless I had seen it. Now there was a roaring wast wund, and me sitting wi' ma back to Sir Walter, he cried to me something about the oars which a' didna tak' up, and jalousing that by a wrang move o' the boat we micht lose the fish wi' that new-fangled thing, I cries to uncle, 'What have I to do next?' 'Do naething at a', Jock, but rest yere oars, and let the fish wallop down the pool wi' the boat.' Aweel, what wi' the wast wund and the fish making strongly doun, that wasna lang i' doing. Dad! it brought me in mind o' some o' thae whale-fishing stories a've herd o'. We were at the fit o' the pool afore ma uncle; he is coming doun the walk as important as gin he *was the man that did the deed*—Sir Walter's in great glee.

"I thocht naturally we would land him at the pool fit;

but na, to ma amazement, this werna the plan. Says Sir Walter—

"'Now, John, we shoot the rapids with him, down the Netherbarns stream.'

"The Lord have a care o' us, thinks I, but this *is a tempting o' Providence;* for, if there is a dangerous place for a boat in a' the Tweed, it's that gullet. Ye ken it runs doun that quick fa' like a race-horse, and, turning the square—for it's a very square turn that—it strikes the opposite rugged bank, and wi' a heavy water, a boat striking wad have a vera sma' chance. Weel, I dinna mind but a' micht hae put in a word—I daursay a' did—quietly; but a' the answer a' got was, 'Onward, John—hurrah for the sea!' or something gey like that. However, there's nae help for it, the boat has taen the head o' the rough water. The fish! The deil micht hae the fish—it was a matter o' men's lives. I didna mind sae muckle for mysel', for a' was young and yauld, and could soum; but a' was concerned for Sir Walter, and yet he seemed to hae nae concern about it himsel', for he bid stand —na, he wadna sit down—and as composed as yere enow. Well, I shifted face to the head o' the boat, firm grip o' the oars to break the force, and struck a wee off the middle o' the water towards east. I had made up ma mind what I was gaun to do; but it took a quick ee and a strong pull at the richt time.

"We are off, speed increasing, and straucht as an arrow, near the fit, and fleeing richt for the opposite bank. A' made a strong sweep wi' the left oar, which made her spin round like ane eight-horse figure. Dad, but a' vera near whummilt boat and us i' the water; but this was the least o' twae ills —rather that than get our brains knocked oot on the bank. We jumpit oot—the fish as dead as a herring. The twae gentlemen and uncle, rinning down, off wi' their hats, Sir Walter too, and gae a hearty cheer.

"'Bravely done, John! we have speared the Norse-whale' (or something like that), 'and shot the rapids with him.'

"'Honour to the brave!' cries ane o' the gentlemen, waving his hat like mad; and here there was another cheer.

"'No ill shapit ava', Jocky,' says Uncle Tam.

"Aweel, after some mair nonsense, off they march to kettle the fish, the callants, twae o' them carrying it atween them,

wi' the harpoon on their shouthers, and left mysel' wi' the sweat and water dropping off ma face; and, being come to ma wund, I says, 'Now, gentlemen and Uncle Tam, the neist time ye play at that game ye're heartily welcome to the honour and bravery pairt o't; and I wull say, Sir Walter, but ye weel deserve it a'; but, in ma way o' thinking, ye'll be gleg if ye catch John Purdie i' the boat wi' ye.'" *

Abbotsford House.

"And all in high baronial pride."
Marmion, canto vi., stanza i.

It has been said that "with the great object of building into the walls of Abbotsford the many antiquarian stone relics, several nondescript towers, turrets, and pinnacles were required to give them effect." I think not, for Sir Walter knew the sort of house he wanted before he began; and though the original design received various alterations and additions as the work went on, the result is a very good one.

Architects may even admire the happy adaptation of the parts to make one picturesque whole.

It is believed no rule of architecture has been followed exactly in the erection of this unique mansion; but, as all rules are to serve some end, so the absence of their observance here is justified by the result.

Of course it would not be wise for ordinary minds to wander away from the usual orders of architecture, for it is not likely they can make the romance in stone and lime that Scott did at Abbotsford.

"It seems," says one who visited it, "like a poem in stone."

"This house," said another distinguished writer, "is like places that we dream about."

"In December, 1825, Lockhart removed to London to succeed Gifford in the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*. He continued to edit the *Review* till 1853—with what success all the world knows. In his hands the *Review* maintained and increased its reputation, and not a few of the most

* I am happy to say that John Purdie is still alive and prosperous. —C. S. M. L.

powerful articles that appeared in it during the seven-and-twenty years of his editorship came from his own pen. He was particularly happy in biographical sketches, combined with criticism. One paper of this kind—that on 'Theodore Hook'—has been reprinted by itself." *

> "And well the doom'd spectators know
> The harbinger of wreck and woe."
> *Rokeby*, canto ii., stanza xi.

Clouds and darkness aye succeed the brightest days on earth, and so it comes to pass that we have to record the evening of Scott's days. Has the reader ever observed that when the evening is wet and stormy, and we think the sun has set already, how it sometimes shines out suddenly for a brief space? But shine as it may, the night draws on apace. Eternity can alone stop Time. Trouble was to come along fast enough with the new year, and—

> "Coming events cast their shadows before."
> T. CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER NINTH.

"We must have the courage of our misfortunes."—M. THIERS, March 1, 1871.

"SPECULATION had, in joint-stock schemes, companies, mining adventures, wind bills, wild and visionary projects of every sort, come to its height, and, as it could neither climb further nor stop where it was, it must come down, and with a vengeance." †

It is well known that bookselling houses are often connected with each other, and that when one falls another follows; so was it in January of 1826.

All more or less involved from personal mismanagement, as well as from the monetary pressure of the time, Hurst and Robinson of London suffered a bill to come back upon

* From—I dinna ken what!—C. S. M. L.

† From page 229 of Gilfillan's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," 1870.

Constable which caused the ruin of both houses. Ballantyne and Co. stopped payment upon this double misfortune falling on their house.

How did Scott stand not only personal ruin, but what was for the time commercial dishonour?

"As fearlessly as well." *

"He sustained the first shock with Roman firmness. His resolution was immediately taken, to accept of no grace from his creditors beyond time. To those marvellous powers which he had exerted for the purpose of buying land, and the entertainment of his numerous visitors, he trusted for the means of clearing off the tremendous encumbrance which had fallen upon him. At the same time, much was to be given wholly up. He resolved to sell his house in Edinburgh, and use a common lodging while obliged to attend his duties in the Court of Session. At other times he would join his family in strict retirement at Abbotsford, which obviously could have been put to no better use. There was no bravado in all this—nothing but a good, sound, honest resolution to redeem the obligations now incumbent on him. He was engaged at the time in writing the 'Life of Bonaparte,' taking up his new novel of 'Woodstock' at intervals by way of relief. These he continued with steady perseverance in the midst of all his distresses. Even on the day † which brought him assurance of the catastrophe he resumed in the afternoon the task which had engaged him in the morning. There was more triumph over circumstances here than might be supposed, for he had lately begun to feel the first touches of the infirmities of age. His sleep was now less sound than it had been, and his eyesight was failing. The will, however, was fresh as ever; and under the prompting of an honourable spirit, it did its work nobly. Doggedly, doggedly did this glorious old man rouse himself from his melancholy couch, and set to his task at an hour when gaiety has little more than sought his. Firmly did he keep to his desk during long hours, till he could satisfy himself that he had done his utmost. The temptations of society, the more insinuating claims of an over-worked

* "Marmion," canto vi., stanza xxxiv.

† 17th January, 1826.

system for rest, were alike resolutely rejected. It was rectitude of mind, and not stoicism, which enabled him to rise above his misfortunes. Little, indeed, of sensibility appeared in his external demeanour, even to his children. To them, as to the world, it must have been a lost secret, but for his diary."*

"I pledge to you my knightly word." †

"When what is called in Scotland 'a state of the affairs' of Constable and Co. and Ballantyne and Co. was made up subsequently to the stoppage of the two companies, it appeared that Sir Walter Scott was indebted to Constable's creditors, as a partner of Ballantyne and Co., for nearly £72,000; and that the total amount of the debts of Ballantyne and Co. was about £110,000, for the whole of which Sir Walter was liable as a partner. About half of the £72,000 due to Constable and Co. being included in the debts of Ballantyne and Co., Scott's actual liabilities were somewhere about £147,000." ‡

"To the honour of Scott, he did not flinch from the terrible responsibility incurred. 'Gentlemen,' he said to the creditors, 'time and I against any two. Let me take this good ally into my company, and I believe I shall be able to pay you every farthing.'

"He surrendered the whole of his property; executed a trust-deed in favour of certain gentlemen, who were to receive the funds realised by his labours, and pay off his debts with interest by instalments; sold his town house and furniture, and retired to lodgings, and resumed his literary labours with dogged resolution. 'It is very hard,' he said, in his deep, thoughtful voice, to a friend who expressed his sympathy, 'thus to lose all the labours of a lifetime, and be made a poor man at last, when I ought to have been otherwise. But if God grant me life and strength for a few years longer, I have no doubt that I shall redeem it all.' There can be little doubt that the disease which proved fatal to him was superinduced by excess of mental toil, but the purpose for which he sacrificed himself was attained. The company debts, materially diminished before his death, have since been entirely liqui-

* From pages 22, 23 of *Chambers's Miscellany*, No. 73.
† "Marmion," canto iv., stanza xvi.
‡ From *The Penny Cyclopædia.*

dated by the profits of the edition of his collected works. The certainty of this event, the consciousness that he had not shrunk from the responsibilities he had incurred, the feeling that he had deserved and retained the love and respect which waited upon him in more prosperous days, was his consolation in the last years of his life. The purpose for which he sacrificed himself was attained."*

> "He set a bugle to his mouth,
> And blew so loud and shrill,
> The trees in greenwood shook thereat,
> Sae loud rang every hill."
>
> *Hardyknute.*

Scott not only aroused himself for personal conflict, but also for national.

At the very time when misfortune had nerved his spirit to the utmost, and domestic affliction and mental toil had not as yet overborne him, work was found that none but Walter Scott might do, and he did it!

> "Of marvels wrought by single hand,
> When lifted for a native land."†

First *Collected* Edition, 8vo. Boards.

"Thoughts On the Proposed Change of Currency, And Other Late Alterations, As they Affect, Or Are Intended To Affect, The Kingdom of Scotland. Edinburgh: Printed by James Ballantyne and Company. For William Blackwood, Edinburgh. 1826. Addressed To the Editor of the 'Edinburgh Weekly Journal.'" Letter I. pages 60. Letter II. pages 84. Letter III. pages 39.

"A Second Letter To the Editor of the 'Edinburgh Weekly Journal,' From Malachi Malagrowther, Esq., On the Proposed Change of Currency, And Other Late Alterations, As They Affect, Or Are Intended to Affect, The Kingdom of Scotland. Edinburgh: Printed by James Ballantyne and Company. For William Blackwood, Edinburgh. 1826."

* From *The Penny Cyclopædia.*

† "Marmion," canto v., stanza xxvii.

"A Third Letter To the Editor of the 'Edinburgh Weekly Journal,' From Malachi Malagrowther, Esq., On the Proposed Change of Currency, And Other Late Alterations, As They Affect, Or Are Intended to Affect, The Kingdom of Scotland. Edinburgh: Printed by James Ballantyne and Company. For William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London. 1826."

From *Blackwood's Magazine* for May, 1826.

"Monthly List of New Publications. Edinburgh.

"Three Letters to the Editor of the 'Edinburgh Weekly Journal,' from Malachi Malagrowther, Esq., on the Proposed Change of the Currency, and other late Alterations, as they affect, or are intended to affect, the Kingdom of Scotland. 5*s*."

Scott's friend, John Wilson Croker, by his attempted reply, gave rise to an article in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* for May, 1826, pp. 596—607, "The Letters of E. B. Waverley, Esq., to M. Malagrowther, Esq." *

"I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away;
I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which tells me not to stay."

THOMAS MOORE.

Misfortunes never come alone, and Scott found it so through painful experience. Lady Scott, the faithful partner of his life, was at this very time hastening to her grave. Sir Walter stood this trial also, but *it sorely shook him*.

Their grandson was christened at Brighton on Sunday, the 14th of May.

The late vicar of that most healthy town was the first person to aid this Memorial, and forwarded me a copy of the baptismal entry by return of post.

* "Two Letters on Scottish Affairs, from Edward Bradwardine Waverley, Esq., to Malachi Malagrowther, Esq." 8vo. London: Murray. 1826.

Baptisms solemnized in the Parish of Brighthelmston, in the County of Sussex, in the year 1826.

When Baptized.	Child's Christian Name.	Parents' Name.		Abode.	Quality, Trade, or Profession.	By whom the ceremony was performed.
		Christian.	Surname.			
1826. May 14	Walter Scott Son Of	John Gibson & Charlotte Sophia.	Lockhart.	Preston St.	Advocate.	J. S. M. Anderson, Curate.
No. 779.						

*** *The above is a faithful extract from the Register of the Parish aforesaid.*

As Witness my hand, this Twenty-ninth day of March, 1870.

(*Signed*) H. M. WAGNER, *Vicar.*

H. M. W.
March 29,
1870.

Sir Walter Scott's "kind-hearted wife died on the 15th of May, of water in the chest, the end being somewhat accelerated by the late disasters. Her husband, absent at the moment on duty in Edinburgh, quickly hurried home." *

> "So, from his morning cloud appears
> The sun of May, through summer tears."
> *The Lady of the Lake.*†

It was on Whit-Monday that Abbotsford saw its mistress removed from the cares and troubles of this life.

Read good Sir Walter's diary. He had worldly trouble first, and then full upon it a great—the greatest—gap made in his home circle. How he bore up under it all was publicly known, but what he really *felt* is told in his journal. Reading it would comfort those in trouble who can follow him. It is with a feeling of sincere gratification I lay before the reader the reminiscences of that kind and good clergyman who is now well known to all of us as the venerable Dean of Edinburgh.

"Edinburgh, 23, Ainslie Place, May 25, 1870.

"DEAR SIR,

"As you ask me to give you my reminiscences of my visit to Abbotsford at a very interesting juncture of Sir Walter Scott's life, when he had just lost the wife of his youth, Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, I have noted a few things. Make what use you choose of them, or no use at all, according as you feel disposed.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours sincerely,

"E. B. RAMSAY.

"I had become acquainted with Sir W. Scott in 1826, from the circumstance of his asking me to read the service at the funeral of his dear friend Lady Alvanley. I waited upon him at his house in Castle Street, to make some arrangements connected with the funeral, and I recollect the deep interest with which I entered his study, and the peculiar feeling under which I found myself conversing with the 'great unknown,' so soon to be unknown no longer.

* From page 24 of *Chambers's Miscellany*, No. 73.

† Canto vi., stanza vii.

"In consequence of this acquaintance I received the invitation to go to Abbotsford, to read the English service at the funeral of Lady Scott. I arrived the night before the funeral,* and joined the family party, which consisted of his two daughters, Anne and Sophia (Mrs. Lockhart), and two sons, Captain Walter (afterwards Sir Walter) and Charles Scott, then in one of the Government offices. From the moment I set my foot in Sir Walter's house, till the moment I left, I felt the influence of his gracious and courteous address, of his kind and loving disposition. He took an early opportunity of saying, in the most engaging manner, 'Mr. Ramsay, I owe you a welcome here, for I received a most kind reception from your father when, as a young man, I was travelling about the country some years ago on my pony.' I recollect another little instance of his kindly disposition. At breakfast next morning he heard a canary bird singing, and he asked to whom it belonged. His daughter said, 'It's John's, papa, the footman.' 'I am glad he has got any amusement, poor fellow, for his life here is dull enough now,' was the reply. There was a quiet, composed, calm view of everything on which he spoke, which showed the equable and disciplined state of his mind and feelings. When I said to him in the morning how much sympathy I felt for him in his loss, and that if there were anything in which I could be of use how gladly I would enter into his feelings, he answered very quietly, 'Indeed, Mr. Ramsay, I just feel now as I shall continue to feel so long as I am spared in this world. I knew that such a separation was one of the *penalties of being here.*† It is God's will, and I trust that I submit to this dispensation *as* his will.' The funeral was in the middle of the day. I read the part of the burial service which is read at church in the bedroom where the coffin was, and in presence of the family and household. Later in the day the minister of the parish gave a prayer in the usual Presbyterian form in the dining-room, where were assembled the invited guests—*i.e.*, the neighbouring nobility and gentry, according to the custom of Scottish country funerals. I remained at Abbotsford the day of the funeral, and in the evening Sir Walter talked

* May 21, 1826.

† His exact words.—E. B. R.

quietly and without any effort or pretence. What interested me especially was little references he made to the position of celebrity and fame which he held amongst mankind—they came out so naturally and without ostentation. For example, he asked me if I had ever been in Ireland, and on my reply in the negative, he quite burst forth—'Oh, you should visit Ireland; they are such kind, warm-hearted creatures. I never can forget the reception I had—so cordial and so delightful.' The truth is, his authorship of the novels, although he had not confessed, was well known, and he had been received wherever he went with perfect enthusiasm, and when he went to the Dublin Theatre the whole audience stood up on his entrance! I could not help, therefore, saying to him, 'Yes, it is very well for *you*, Sir Walter, to speak of the cordial reception of the Irish, and of their kind interest in meeting *you*;' to which he quietly answered, 'Ah, well, that is one of the few advantages of being a little known in the world.' He had been speaking to me about the progress of Laurencekirk, a village near my father's, in Kincardineshire, and asking how it got on since Lord Gardenstone's death, on whose property it was, and who had done so much for its prosperity and extension that he must have been said almost to have *made* it. I was telling him of a vexatious theft which had annoyed Lord G. very much, and which arose thus. Amongst other improvements he had built a very nice hotel, which had become well frequented by persons from the South visiting Scotland, and especially by parties running down in the shooting season. Lord Gardenstone had provided a huge blank *album*, and the master of the hotel was instructed to present it to guests in the evening for them to write in it—some remarks, or criticism, or clever sayings. This book was brought every morning to Lord Gardenstone, who was mightily amused by the perusal of its contents. Young Walter said to his father, 'You should have just such a book as that, sir, at the hotel in Melrose: it would amuse you.' 'No, Walter,' he replied, 'I should just have to read a great deal of stupid abuse of myself.' Sir Walter observed me look at him as if surprised to hear such a sentiment from his lips. He just smiled, and added, 'I should read at best a great deal of bad praise, which is much the same thing.'

"I recollect also his reference to his position as the 'great unknown,' although that must have been, not at Abbotsford, but on a future occasion in Edinburgh. He had just come from London, and I had asked him if he had seen Southey or Rogers, or any other distinguished literary man. Of his own accord he added, and in much glee, 'I was able to take my seat at the Roxburgh Club.' The Roxburgh Club was confined to enthusiastic black-letter and old book collectors and students. They had elected the Author of 'Waverley' as the 'great unknown.' His seat remained vacant for many years; but after the disclosure brought about by Lord Meadowbank at the theatrical dinner of 1827, in Edinburgh, Sir Walter was able to take his place *in propriâ personâ*. I have often thought of a remark which Sir Walter made indicative of a certain state of feeling in his own mind regarding phases of human belief. I had been much taken with a controversial volume of Southey's which lay on the library table, and was a presentation copy from the author, who had written Sir Walter's name on the title-page. The work was directed against some of the extreme views and superstitious practices of the Church of Rome, which were ably shown up by the writer. Sir Walter very kindly proposed that I should take it with me into Edinburgh. On my remarking how strange it seemed to me that such religious views and opinions should be gravely received and defended by men of talent, of education, and of acute discrimination in other matters, Sir Walter looked at me and said very gravely, 'But, Mr. Ramsay, do you think that *really* and in their heart they do believe them?' The natural turn of his mind in expressing himself in old Scottish style came out after dinner. They had placed upon the table with the cheese some beautiful *quaichs*, or small drinking cups with two handles, usually set down for the after-dinner *dram*. They were a gift from a friend, Sir Walter stated, and he called our attention to the beauty of their workmanship. 'I think, sir, they are too large for a dram,' his son observed. 'Then, Walter,' he replied, 'we must just do as my good mother used to say—if the kirk is owre big, ye main say mass in the chair.' Nothing was more sterling in the character and temperament of Sir Walter Scott than the sincere and durable character of his friendships. He was,

indeed, a firm and true friend. I recollect his speaking to me of Richard Heber (to whom a canto of 'Marmion' is dedicated). It was my good fortune to be on intimate terms with Mr. and Mrs. Skene of Rubislaw—great friends of Sir Walter. Indeed, Mr. Skene was, perhaps, his *most* intimate friend. Skene was no common man, and Mrs. Skene was a very superior woman. No testimony to Sir Walter's amiable qualities could be more competent, and none could be more decisive. I have myself seen him in intercourse with his family; and Sir Walter Scott's manner with his children was perfect. He was affectionate and courteous, and I believe no parent ever enjoyed more the confidence and the love of his children. I knew Mrs. Lockhart very little; but I knew her sister Anne very well. I had a great regard for her; she was a straightforward, sincere, and true character."

We may conclude our account of Lady Scott with the following particulars respecting the register of her burial by Tweedside at Dryburgh Abbey:—

From the Registrar-General of Scotland.

"N.B. — The Register of Deaths and Burials for the parish of Merton (within which Dryburgh Abbey is situated), for the period from 1820 to 1854, both years inclusive, is in the custody of the Registrar of Births, &c., for Merton. It is a very meagre record. This note applies to Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5 of Mr. Lockhart's list."

"Mertoun, St. Boswell's, 1st July, 1870.

"I beg to send you herewith extracts from the Burial Register, &c., of this parish relative to the interments of Lady Scott and Sir Walter.

"None of the other names mentioned in your note occur in the Register. Indeed, I observe that, from 1836 onwards, it becomes more a record of deaths occurring in the parish than that of burials.

"I believe that Mrs. Hope Scott and her two children are interred in some chapel in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. My informant was not able to say precisely which chapel, but he thought that of St. Margaret's Nunnery.

"Yours truly,

"B. BRUNTON.

"*Extract of Entry of Burials in terms of* 17 & 18 *Victoria, cap.* 80, *secs.* 56 & 58.

"(1) 'On the 22nd of May, 1826, Lady Scott, wife of Sir Walter Scott, was interred at Dryburgh.'

"(2) 'September 26, 1832, Sir Walter Scott was interred at Dryburgh.'

"Extracted by me from the Register Book of Burials for Parish of Mertoun, in the County of Berwick, this first of July, 1870.

"B. BRUNTON, Registrar."

"It is very certain that if his writings had been published under reasonably favourable circumstances for the realisation of profit, he might have bought land and kept house as he did, without injury to anybody. All had been negligent about accounts and bargainings—Scott especially so, to his own injury, as there appears no good reason for his dividing the six or eight thousand pounds realised by the first issues of his novels with his booksellers, to whom a commission on sales would have been remuneration sufficient. There was, however, at that time a much more loose and heedless fashion in most business affairs than now prevails, and this requires that some allowance should be made with regard to individual cases.

"The novel of 'Woodstock' came rapidly to completion, and early in April the first edition of it was sold in the printed sheets for £8,228, in itself a proof that the author might have all along had a better market for his works if he had chosen." *

This remarkable tale was published in June, and had a large and profitable sale.

"He no sooner finished and launched 'Woodstock' than he began the "Chronicles of the Canongate." Frequently since Constable's failure he had contemplated the possibility of taking refuge in the ancient sanctuary of Holyrood, and this gave a strange charm to the Canongate, that fine old street opening upon it, and led to the conception of Chrystal

* From pages 20, 21, and 24 of *Chambers's Miscellany*, No. 73.

Croftangry. We wish he had given us what we believe he at one time intended, a series of Tales of the Abbey. No one certainly could have thrown such vivid light as Scott upon the numerous paths of misfortune, carelessness, extravagance, and crime, leading so many victims to this Scottish city of refuge, defended almost superfluously, and consecrated, too, by the royal Abbey Palace, the giant crags on Salisbury Hill, and the couchant lion of Arthur's Seat!"*

With the business-like object of collecting materials for his intended "Life of Napoleon," Sir Walter visited London and Paris in the autumn of this sad year. The French received him with open arms, and were unaffectedly glad to see him in their capital.

"In London, on his way back from France in 1826, he dined once† with Wellington, Peel, Huskisson, Melville, and Canning, and on returning said, 'I have seen some of those great men at the same table for the *last time*'—words which seem in a twofold sense prophetic, since he never, we think, dined with any of them afterwards, and since, owing to their divisions and separations, they seldom afterwards ever dined amicably among themselves."‡

Upon concluding the record of this trying year in Scott's life, we naturally exclaim—

"Thou art a noble knight."§

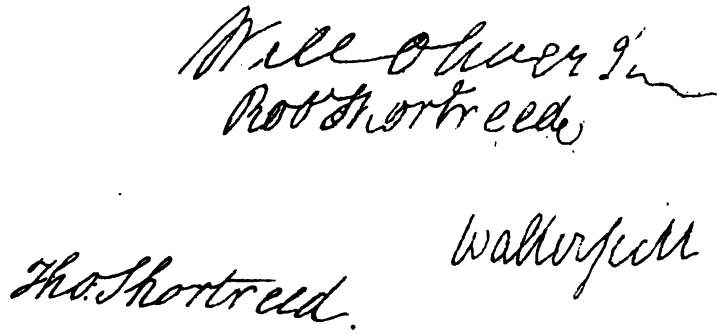
* Adapted from pages 250, 251 of Gilfillan's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," 1870.

† This was on the 16th of November, 1826.

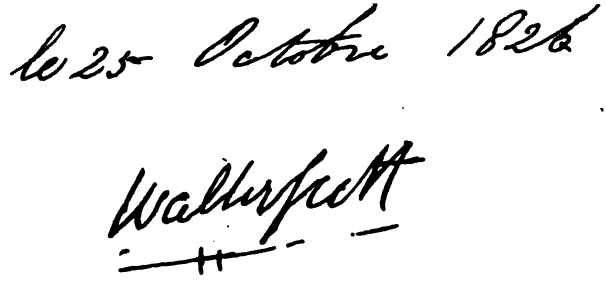
‡ From pages 253, 254 of Gilfillan's "Life of Scott," 1870.

§ From the "Lord of the Isles," canto iii., stanza v.

N°1. Four Fac-simile Autographs, 29th November 1819.



N° 2. Fac-simile of Sir Walter Scott's Autograph on his French Passport.



CHAPTER TENTH.

1828—1829.

"Or if on life's uncertain main
Mishap shall mar thy sail;
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain
Beneath the fickle gale;
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed."
*The Lady of the Lake.**

Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford was lodging at No. 6, Shandwick Place in 1828.

The following correspondence has power to wake the echoes of our past history:—

"Cluny Castle, Kingussie, 31st May, 1870.

"I am sorry I have no letters of Sir Walter's. I think it was in '29 that I presented him with the deerhound.

"He was kind enough to ask me frequently to visit him at Abbotsford, but unfortunately I never was enabled to avail myself of the invitation, but, meeting him in Edin., in Princes Street, he remarked that I never paid him a visit, but he said, 'If you will breakfast with me to-morrow I shall present you with what I intended to have given you if you had come to Abbotsford.' I of course was only too happy to accept the invitation, and took with me the dog alluded to, which he admired very much. He then presented me with a most interesting relic, no less than a letter from Prince Charles to my grandfather, copy of which I have the pleasure to enclose.

"He was aware of my possessing many relics of the unfortunate Prince, among others the Shield or Target of His Royal Highness.

"He asked me to send it to him, as he intended to have it as a frontispiece for one of his works. I of course im-

* Canto ii., stanza iii.

mediately forwarded it, and at a dinner of the Celtic Society, at which he presided, he appeared with the shield, and in rising to address the company he commenced by saying:—

"'Gentlemen, you have all doubtless heard of the Pretender, but'—producing the shield—'there is no pretence here.' Unfortunately he did not survive to write the work he then had in view. My relics of the Prince were subsequently introduced in Cadell's edition of Sir Walter's Works.

"*Copy of Letter from* PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

"'MR. PHERSON OF CLUNIE,—

"'As we are sensible of your and Clan's fidelity and integrity to us dureing our adventures in Scotland and England in the year 1745, on recovering our just rights from the Elector of Hanover, by which you have sustained very great losses, both in your interest and person, I therefore promise, when it shall please God to put it in my power, to make a greatfull return suitable to your suferings.

"'CHARLES P. R.

"'Diralagech in Glencamyier
of Locharkeg, 18th Sept., 1746.'

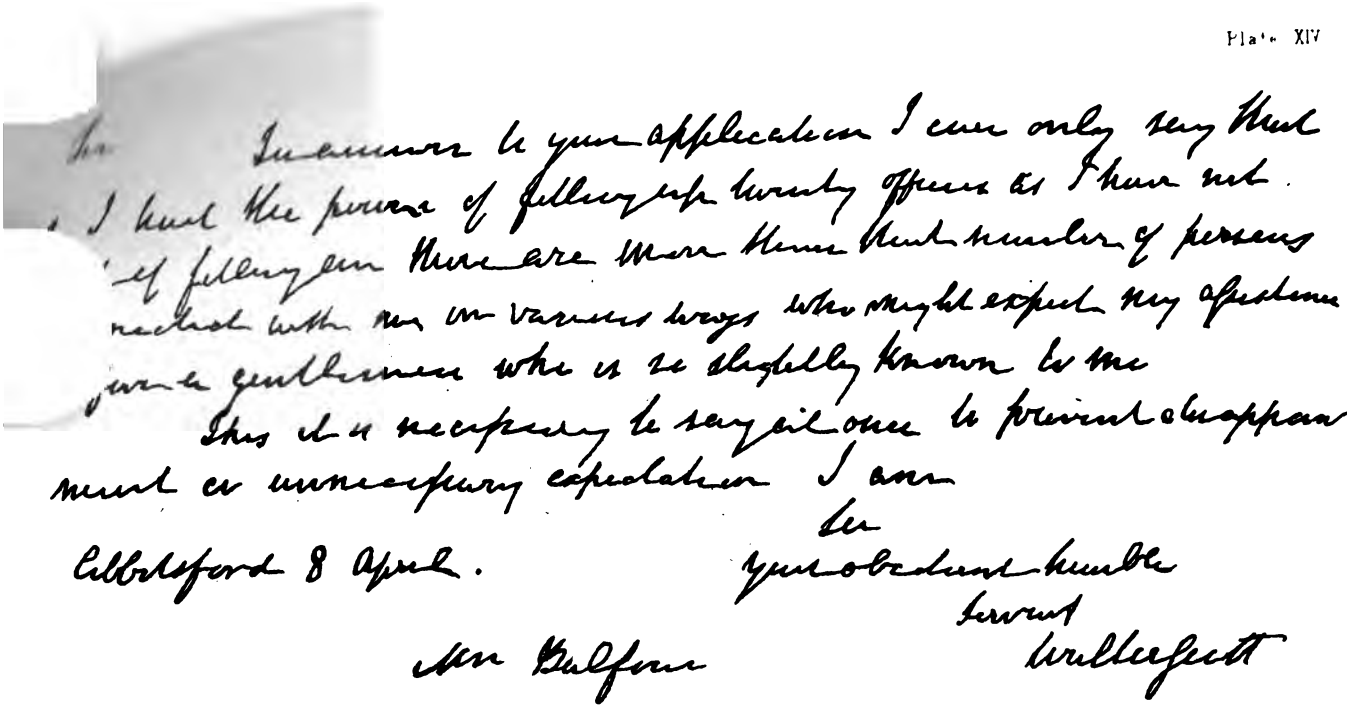
"It was a proud day in Edinburgh when our old historic cannon was restored to Scotland at the request of Sir Walter Scott.

"31st May, 1870.

"I well recollect accompanying him to escort 'Mons Meg' to Edin^{r} Castle from Leith as a member of the Celtic Society, and tho' then very young, he proposed that I, as a Highl^{d} Chief and a member of the Society, should consider myself as in command of the Celts. I well remember the spirits he was in on that occasion. The society dined together afterwards at the British Hotel in Queen St., Sir Walter presiding.

"(Signed) CLUNY.

"Charles Stewart Lockhart."



In answer to your application I can only say that I have the power of pardoning twenty offences as I have not of pardoning one there are more than that number of persons reached with me in various ways who might expect my pardon one a gentleman who is so slightly known to me this it is necessary to say all once to prevent disappointment or unnecessary expectation I am

Sir

Abbotsford 8 April. Your obedient humble servant Walter Scott

Sir Walfour

Bank of the Meuses

Edinburgh.

Fac-simile of a Letter written by Sir Walter Scott in 1830.

This event took place on the 9th of March, 1829. The "Swiss Tale" was published in May.

"Farewell to thee,
Pattern of old fidelity!"
WALTER SCOTT.*

"Tom Purdie died suddenly this autumn. Scott mourned his loss greatly. We gave before an extempore epitaph he proposed for him; his more deliberate one, written by the heart as well as the hand of his master, will be found over Tom's grave near the Abbey of Melrose."†

The third series of Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather" were published in December of 1829.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

"Shouted like huntsman to his hounds,
'To cover hark!'—and in he bounds."
Rokeby, canto ii., stanza xxvi.

1830—1831.

IN 1830 we still find Scott as a lodger at 6, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh.

Where he was in April we are not told in the Life; but as the Court of Session rises on the 12th of March, and does not resume until May 12th, we may suppose Sir Walter was present at the *Meet*:‡—

THE LAST SIX DAYS OF THE SEASON 1829-30 WITH HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S FOX-HOUNDS.

"SIR,

"The following account of the sport during the last six days of the season with the Duke of Buccleuch's pack

* The "Lady of the Lake," canto ii., stanza xxxvii.

† From page 287 of Gilfillan's "Life of Scott," 1870.
"Tom Purdie served Scott long and faithfully; and we have been told that he proposed for his epitaph the words 'Here lies one who might have been trusted with untold gold, but not with unmeasured whiskey.'"—Gilfillan's "Life of Scott," page 72.

‡ Scott was at Abbotsford on the 8th of April. See Plate XIV. for facsimile of a letter by Sir Walter under the above date.

in Berwickshire and Roxburghshire, and of which I was fortunate enough to be an eye-witness, may prove interesting to some of your readers, if it pleases you to insert it in *The Sporting Magazine*:—

"The fixture for the 8th of April was the Haining, the seat of John Pringle, Esq., of Clifton, who, although from bad health unable to enjoy hunting himself, is a strict preserver of foxes. . . . April 13th, at Abbotsford, the seat of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Found at Faddonside, about two miles to the west of Abbotsford, and running to the east through the large plantations belonging to Sir Walter, the fox made his point to the Eildon Hills; but being headed, he gallantly faced the open country, and, after one of the most brilliant bursts I ever winessed, was killed at Greenhead. Found again on the Eildon Hills, and having made a circuit of them, he took away (skirting Sir Walter Scott's plantations) to Faddonside; here he turned, and passing Abbotsford and the little village of Darnock, lay down in some very strong gorse at the foot of the Eildon Hills. After a considerable check, he was viewed away, and again skirting the Abbotsford coverts, took the open country, and was run into in the most beautiful manner on the moor at Greenhead, within half a mile of the place where the first fox was killed, after, to use Williamson's own words, 'a most extraordinary good day's sport.'

"Yours, &c., "G. B.

"Berwickshire, April 18, 1830."*

1831.

"Now, men of death, work forth your will,
For I can suffer, and be still;
And comes he slow, or comes he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last."

WALTER SCOTT. †

For the year 1831 Scott's name is not given in the Directory of Edinburgh.

* From *The Sporting Magazine*, vol. i., second series, June, 1830, No. 11, pages 81—83.

† "Marmion," canto ii., stanza xxx.

"For five years after his pecuniary misfortunes, namely, from January, 1826, to the spring of 1831, Sir Walter continued his indefatigable labours, and in that period produced*

* * * *

"The prodigious labour which these numerous and voluminous works necessarily required was too much, however, for even the most ready intellect and robust frame.

"The present writer, when he saw Sir Walter for the last time at Abbotsford, in the autumn of 1830, was exceedingly struck by the change which a comparatively short period had produced on his personal appearance. A few years previously, he looked a hale and active man in middle life; now, at the age of sixty, he appeared at least ten or twelve years older. His hair had become thin and perfectly white, the marks of old age were gathering fast upon his countenance, and from increased decrepitude he 'hirpled' (as he expressed it) much more than formerly in his gait. His cordial kindness and conversational felicity remained unimpaired; but something of his former hilarity of spirit was wanting. When told of the death of a gentleman of his acquaintance by paralysis a few days previously, he appeared much struck, and made a remark which seemed at the time to indicate some secret apprehension in his own mind of that fatal malady then lurking in his own overwrought frame.

"He had then just retired from his office as a principal Clerk of Session, but the relief he thereby gained (if indeed the time saved was not filled by more exhausting labours) came too late. The springs of life, so long overtasked, began to give way. During the ensuing winter, symptoms of gradual paralysis (a disease of which his father, it seems, had also died, but at an advanced age) began to be manifested. His lameness became more distressing, and his utterance began to be obviously affected. Yet even in this afflicting and ominous condition he continued to work with undiminished diligence."†

Mr. Nicholson, of Kelso, who supplied the Memorial with a copy of the following note, tells me—

* Scott's publications during these years of severe trial a known.—C. S. M. L.

† Pringle, in *The Penny Magazine*.

"*Miss Scott* was on the envelope, but no date—only *Thursday*."

"My dear Anne,

"The doctors here ordered me to be cuped, which operation takes place to-morrow morning. They have pronounced me fairly invalid—that is, to dine alone or with you at luncheon time on broth & pudding three days in the week—fish or a bit of meat, one glass of wine, and see nobody at dinner on any accompt; & sup on porridge & milk, without anything else.

"What is still more tiresome, Mr. Fortune cannot get my seven-leagued boots ready for four or five days, & were I to return to-morrow I must come back on Monday or Tuesday. This is very troublesome, and as I cannot go out of doors, I shall be dull enough. I dined yesterday with Skene—to-day with Mr. Cadell, which I suppose is the end of my dissipation. I hope your orders will be of a more (en)during description; but if we consult doctors we must obey them.

"I am, my dear Anne,

"Always your affectionate Father,

"W. Scott.

"Tuesday, Mackenzie's Hotel,
Castle Street.

"I shall send this out by Swanstoun, though when he goes is rather uncertain, for we are completely covered up. Mr. Cadell has been very kind, insisting on my taking a room in his house since last night. Mr. Fortune takes a few days to make his rattle-traps, and gives me two or three measurements, so will detain me till Wednesday. The d[rs] here are very, very attentive.

"Thursday."*

"Yes! twine for me the cypress bough;
But, O Matilda, twine not now!
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have looked and loved my last!"

Rokeby, canto v., stanza xiii.

* Scott crosses no t's and dots no i's in the letter, but writes a neat hand, though not so well on Thursday. The first part was written on Tuesday, Feb. 1, 1831, and the rest on Thursday, the 3rd.—C. L.

N°1. Fac-simile of Sir Walter Scott's Autograph,

I am my dear Anne
always your affectionate
father WScott

Miss Scott
Abbotsford

Abbots-
and
on

I remain most faithfully
Your friend Elizabeth Scott

N° 2. Fac-simile of Elizabeth Scott's Autograph, 28th Sepr 1832.

Sincerely yours
C Sophia Lockhart

24 Stafford Place Regents Park
13th February

N° 3. Fac-simile of Mrs J.G. Lockhart's Autograph, 13th February 1833.

&c &c
W & R Chambers

24. Portland place
London Argyle

N° 4. Fac-simile of the Autograph of Mr Morritt of Rokeby, 23

"Mi
Thus

Sir Walter's *last* public appearance took place in his own dear border-land. On the 11th of April, 1831, he laid the foundation-stone of the new bridge over Tweed at its junction with Ettrick on the road to Selkirk from Galashiels.

This noteworthy event was commemorated by an inscription, which remains to tell us that the bridge was—

"Founded by Sir Walter Scott,
Of Abbotsford, Bart.
11th April, 1831."

"Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued,"*

Scott continued to serve; but the line—

"I wish I were as I have been,"†

must often have felt doubly his own during this weary year.

"The brightness of Abbotsford revived at the approach of 'the boy of Burns,' and shone forth with the light peculiar to sunset.

"The only surviving son of the Scotch poet thus wrote to me respecting this visit of his elder brother:—

"'I much regret to say I can give you little help in adding to the interest of Sir W. Scott's Memoirs. He died some years before I left India. My dear brother, Col. James Glencairn Burns, has often talked to me of the delightful time he spent with Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford in September, 1831. He kept up an acquaintance with Mr. J. G. Lockhart, Sir W. Scott's son-in-law, till his death.

"'I have heard my brother say Sir Walter drove him to the ruin of Melrose, and he asked him if the ruin did not look finer by moonlight. Sir Walter gave a little laugh and twinkle of his eyes, and said, "Well, Captain Burns, I never saw it by moonlight. Ask our guide." And he replied, "The Sheriff must have speeled the wa': I never let him in."'"

Mr. Lees of Melrose knew Scott well, and can remember the visit of Captain Burns to Melrose:—

"The last time a' saw and spake to Sir Walter was when James Burns stayed about three weeks wi' him at Abbots-

* "Marmion," canto ii., stanza x.
† The "Lady of the Lake," canto vi. stanza xxiv.

"And the report gaed through the toun that they were on their way to see the abbey. Aweel, there was sic a turn oot i' the auld kirkyard to see the poet's son. By-and-bye they came oot at last at the south door o' the abbey into the kirkyard, wi' auld Bower in a' his glory just speaking straucht on. Sir Walter sees me i' the fore-end o' the crowd, and he cries, 'Sandie, come here.' Says Sir Walter, 'What's the meaning o' a' that gathering the day, Sandie?' Says a', 'It's to see the poet's son, Sir Walter.' Weel, he turned to Mr. Burns wi' sic a weel-pleased smile, and says he, 'Didn't I tell ye now, James, that it is on your account? The "Shirra" is nae orra sight to them; they see him every day here.'"

The presence of the "Shirra" in their midst was soon to be nae langer; for our very next anecdote relates to a farewell visit. Mr. Currie writes:*—

"By the way, Captain Clutterbuck's niece (Tib Smith, my next-door neighbour) gave me the other day an affecting account of Sir Walter's dress and appearance for *the last time in Darnick.*

"'Ye asked me to tell ye aboot the last time Sir Walter was in Darnick. Weel, that was just a short time afore his death—I can't mind how long, but it couldna be over three weeks, or a month at most, *for he lay very short time.* My mother and me were constantly back and forward to Abbotsford at that time, and Sir Walter had aye a kind word when he met either of us. The last time, then, that he ever was in Darnick, I met him just in the back street, as he was turning down the stell close. Ah me! he had on these identical clothes ye see in the glass case. He spak' to me, though I canna recollect what he said; but I noticed a more than usual gravity in his face, and a kind o' shakiness on his legs. I could hardly describe what it was; but I was sae impressed wi' a *something* mair than ordinary in his appearance, that after he passed me I stood and looked after him till he gaed oot o' sicht up by the turn o' the road. No, he wasna sair fa'en away; but there was an unsteadiness in his walk, and a mair than ordinary kind o' stooping o' his head, which I noticed at the time, and couldna get out of my

* In a letter dated "16th July, 1870."

head till the next day, when my mother came from Abbotsford, and told us *that Sir Walter had taken* HIS BED, and from which he never arose in life. I think I see him yet on that day—the big, buirdly man, white hat, and green coat, and plaid trousers, which were just newly into fashion then. That was his usual dress while gaun about the woods, and often he carried a sma' axe for marking the trees; but he hadna the axe on that day, only the stick, and he seemed to lean heavily on it.'

"Such, then, is Mrs. Smith's matter-of-fact account of the last visit of Sir Walter to Darnick. I felt, when she was relating it to me, that twelve years ago there were then parties living in this village with whom he had come in contact on that day, and who, if I had applied to them at that time, could have given me *much more* to add to the melancholy interest of that day. But regrets are useless now."*

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

1831—1832.

"Now all is done that man can do,
And all is done in vain!
My love! my native land, adieu!
For I must cross the main,
My dear,
For I must cross the main."
Old Scottish Ballad.

WITH October came departure from Abbotsford—departure from Scotland.

* "Darnick, 23rd Sept., 1870.
"Mrs. Smith frankly admitted her mistake, through defect of memory. I might have corrected her myself at the time, but I was not well posted in Lockhart's account of Sir Walter's last illness and death till you wrote me. Mrs. Smith says it occurred 'before he went to Italy—he never was to Darnick, nor anywhere else after he came back. I'm glad ye have put me right, for my memory of events is strengthened just wi' that hint—by-and-bye I'll be able to tell ye mair, as it comes to my recollection.'"—A. CURRIE.

"Sir Walter Scott was in London this month, previous to his sailing for Italy. Haydon paid him a last visit.

"16th.—Called on dear Sir Walter yesterday, and was much affected at the alteration in him. Though he was much heartier than I expected to find him, his mind seemed shaken. He said he feared he had occasionally done too much at a time, as we all do. We talked of politics, of course. Though grateful to the King, he was 'too old a dog,' he said, 'to forget George IV.' His son was on duty at Sheffield. I lamented that a poor fellow, perfectly innocent, had been shot on duty. 'Ah,' said Sir Walter, 'soldiers should be careful how they fire, because bullets are gentlemen not much given to reflection.' Here was a touch of the old humour. We chatted about Shee having the presidency. 'An accomplished gentleman,' said Sir Walter, 'whom naebody ever haird on,' affecting more Scotch accent than he has. This was d——d fine.

"We then talked of the late King. Sir Walter said he never saw anybody so pleased with a picture as he was with the 'Mock Election.' After a quarter of an hour I took my leave, and as I arose he got up, took his stick with that sideling look of his, and then burst forth that beautiful smile of heart and feeling, geniality of soul, manly courage, and tenderness of mien, which neither painter nor sculptor has ever touched. It was the smile of a superior creature, who would have gathered humanity under the shelter of his wings, and while he was amused at its follies, would have saved it from sorrow and sheltered it from pain. Perhaps it may be the last time I am ever to see him, as he sails in a day or two; and, if it be, I shall rejoice that this was the last impression."*

"St. Giles' House, Oct. 8, 1870.

"It is quite true, as stated by Mr. Lockhart in his 'Life of Walter Scott,' that, as an old acquaintance, I was permitted to see the illustrious and kind-hearted man during his residence in London in 1831.

"But I can give you no information of any interest concerning him; for at that time, though he talked a good

* Pages 290, 291, vol. ii. of "Haydon's Memoirs."

deal, his speech had become so confused and inarticulate, that I could not catch one word in twenty that he uttered.

"His mental powers seemed to me to have survived his physical powers.

"He was the most amiable and the most agreeable man I ever knew.

"SHAFTESBURY."

"Chevening, Oct. 8, 1870.

"It is true, as you mention, that, in 1831, I had the privilege, through the great kindness of my friend Mr. Lockhart, to meet Sir Walter Scott at his table, not once only, but on two occasions—and, I rather think, even on three. I have a strong impression how interesting and how full of anecdote was the conversation of that gifted man; but I took no notes at the time, and cannot venture, after the lapse of so many years, to give any particulars of it.

"STANHOPE."

Mr. Barham, of the "Ingoldsby Legends," has noted in his diary* as follows:—

"*Oct.* 1831.—Sir Walter Scott came to town, and visited Dr. Hughes; is much sunk in spirits, but still retains gleams of his former humour, and he told, with almost his usual glee, the story of a placed minister, near Dundee, who, in preaching on Jonah, said:—'Ken ye, brethren, what fish it was that swallowed him? Aiblins ye may think it was a shark; nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae shark: or aiblins ye may think it was a saumon; nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae saumon: or aiblins ye may think it was a dolphin; nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae dolphin.'

"Here an old woman, thinking to help her pastor out of a dead-lift, cried out, 'Aiblins, sir, it was a dunter' (the vulgar name of a species of whale common to the Scotch coast).

"'Aiblins, madam, ye're an auld witch, for taking the word o' God out of my mouth,' was the reply of the disappointed rhetorician."

* See memoir prefixed to an edition of those Legends, pages 106, 107.

"'Now, then,' he said, and couch'd his spear,
'My course is run, the goal is near:
One effort more, one brave career,
Must close this race of mine.'"

WALTER SCOTT.*

The author of "Waverley" sailed from Portsmouth on the 29th of October. Captain Pigot was at that time the commanding officer of H.M.S. *Barham*, which was the name of the vessel the Government had placed at Scott's service. Cluny is therefore mistaken in saying it was the *Caledonia*, but the following briefly-told incident is of value, and we are indebted to him for noting it. The Chief then writes†—

"When a Captain in Her Majesty's 42nd or Royal Highlanders (The Black Watch), I think in 1831, Sir Walter was passing 'The Rock' in the *Caledonia*, 120 guns, when I was deputed by the Regiment to wait upon the dear and good Baronet (then very unwell) to invite him to honour the 'Forty-twa' by dining at their mess, but he was too ill to land. He was accompanied by his daughter. That was the last time I saw him."

The fourth series of the "Tales of my Landlord" embraced Count Robert of Paris and Castle Dangerous. Sir Walter's farewell in the introduction ‡ was prophetic; and these four volumes, which came out at the end of November, were indeed his last.

"Such was the love felt universally for Scott, that as in his heyday of power all rejoiced in his great light, when it sank prematurely everybody mourned as at a personal calamity, and tried to catch warmth even from the feeble beams of his setting sun." §

"We can conceive no event more interesting and suggestive than a visit from Scott to the Mediterranean in the prime of his health and powers. Although Scandinavia and the North might, in some respects, have been more congenial to his Scald-like genius, yet Italy too, and Malta, had very great attractions to him as a lover of chivalry and a worshipper of

* The "Lord of the Isles," canto vi., stanza xxxii.

† In a letter dated "31st May, 1870."

‡ It was transmitted from Naples in February of 1832, and first appeared in the second edition of this series.

§ From p. 187 of Gilfillan's "Life of Scott."

nature. How, had he gone abroad ten years previously, would he have enjoyed

'The Alps and Apennine,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po;'

the blue sweep of the Mediterranean, with the mountains of Africa seen in the distance; the Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius as a pillar of fire and cloud towering above it; Pompeii and Herculaneum, the cities of the dead; Rome, the capital of the Catholic world and the grave of the ancient; the Rhine, singing its old psalm in the ears of Europe with changeless and unwearied melody; Frankfort, where Goethe was born;—what living power would Scott have brought to and derived from these time-hallowed scenes! What materials for superb fiction would he have accumulated! How his expectations would have been exceeded, and his imaginative dreams been verified! But now, alas! in his enfeebled state, while going to see the ruins of empires, he seemed carrying dust to dust, and ashes to ashes." *

Scott went first to Malta, and thence to Naples, where he received the news of his grandson's death.

Bulwer Lytton.

"Scott took a warm interest in Bulwer Lytton, and felt for him a true admiration. He lived long enough to read and see the promise of Bulwer's earlier novels, who dedicated his 'Eugene Aram' to Scott in language glowing with gratitude and enthusiasm." †

"The Right Hon. Sir Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer, Baron Lytton, D.C.L., of Knebworth, Herts, was born in May, 1805.

"He first appeared in print in 1820, when only fifteen years of age, as the author of 'Ismael,' an Oriental tale. He graduated B.A. in 1826. In 1832 he gave to the world his celebrated novel of 'Eugene Aram.'" ‡

* Pages 305, 306 of Gilfillan's "Life of Scott," 1870.
† From pages 195, 196 of Gilfillan's "Life of Scott."
‡ From "Men of the Time." Seventh Edition. London: Routledge and Sons. 1868. Page 528.

In the Eternal City, feeble and ill as Sir Walter was, the records of his conversation are as rich as may be found in earlier portions of his biography. One reason doubtless was, that he was watched as a setting sun is watched, and every parting gleam registered. His wit and intellect both shone forth occasionally. Here he could again trace the weary footsteps of the Royal Stuarts—in exile, though at Rome; and this would give a Scotch aspect to the locality which his soul loved.

But the whole place is full of the past: as a seat of Religion, only second in interest to Jerusalem—the scene of romance and war, and the site of antique ruins of the highest interest and value.

Full of MS., printed, and art treasures, how could it fail, while life remained, to interest even a dying poet? It did interest Sir Walter Scott, and he left it only for Home and Scotland.*

"Sir Walter Scott.—Last week Sir Walter Scott left this city, intending to return to Abbotsford by way of Florence, Venice, Munich, Stuttgard, Frankfort, Cologne, Holland, and England. On the whole, his residence in Italy has been very beneficial to him, though the effects of the severe paralytic stroke will probably never be wholly removed, as the lameness in his foot was much increased, and he speaks with difficulty. Those who are able perfectly to follow him as he speaks, soon perceive that the intellectual stream still flows in uninterrupted purity, rapidity, and strength. This is also proved by his activity; besides one work he has already sent home—'The Siege of Malta'—he is now putting the last hand to a Calabrian novel, 'Bizarro,' which is founded on the extraordinary adventures of a very formidable bandit chief. He greatly regrets the death of Goethe, because, as he expressed himself, 'he would have been so happy to see by his own fireside the powerful genius on whom the world turned.' Sir Walter received an invitation to Weimar the very week that Goethe died. If he attended only to his health, he would return by sea; but he is drawn by an irresistible longing to the romantic moun-

* Adapted from Gilfillan's "Life of Scott," pages 318, 319.

tains and antique castles that look down into the blue waves of Father Rhine.—*Rome, May* 17, 1832." *

On Friday, the 11th of May, Scott left Rome. Homewards was now his watchword; "Scotland's hills for me" the burden of his song, although he knew right well that he would only see them and die. Every hour in his carriage lessened his distance from home, but increased his impatience to arrive there. As he went along, Terni thundered with a louder voice, as if to attract his ear; but he could scarcely be persuaded to turn aside to see this great sight—

"Charming the eye with dread, a matchless cataract."

He looked at it, and also at the grand church of Santa Croce, in Florence, but would rather have been travelling towards Scotland.

On the 17th of the month he crossed the Apennines, and dined on the top of the mountains. There he felt more at home. There was snow, and there were pines—and these reminded him of Scotland, his own Scotland—

"O'er the hills and far away,"

and he expressed himself pleased.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

1832.

In the *Kelso Mail* of June 18, 1832, under local news, we find the following paragraph relating to Sir Walter Scott:—

"Our distinguished countryman has arrived in London, and is at present at the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart.† The public will learn with deep regret that Sir Walter has returned in a very precarious state of health, having in his passage down the Rhine suffered by another stroke of paralysis in the boat, and in all probability would not have survived the attack but for the presence of mind of his servant

* In the *Kelso Mail* of June 18, 1832, under head of "Miscellaneous," the above letter appeared.

† A mistake.—C. S. M. L.

in bleeding him. He has been attended by physicians ever since his return, and but slight hopes now exist of the world being again gratified by any further displays of his genius. This intelligence is the more distressing, as previous accounts had led us to expect the return of our eminent neighbour with renewed vigour of constitution."

"Arrived in London, he yet lingered. It was as if his spirit would not leave the body but in his favourite spot."*

He was carried to the St. James's Hotel, Jermyn Street. I have received the following note on this subject:—

"The London and Provincial Turkish Bath Company, Limited.
76, Jermyn Street, S.W., London, July 1, 1870.

"I regret that I can give you no information in reply to your letter of yesterday's date. This Company acquired possession of the Hotel in 1862. The house was entirely empty, nor is any person belonging to the former establishment remaining on the premises. Since then the former building has been entirely demolished, and a new one erected in its place. Nothing, therefore, either of tradition or of memorial, remains to recall the visit of Sir Walter Scott.

"H. W. Hunt, Secretary.

"C. S. M. Lockhart, Esq."

"O favour'd land! renowned for arts and arms,
For manly talent, and for female charms,
Could this full bosom prompt the sinking line,
What fervid benedictions now were thine!
But my last part is played, my knell is rung,
When e'en your praise falls faltering from my tongue;
And all that you can hear, or I can tell,
Is—friends and patrons, hail! and fare you well!"

Walter Scott.

Scott's wish to return home was at length allowed, and he was slung on board the *James Watt* steamboat, as he lay in his carriage, on July 7, 1832.

The party arrived at Newhaven on the 9th, and being still, as he had been all the voyage, unconscious, he was conveyed to Douglas's Hotel, St. Andrew Square. Here he

* From page 324 of Gilfillan's "Life of Scott," 1870.

lay for two days, on the whole unaware that he had returned to Edinburgh; at least no demonstration whatever was made. We forget if even the newspapers recorded the arrival. And hence, too, to preserve *incognito* as much as possible, it was at a very early hour of the morning of the 11th that Sir Walter Scott, lifted into his carriage, left, and knew not that he was leaving, his own romantic town for ever; and the Abbotsford woods, in all their summer beauty, welcomed his return, as exhausted nature laid him asleep in his own dearly-loved home.*

The next morning he woke perfectly conscious where he was, and asked to be carried out into his garden. A Bath-chair was borrowed from Ashestiel, and the baronet was wheeled about on his lawn, and after that, through the rooms indoors.

Next day he was again wheeled round the garden, and then into the library, and placed by the central window that he might look out on the Tweed. He expressed a wish to Lockhart that he would read to him, and when his son-in-law asked from what book, replied, "Need you ask? There is but one!" It is very striking that Sir Walter Scott, who had read most of the books in the literature of his own country and of other lands, had written hundreds of volumes himself, and was surrounded at the moment by twenty thousand books in various languages, should now in his last days place the Bible before them all, and listen with devout attention while Lockhart read, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." The blended sounds of the Tweed gently murmuring o'er its pebbles, and the words of divine love and compassion which flowed from the lips of the Man of Sorrows as recorded in the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, soothed Scott, who observed, when Lockhart finished it, "Well, this is a great comfort. I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again." Being then put to bed, he sank into a deep, sweet slumber.†

* Adapted from Gilfillan's "Life of Scott," 1870, pages 324, 325.
† Adapted from Gilfillan's "Life of Scott," pages 326, 327.

"How excellent! but that is by,
And now my business is—to die."
WALTER SCOTT.*

On Tuesday, the 17th, he tried once more to write, but his hand had lost its power, and the pen dropped from his helpless fingers. Scott was *to write no more.* He sank back on his pillow with the large tears flowing down his cheek, and made a sign, without uttering a word, to be wheeled out of doors. He never entered his study again, and after a brief while sought his bed that he might die in peace.†

But his gifted mind was now too strong for the body, and while unintellectual men often lie in quiet repose, not so could it be with him. Deliriums and delusions without number followed. Now he thought himself administering justice as Sheriff of Selkirk; anon he was giving Tom Purdie orders anent trees; now, it is said, he dreamed he was in hell—a dream not uncommon with imaginative persons *in extremis.* Sometimes his fancy was in Jedburgh, and the words "Burk Sir Walter" escaped him, in a melancholy tone; and anon his mind seemed for the last time to

"Yoke itself with whirlwinds and the northern blast;"

and, as it "swept the long tract of day," words issued from it worthy of the Great Minstrel—snatches from Isaiah or the Book of Job, some verse from the Scottish Psalms, or words more sublime from the Catholic Litany, such as—

"Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla;"

or, later still,—

"Stabat mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lachrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius."‡

The *Kelso Mail*, Thursday, September 13, 1832. News, paragraph from *The Edinburgh Weekly Journal*:—

* In the "Lady of the Lake," canto v., stanza xx.
† Adapted from Gilfillan's "Life of Scott," page 328.
‡ Adapted from Gilfillan's "Life of Scott," pages 328, 329.

"It grieves us deeply to state that not many hours can elapse ere the great Author of 'Waverley' will be no more."

"I waver still—O God! more bright
Let reason beam her parting light."
WALTER SCOTT.*

Dear Miss Wilson, of Kelso, has supplied the Memorial with what I consider its most precious reminiscence. I give it gratefully, and exactly as she wrote it down in her little book:—

"In all the memoirs I have ever seen, and I think without exception, save in one who makes an exception of '*a moment*,' I have observed it stated that during the few last days of his life the hours of Sir Walter Scott were passed in a state of entire insensibility, that fine intellect being totally obscured by the nature of his illness. Now I will relate a passage on this subject.

"Some years ago (in 1857), during a short residence at Melrose, my eldest sister, before mentioned, Miss Jane Wilson, with myself and one or two other friends, visited Abbotsford, when, having surveyed it for a time, my sister and I went apart and asked to see Sir Walter's own bedroom. We were led there by a middle-aged servant of most respectable appearance. When my sister passed before that most beautiful picture of the head of the unhappy Mary, taken after death, she went over again to me what he had said to her when the last time there—he had brought her to that spot to show her that picture—and while she stood her tears fell fast. The full feeling of real sympathy brought the attendant quickly to her side. 'Oh, ma'am,' she said, '*you have been a friend, and I waited on him to the last!*'

"Among other things, she told us that on the morning of that last day—meaning, I think, that last *entire* day — on that morning, she said, he seemed to wake out of sleep, or seeming sleep, and asked for a psalm-book. She naturally gave him the English Psalms; but he gently put it aside with his hand, saying, 'No, no, the Scotch Psalms.' She took the book and read some little time; then he expressed a wish—often, I believe, expressed in these solemn moments

* The "Lady of the Lake," canto iv., stanza xxvii.

—to rise and go to the window. She assisted him to get up, when he walked to the west window. There a short time he stood looking earnestly up the valley, then he looked fixedly up to the sky,* and, looking at her, he said, 'Y'll know it all before night,' and turning round, leaning as before, laid him down again on that bed from which again he never rose.

"All the above particulars evince most clearly that, while to those without the mind may seem sealed in deep inaction, the spirit within may be widely awake in fields beyond our ken—who knoweth?

"Every word in this little volume is accurately true.

"M. WILSON, aged Eighty-two.

"P.S. We neglected to ask the name of the servant at Abbotsford, but will try to recover it; and I know not, but suppose she is still alive.—M. W."

Sir Walter Scott died on Friday, the 21st of September, and was buried on Wednesday, the 26th, 1832.

The following paragraph appeared in *The Glasgow Courier*:—

"SIR WALTER SCOTT.—So soon as the death of our illustrious countryman, Sir Walter Scott, became generally known yesterday morning, all the vessels in our river and harbour had their colours hoisted half-mast high; and during the day the melancholy event, which has deprived the world of so great and so good a man, formed the theme of conversation in all quarters of the city, and among all classes of the community."

The *Kelso Mail*, Monday, September 24, 1832:—

"It is our melancholy task to announce the death of Sir Walter Scott. Our distinguished countryman expired at Abbotsford, on Friday last, at half-past one o'clock p.m."

* "Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed."
Concluding four lines of stanza xiv., canto v.,
Lady of the Lake.

This absence of all comment forms a most striking tribute to his memory.

"We happened to be present at the meeting held in Edinburgh * to pave the way for a monument to his memory, and listened with delight to the speeches of Lord Jeffrey, who spoke of all classes coming into the Assembly Rooms to do honour to the great departed, and of Professor Wilson, who closed by quoting, in tones of trembling pathos, the lines of the poet—

'Ne'er to those dwellings, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundations came a nobler guest.'

The Duke of Buccleuch, too, spoke in a good spirit, as became a chief over the bard of his clan. The result of the meeting is now the superb Gothic shrine, which, towering above Scott's own romantic town, almost challenges equality with the mountains which do around it 'stand alway.'" †

"Call it not vain: they do not err,
Who say, that when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say tall cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed Bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks in deeper groan reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave."

Lay of the Last Minstrel, stanza i. of canto v.

"All the newspapers in Scotland, and many in England, clothed their columns in black for his death; and on the day of his funeral the bells of most of our cities rung a muffled peal. Those of Glasgow, as heard on that dark September morning, are still sounding in our ears." ‡

An account of the funeral of Sir Walter Scott from the *Kelso Mail*, October 1, 1832:—

"On Wednesday the honoured remains of Sir Walter Scott were consigned to the tomb amid the unfeigned regret of thousands. Never, perhaps, was the estimation in which

* This meeting was held a few days after Scott's death.
† From page 332 of Gilfillan's "Life of Scott," 1870.
‡ From page 331 of Gilfillan's "Life of Scott," 1870.

this truly great man was held more conspicuously displayed than on this melancholy occasion. We understand that cards had been issued to nearly 300 persons, who almost all attended, it being deemed an honour to be present at the funeral obsequies of so distinguished a character. One o'clock was the hour fixed for the time of meeting, and for about an hour afterwards carriages of different sorts and gentlemen on horseback continued to arrive from Edinburgh, Peebles, Selkirk, Galashiels, Melrose, Jedburgh, and other parts of the surrounding country. The company having partaken of refreshments, adjourned to the library, where they heard an eloquent and affecting prayer from Principal Baird. At a little after two o'clock the melancholy procession, consisting of carriages, numerous other vehicles, and horsemen, began to move from Abbotsford, and proceeded through the towns of Darnick and Melrose, and by the Fly Bridge to Dryburgh Abbey. As the long funeral train passed through the villages and hamlets, one universal feeling of deep sorrow pervaded all classes. Groups of people were assembled at different parts of the road, and on elevated points from which a view could be obtained. Most of these were in mourning, and many standing uncovered. The decency, propriety, and reverential silence which was observed, gave a very impressive character to the scene. In passing through the towns those respectful observances were still more striking. The streets of Melrose were lined on both sides with the inhabitants in mourning and uncovered. The shops of this and other towns were shut; the sign-boards were covered with blacking. The aged and lame came forth to pay their last tribute to departed worth; and along the many miles of picturesque country which the procession had to traverse, the ensigns of sorrow were everywhere displayed. These were the unbought and voluntary testimonies to the private virtues of the deceased from those among whom he had lived, and by whom he was best known. At Dryburgh Abbey, the body, on being taken from the hearse, was borne by his own domestics to the grave, they having specially requested that no foreign hand should be allowed to touch the remains of a master so honoured and beloved.

"The pall-bearers were—

Head—
Major Sir Walter Scott.

Right—	*Left—*
Charles Scott, Esq., second son of deceased.	J. G. Lockhart, Esq., son-in-law of deceased.
Charles Scott, Esq.	Jas. Scott, Esq.
Nesbitt, cousin.	Nesbitt, cousin.
Wm. Scott, Esq., of Raeburn, cousin.	Robt. Rutherford, Esq.
Col. Russell, of Ashiesteel, cousin.	W. S., cousin.
	Hugh Scott, Esq., of Harden, cousin.

Foot—
Wm. Keith, Esq., of Edinburgh.

"A grandson of Sir Walter Scott, a son of Mr. Lockhart, was also present.

"Before the body was committed to the earth, the English burial service was read by the Rev. J. Williams, rector of the Edinburgh Academy. A little past five in the afternoon the last offices were performed. The effect of this scene was at this time impressive far beyond what any words can convey, and in considering the genius and intellectual powers of the deceased, his wit, his eloquence, his fancy, we could not help thinking of his own beautiful words—

'They sleep with him, who sleeps below.'

The spot in which Sir Walter Scott is laid is in the north wing of the splendid ruin of Dryburgh Abbey—now, alas! now alas containing a more splendid ruin than itself. Here is laid the body of Lady Scott, and also that of his uncle. The situation is secluded and romantic, and quite congenial to all the ideas of the deceased.

"Amongst those present around the grave at the time of the interment were Lords Napier and Melville, Sir W. Rae, Sir Thos. Dick Lander, Sir John Pringle, Sir John Hay, M.P., Sir David Erskine, Col. O'Reilly, Col. Scott, Major Riddel, Mr. Pringle of Whytbank, Mr. Ogilvy of Chesters, &c., &c.

"We understand that Sir Walter Scott's head was opened on Sunday, and that the left side of the brain was found in a soft state, and that there were globules of water under the

left lobe, appearances which fully accounted for all the fatal symptoms by which he had been afflicted."*

"The wide enclosure at the Abbey of Dryburgh was thronged with old and young; and when the coffin was taken from the hearse, and again laid on the shoulders of the afflicted serving-men, one deep sob burst from a thousand lips, but was stilled by the voice of Archdeacon Williams reading those opening words of the service:—

"'I AM the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'†

"The trees of Dryburgh were waving with a stormy wind, and the sky was lowering as the coffin was, about half-past five p.m., deposited in the grave. A sob again burst from a thousand hearts, but was once more stilled by the voice of Archdeacon Williams reading over Scott the beautiful service of the Church of England, and laying him down in the sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection."‡

James Hogg says:—"I followed my friend's sacred remains to his last narrow house, remained the last man at the grave, and even then left it with reluctance."§

"Harp of the North, farewell! the hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glowworm lights her spark,
The deer, half seen, are to the covert wending—
Yet, once again, farewell, thou minstrel harp!

"Receding now the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
And now 'tis silent all!—enchanter, fare thee well!"‖

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* "Kelso, March 21st, 1871.

"I enclose a few more extracts from the *Mail*, including the account of Sir W. Scott's funeral, which I have copied out entirely, with the exception of a number of names of gentlemen present at the ceremony."—W. FRED. VERNON.

† The Gospel of St. John, chapter xi., verses 25, 26.

‡ Adapted from page 311 of Gilfillan's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," 1870.

§ "Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott." Third British Edition. Page 86.

‖ The "Lady of the Lake," canto vi., concluding lines.

AN AFTER THOUGHT.

"He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest."*

The few truly first-class poets who lived in Scott's day were all known and appreciated by him.

In Scotland we had Burns, Walter Scott, Campbell, Joanna Baillie, and Christopher North.

England had Byron, Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge.

And Ireland her own Moore, whose fame will live as long as his country lasts.

Of other great writers, Goethe in Germany, Maria Edgeworth in Ireland, and Bulwer Lytton in England, were considered by Scott to be at the head of all the rest.

And among the philosophers we must not omit Dugald Stewart and Sir Humphry Davy as men well known to Scott, and looked upon by him with the regard they deserved.

Of generals one name will suffice; he knew Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

It requires a deal of talent, if not genius, to describe the works and character of a great poet truly.

Almost any one can record much that is of biographical interest and value, and render good service by so doing. But the spirit of a great author, and the real quality of his works, require the pen of a man of genius to worthily describe.

We have such a biographer in John Gibson Lockhart, and his Memoirs of Scott form one of the most delightful books in the English language.

In reading Scott's Life by J. G. Lockhart, you feel and know he is the man who could, and does, do it best.

These universally-known volumes will be sufficiently described by the following notes:—

"Memoirs Of The Life Of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Volume I., MDCCCXXXVII. Robert Cadell, Edinburgh; John Murray, And Whittaker And Co., London."

* The "Lady of the Lake," canto iii., stanza xvi.

"Edinburgh: Printed By Ballantyne And Co., Paul's Work."

Frontispiece, whole-length, seated portrait of Walter Scott.

"Painted by H. Raeburn, 1808. Engraved by J. Horsburgh." A fine engraving.

"To John Bacon Saurey Morritt, of Rokeby Park, Esq., These Memoirs Of His Friend Are Respectfully And Affectionately Inscribed."

Pages —, Vol. I., "Preface," signed, J. G. Lockhart. London, *December* 20, 1836." V.

Fac-similes of Walter Scott's writing in 1799 and 1825.

Life, 417.

Vol. II., "MDCCCXXXVII.," pages 407.

Vol. III., "MDCCCXXXVII.," pages 414.

Vol. IV., "MDCCCXXXVII.," pages 383.

Vol. V., "MDCCCXXXVII.," pages 418.

Vol. VI., "MDCCCXXXVII.," pages 393.

Vol. VII., "MDCCCXXXVIII."

Pages—, "Preface" (dated "London, *February* 10, 1838," and signed "J. G. L."), xii. Life, 439. "Index of Names," 441—478.

Vol. I. was "*published* 18*th March*, 1837."

Vol. II., "*published* 1*st May*, 1837."

Vol. III., "*published* 1*st June*, 1837."

Vol. IV., "*published* 1*st July*, 1837."

Vol. V., "*published* 2*nd October*, 1837."

Vol. VI., "*published* 30*th December*, 1837."

Vol. VII., "published *February*, 1838." Post 8vo.

The volumes of the *Life*, as they successively appeared, were devoured with all the eagerness of the most impatient curiosity.*

* "It is one peculiarity of Scott's works, and still more of the Memoirs of his own kindly life, that they compel you not only to admire the author, but to love the man, and make his readers feel as if they *had been* at Abbotsford with him."—Adapted from Gilfillan's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," page 227.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

"Whose glory rises to a settled star,
Lighting the land he loved for evermore."
WOOLNER.

1870.

WHAT prompted my present work, and was the first intimation received in England that SCOTLAND was awake to the YEAR and DAY, then yet some way off, is copied here. "Sir Walter Scott was born on the 15th August, 1771, and it is proposed to celebrate the event by a grand Centenary Festival, to be held next August two years."*

In the "Fifth Annual Report of the Edinburgh Border Counties Association"† we are informed that "the Annual Meeting of the Association was held in the Café Royal Hotel, Edinburgh, on the 21st January, 1870. Lord Jerviswoode, President, occupied the chair. The Secretary, Thomas Usher, Esq., read the Report of the Council for the past year."

It stated that—

"Arrangements were made by the Council for an excursion and dinner at Selkirk, on the 30th July last. A. Elliot Lockhart, Esq., of Borthwickbrae, presided; Provost Anderson of Selkirk, croupier. The meeting was a very successful one, and the thanks of the Association are due to these gentlemen, and to Mr. Dunn, the District Secretary, and also to his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, and the other proprietors, who allowed the company access to their grounds. The Council, in the hope of advancing the Society in that important locality, recommend that Hawick should, in the course of the summer, be visited in a similar way.

"The Council are happy to state that the Appeal issued by them for the foundation of Bursaries has been already attended with much success.

* From the *Andover Advertiser* of Friday, February 12, 1869.

† "Edinburgh: Crawford and M'Cabe, Printers, 15, Queen Street, MDCCCLXX."

"The Council are sensible of the importance of the Centenary of Sir Walter Scott's birth. They trust that the Association will be able worthily to celebrate that event. The proposal that a Bursary should be established in the University of Edinburgh—his Alma Mater—bearing his name, and in connection with, and commemoration of, the Centenary, has been received with much favour by many public men. It has met with the cordial concurrence of the Senatus Academicus. The Council hope to be able to found a Bursary worthy of the occasion, to be competed for before the opening of the next or following Session of the University. In order to carry this object out, they trust that the Appeal before mentioned will be generally responded to, and that the Association will receive numerous accessions." *

On Monday, March 21, I commenced this work, and it has been continued ever since that date.

Mr. Thomas Usher, the Secretary of the Edinburgh Celebration, first wrote to me under date of May 2nd; and as it is my object to describe our preparations, I quote part of his letter here:—

"I have taken the liberty of sending you a copy of the Report of the Border Counties Association.

"We have agreed that the Centenary should be celebrated on a large scale at Melrose, the Duke of Buccleuch presiding.

"We are also taking measures to found a Bursary in our University, his *Alma Mater*, bearing the name of Sir Walter Scott, as an abiding tribute of his Border countrymen to his character and genius; and a considerable sum has been already subscribed.

"Subscriptions have been received from the sons of Burns, Hogg, and Wordsworth.†

"I may mention that I have received from various parties

* "Annual Subscriptions, *5s.*; honorary life-membership, £2 2*s.* A single payment of one guinea constitutes a lady a life member, and donations are received from all who are interested in promoting the objects of the association. Secretary, Thomas Usher, Sheriff Court House, George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh."

† I should state, however, that the subscriptions of those who wish to promote so good a way of honouring the memory of Scott may be sent to the secretary of the Association, Thomas Usher, Esq., 5, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh.

offers of relics of Sir Walter Scott to be deposited in the Scott Monument, and I should hope that in due time you will present a copy of your book." *

From R. C. Lucas, Sculptor.

"August 15, 1870.

"My dear Mr. Lockhart,

"I was much pleased when I saw you so earnest in admiration of the two works I have of Scott; one, my study from Chantry's bust, which Lockhart says is the best resemblance he ever saw of any person—the other, the cast of Scott's head and face after death. I often recur to these two works, and consider them, in juxtaposition, a fine study. We see the nobility of the sculptor's art in a prominent degree; and I learn, at a glance, what mind and its expression does for the human countenance. The post-mortem cast seems the effigy, without the mind; the bust, as modelled by Chantry, makes *mind*, *thought*, *intelligence*, not only palpable, but supreme. Sculpture never seems to me so noble as when I ponder on these two exponents—one of earthly decay, the other of lasting mind and intelligence.

"I consider that if you have two photographs from these works, and give a written description of the salient points of each, that your life of the grand old noble will be of the highest utility.

"I will shortly resume this subject, and give you a description of the monumental design I made near thirty years ago.

"R. C. Lucas."

From Mr. Usher.

"31st August, 1870.

"I was prevented answering your favour of the 5th of May last by several circumstances . . . the preparations for our meeting at Hawick, my absence from home, (&c.) . . .

"I send you a report of our meeting at Hawick, and also certain memoranda and correspondence which you desire.

"We are going on making preparations for the celebration at Melrose, but I am alarmed at the prospect of a prolonged war; but we must hope it will soon be over.

* I have promised to do this.—C. S. M. L.

"I should state that Mr. *Scott* Bower* was so named after Sir W. Scott (by) the permission of the latter."

Colonel Burns, the son of our poet, is one with us upon the occasion of the celebration in August next. I have the pleasure to communicate his feeling on the subject.

"3, Berkeley Street (Cheltenham), Sept. 9, 1870.

"I am now in my eightieth year, and unfit for travelling, so I cannot have the gratification of being in Edinburgh to do honour to the Scott Centenary. The Committee kindly wrote to me, but I was obliged to decline. I contributed to the Scott Bursary, as the only means now in my power of showing my appreciation of his great genius.

"WM. BURNS."

"Sheriff Court House, Edinburgh, Sept. 24, 1870.

"The Committee has now been appointed to carry out the Celebration at Melrose, and the circular letter is in the hands of the printer. The Committee will meet in Edinburgh in the course of the winter, and in due time I will put you in possession of the arrangements and programme.

"The Duke of Buccleuch expressed his regret that he was unable, in consequence of Lord Lothian's death, to be present at our meeting at Hawick. His name has been placed on the committee.

"I am glad you have given me the address of Sir W. Scott's nephew.

"T. USHER."

Edinburgh, October 20, 1870.—Mr. Usher tells me of the Border Counties Association's intentions with regard to the celebration of Sir Walter Scott's Centenary. They have £500 collected for the Bursary with hardly any effort, and lately wrote to the Queen for her aid and patronage. Her Majesty replied by saying she cordially approved of the proposed memorial, and would like a plan of their scheme and statement of accounts sent, that she might understand all about it. This is being drawn up, and will be sent to Her Majesty according to order. The Centenary Committee numbers one hundred and fifty or one hundred

* A grandson of old John Bower, and now resident at Edinburgh.

and sixty persons, and consists of Border noblemen and gentry whose residence entitles them to serve on it.

The celebration is to be at Melrose for certain, and the Border towns and villages will all forego local celebrations to join the grand one at Melrose. At Aberdeen, Dundee, and the Crystal Palace, Centenary celebrations will take place, as also at Edinburgh. Lord Jerviswoode is chairman of the Committee, who meet next month.

October 22, 1870. *Saturday, half-past six p.m.*—Have been very near to Scott this day. Since half-past three I have been at Mr. Clarkson's, Avenel Villa. He is brimful of the whole family, and can tell many anecdotes respecting them. Scott asked him if it was safe to go out to Edinburgh when Lady Scott was like to die. "I must go," said Sir Walter. "Do you think it's safe?" Mr. Clarkson said he would not say that. She might linger, or she might go off suddenly; but he promised to send a man express on horseback if she grew worse, who should change on the road. "I sent accordingly, but Scott could not get there in time. The day he arrived I dined with him alone, and I do not think six words were spoken between us. After we had a few glasses of wine he said to me in a broken voice, 'My dear fellow, if you will lead the way to that room I will go and have a look.' I had the key in my pocket, and we went up. He stood and looked, but could hardly bear it, and exclaimed, 'There lies the best of women.' It had been a perfectly happy marriage, and she was of great use to him as an amanuensis. She was a good little body.

"My father was sent for to Ashestiel when Mrs. Scott was about to be confined with her son Charles, and he had to sit up all night. Scott had a nice young man as amanuensis then, who offered to sit up for a few hours and keep him in conversation. There was nothing he should like better, the doctor replied. The young man observed, 'You will not guess what Mr. Scott has been writing since tea?' 'No. Nothing very important I hope, as I interrupted him with questions about what I was reading,' said my father. He was then told that by ten Scott had written a whole canto of 'Marmion,' with only three corrections.* He did not

* Scott wrote in a small room off the parlour at Ashestiel, with the door open between, and came in occasionally to consult a book, and

seem to mind being interrupted when writing. Scott, when very ill, would constantly be asking leave to go down to his 'workshop,' as he called it. 'Well, Sir Walter, if you are as well to-morrow, you may go down.' He said, 'You keep me here lying useless on my back when I might be hard at work.' The next day when I came I asked Turner how his master was. 'Oh, doctor, I heard what you said to him yesterday; and he came down at six this morning, and has been hard at work ever since.' I went into his study, and there he was dictating to Laidlaw; and he only said, 'How d'ye do, doctor? If you will sit down I will speak with ye directly;' and went on with Laidlaw, and then spoke to me. When Laidlaw had written down all he had been dictated, he gave Scott the last word, who then went on again as though no interruption had taken place, and then talked to me again.

"Lockhart's full determination was to come and die at Abbotsford, and he came from Milton-Lockhart two months previously. He expressed a wish to lie in the breakfast-parlour next the dining-room, and he died there.*

"Mr. Lockhart was the handsomest man I ever saw when he married Miss Scott."

In a small room Mr. Clarkson showed me an engraved portrait of J. G. Lockhart after Grant, and engraved by Faed. "It is as good a likeness as was ever taken of anybody. He had a habit of holding his hands like that."† It is a whole-length standing, and a most pleasing likeness. At the back is written—

"Dr. Clarkson,
Melrose.
With Mrs. Hope-Scott's
compliments."

Mr. Clarkson observed, "I would not take any sum for it."

"Scott reading his Novel to Literary Friends at Abbots-

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then spoke freely to Dr. Clarkson, who was reading in the larger room.

* It used to be called *Miss Scott's room*, and this was no doubt the reason. J. G. Lockhart was faithful to the *one* memory in death as he had been in latter life. What Mrs. Lockhart had been to his home is well known—she carried brightness with her.—C. S. M. L.

† Clasped together in front.—C. S. M. L.

ford" is also in the same room, and a fine engraving. Hogg is seated next Scott, and Lockhart is on the farther side of the table. It is a full-face portrait, with curling hair. In this Mr. Lockhart looks very happy, but it is not considered a good likeness of him by Milton-Lockhart. In Mr. Clarkson's dining-room is a small, full-face, third-length portrait of Scott, painted by Raeburn, which has never been engraved. "It is just like he looked at dinner."

"I was present when Scott died. I shut his eyes, and opened his head for my father the next day;—not that we had any doubt it was softening of the brain, but because the medical men at Edinburgh particularly wished it done. I was called away when watching by Sir Walter the day he died, and had to gallop up the hill towards Laidlaw's house to attend a patient; and upon returning to send medicine, left my horse ready at the door to mount again immediately for Abbotsford. I then received a message from Lockhart, saying, 'Do come, for God's sake—I think Sir Walter is going.' When I got back he said, 'Doctor, you are barely in time;' but I had the melancholy satisfaction of closing his eyes while they all stood or knelt around the bed.

"There were eighty carriages and upwards of five hundred horsemen at the funeral. Shillinglaw, of Darnick, was the undertaker. When the coffin was placed in the hearse, I told them to go on till they got to the garden gate, and then stop; but the undertaker was stupid, and went on nearly to Darnick, and I had to send a man full gallop after them to stop it; but they had nearly got to the toll-gate first. All Melrose came out dressed in deep mourning, and as we passed through the town walked in front for some way, and then divided and stood on either side bare-headed to let the cavalcade pass through. The leading horse began to prance just as the hearse went round Bemersyde Hill, where Scott used to stop his visitors and point out the view to them. It was very curious. I jumped out, and it soon got to rights again, and went on to Dryburgh. There was no one there felt it more than I did, and I cannot speak of it even now without tears.*

"I was called to Purdie when he died, but did not get

* His eyes were full when he said this.—C. S. M. L.

there till he was dead. He lived down at the stables. I went to Scott afterwards, and he said, 'Weel, doctor, is there anything the matter with the family that we see you so late?' 'Sir Walter,' said I, 'you will be much vexed to learn that Tom Purdie is gone.' Sir Walter pulled himself together with a crouch, and I saw his eyes fill with tears.* He requested Purdie's family to allow him to lay his head in the grave, and I am told he shed tears as he did so; but I was called away, and did not see this. I was just at the end of the procession, and had to leave to see a patient who sent for me.

"When Mrs. Lockhart was seriously ill once at Chiefswood for two days, Sir Walter Scott was very anxious, and sent almost every hour to know how she was.

"He tried and sentenced six poachers upon one occasion, and when the seventh was before the Sheriff, and between two constables, the fellow got away from them and made for the door. Scott limped forward at two bounds, and put his back against the door; and with his big stick in one hand, and flourishing his brawny fist in the fellow's face, he said, 'Nae, nae; if ye gae from this room, ye'll gan over your auld Sheriff's dead body;' and so gave him again into custody. He was the bravest man I ever knew, and did not know what fear was. He was very lame, but had not a club-foot. I believe it was from illness, and not carelessness.

"Scott used to say, 'I take three hundred and sixty-five drams in a year—sometimes more, but never less;' and 'there are only two occasions when I take a dram—when there is fish on the table, and when there is not!'

"When in the Reform period he attended a meeting at Jeddart, I was sent for the night before by Anne Scott to try and stop his going; but I told them I could never stop him. It was not long before he said, 'Anne is at the bottom of this,' and would go. They asked me to go over too, which I did, and when Scott came in, he said upon seeing me, 'How do you do, doctor? I am glad to see you.' When they expected a riot, the crowd divided, and gave him a cheer. He gave me a ride back in his carriage, and

* "Scott did not say another word until I left a few minutes later, when he shook hands, and wished me good night."—J. C.

his man rode my horse back. At Selkirk he did meet with uproar. An angry mob surrounded him, and upon one man pressing forward, Turner knocked him down, and immediately the danger was redoubled. Scott took out a couple of guineas, and gave them to the leader, and said, 'My good friends, there is not a man would hurt the Sheriff in Selkirk. Instead of making this disturbance, you had much better go and drink my health with these. The fellow chucked back the two guineas in Scott's face; but I had gone into my father's, and came back with him just at this minute. He was a magistrate, and well known at Selkirk. He rushed in, and took Scott's arm, and led him into his own house, and the mob, fearing him, let Scott off, but followed Turner, bent on mischief. It was at this meeting Scott exclaimed, when they hissed him, 'I care nae mair for your noise than for the geese on the common.'

"Mrs. Hope-Scott died at Edinburgh, and is buried in St. Margaret's Nunnery. She was, like her mother before her, the light of Abbotsford while she lived. Scott set me up in business at Melrose,* and said he, 'Clarkson, you shall always be my ordinary doctor, and tell your father he shall be my doctor extraordinary.' When Scott saw me at Abbotsford, he said, 'I will drive you down to Melrose. If I can't do you much good, I shall do you little harm.' I attended a child of Laidlaw's that died of croup in Sir Walter's time.

"I never saw a man so regular to time. As the clock struck six he would be down in his study, and at nine the gong sounded for breakfast, and he would be among the first in to it. Between that and ten the arrangements for the day were all made, and then he went back to his study. At one the carriages were at the door, and he stayed with his guests from then till ten o'clock at night, when the footman, followed by the butler, generally brought in glasses of wine. Scott did not take any himself, and shaking hands if there were only a few guests, or bowing to all if many, he went off at that time, and was down again at six the next morning. He could not have done the work he did without being so exact. Scott was a very honest man, and I can certify he died prematurely through his anxiety to pay twenty shillings in the pound.

* This was in the year 1821.

"At Abbotsford there is a piece of furniture called the 'Mistletoe Chest,' in which a bride from mere play hid herself on her marriage-day from the bridegroom. The lid shut, and she was afterwards found a skeleton in her wedding-dress. I used to see the chest constantly.

"Lockhart did not look a man of sixty. He was very serious latterly.

"Mrs. Lockhart inherited Scott's genius, and was most like him of any in the family, and next to her Charles Scott.

"I was often at Abbotsford to dine, and used to sing a song after dinner. This I was asked to do one day, when I could not think of any, except some of his own. I went to the other end of the table, and said, 'Do you think I may sing him one of his own?' 'I advise you to let that alone,' said Lockhart; 'for if you do, he will put you down very cleverly, that's all.'

"He was such a modest man, that he did not like anything of his own to be mentioned in his presence."

Mr. Clarkson said he used to attend the Buchan family, and seldom went to Dryburgh without visiting the three graves—Lady Scott's and the two Sir Walters'.

"The day after Sir Walter's funeral I had a hard thing to do, and I could hardly go through it. That was, to go up and say good-bye to the family, who were all leaving for London. As I was riding up for that purpose, I met a servant with a note, asking me to come and lunch with them, because they wanted to see me once more. I went on, and after lunch Sir Walter (I could hardly call him so myself) said, 'Dr. Clarkson, we all know what affection you had for our father, and his affection for you. We want to give you something as a memorial. Take your choice of these two.'

"They were two snuff-boxes I had seen Sir Walter use a hundred times.

"I said, 'I will be very proud to have either; but I cannot choose between them.' So Sir Walter gave me this."

Producing a beautiful box given to the first Sir Walter by Count Davidoff, a Russian nobleman. It bears Scott's arms, with those of the Haliburtons quartered with them; the motto below, "Watch weel;" and "round the sides are beautiful Russian scenes engraved."

Mr. Clarkson went on to say—

"Scott gave me a gold watch after Lady Scott's death, and I have got that now. They are heirlooms, and my curse would light on those of my descendants who might part with either of them."

Scott's friendly doctor left Melrose in 1867, and now lives in a new house he has built at Edinburgh.

It were heartily to be wished that the master of Avenel Villa was in the enjoyment of good health—a blessing he has so often been the means of bestowing upon others.

However, he certainly enjoys the respect and esteem of those who value Sir Walter Scott, and in August this includes all Scotland.

October 25, 1870.—I mounted the Scott Monument this morning, which is 200 feet 6 inches high. The wind blew hard at the time, and the railing alone kept me from coming down quicker than I got up. The monument itself is truly noble, and the view from it very fine.

The first stairs to the centre room consist of 95 steps.

In the Museum-room are four plain stained-glass windows. Above these are four fine ones, adorned with—the arms of *Scotland* in one; a figure of *St. Andrew* in another; the arms of *Edinburgh* in the third; while the fourth contains the effigy of *St. Giles*.

The room was empty, with the exception of a wooden seat covered with the names of visitors.

It is a dreadfully stuffy place, and seems to get no fresh air except through the little door opened for persons to enter. If this apartment is to be fitted up with cases of Scott relics, strict surveillance and much better ventilation must be adopted. The next tier consists of 63 steps, and after that 129 more to the top of the monument.

It was on Saturday, October 29, 1870, that I left—

"The Good Town,
Destined in every age to be
Refuge of injured royalty."*

* From "Marmion," canto v., introduction.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

"Autumn departs—but still his mantle's fold
Rests on the groves of noble Somerville;
Beneath a shroud of russet dropped with gold,
Tweed and his tributaries mingle still;
Hoarser the wind, and deeper sounds the rill,
Yet lingering notes of silvan music swell,
The deep-toned cushat and the redbreast shrill;
And yet some tints of summer splendour tell
When the broad sun sinks down on Ettrick's western fell."

WALTER SCOTT.*

1870.

I LEFT the Waverley station, Edinburgh, for Melrose, at 1.45 on October 29.

As we went off, I got a glorious peep of Holyrood Palace, with the chapel ruin nearest. This ancient residence of Scotch royalty did not look so large in consequence of the hill under which it lies. My hat was off in a moment; and as the sun glinted on the Scotch towers of Holyrood, I would not wish to see a more bonnie sight.

The name of the enterprising town of Galashiels, as called at the railway station, awoke very pleasing recollections by its former relations with Scott.

The railway crosses the Tweed, and I looked up as our train passed over; but I only saw the water, with the Abbotsford woods on its side.

The Eildon Hills are grand, and their black-looking summits were partially covered with floating mist. No poet with any feeling but would be the better for their neighbourhood.

From Melrose station I drive to Darnick, and first see the holy abbey behind me through the trees.

Sunday, October 30.—To-morrow I will be at Abbotsford soon after nine in the morning. The Eildon tops are clear this morning, and seen from the window of my parlour.

* The "Lord of the Isles," introductory lines of canto i.

Lord Henry Kerr, who married Mr. Hope-Scott's sister, is now resident at Huntly Burn.

"Was never scene so sad and fair!"
WALTER SCOTT.

Melrose Abbey, as I saw it on the morning of this holy day, spoke by its very silence. It lay in quiet majesty, deserted by all but the silent dead and the birds of heaven. The long stretch of cloisters, with their fine windows, does much in completing the charm natural to a building so honoured by its history.

Well may we be thankful that, though empty and silent, the ruin has been left us as a witness of the past, and by its very desolation impressing the mind even of the thoughtless and profane.

As I depart the sky weeps, and sheds its tears of sympathy upon the holy ruin.

The air of the place is delightful, and the Eildon Hills a constant pleasure to the eye. Under every light or shade they tower grandly, and look the delectable mountains Scott called them.

"The shades of eve came slowly down,
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell,
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright." *

Monday, October 31, *twenty minutes to three p.m.*—Come back from Abbotsford.

Mr. Currie took me by Kaeside, and I went to the front of Laidlaw's old house. A new farmhouse has been built close by, and the old one is now used as a cottage by labourers. The old ivy-covered porch remains, and the house stands, but the tone of the place is gone. The flower-beds and grass-plat, which used to ornament the front of the house, are now turned into a kitchen-garden. The old sun-dial is displaced from its former site at the corner of the cottage, where it had a stone base, and thrown over into a potato-ground. One shrub remains near the porch, and the stump of a rowan-tree besides.

* The "Lady of the Lake," canto iv., stanza xxix.

The situation is beautiful, and overlooks a wooded slope, and is not far from the Eildon Hills.

Close by, at the back, is a mound planted with Scotch firs, among which stood a Runic stone, now removed to the garden at Abbotsford. Scott planted the firs in 1817, which look very well; and on the crest of the brow is his favourite seat, called *Turn-again*. An upright stone, similar to those at Stonehenge in appearance, marks the spot where the retainer of Buccleuch terminated the pursuit of the victors in the battle of Melrose by the mortal wound of Kerr of Cessford, and at its foot is another stone laid lengthways for a seat: a third, which helped to make the seat, has been thrown down the brow, and now lies at the bottom. I sat on the remaining one, and admired the view—Melrose Abbey, with the Bernerside Hill above it. Scott used often to be here, and when Mr. Currie came to Darnick it was Turn-again he visited first. From thence we made for the house, and took one of Scott's pleasant walks—a sort of shrubbery, mixed with common trees, and all in capital order and beauty. We soon came to the old Quarry, whence the stone of which Abbotsford is built was hewn. The whole place is romantic, and just what an artist likes. When done with it for the stone, Scott planted ivy, honeysuckle, clematis, &c., and they hang over the edge of the Quarry, and cover the trees and shrubs nicely now. Scott's intended effect has taken place, but he would hardly live to see it do so.

We still went on, and I got more excited every minute, till all at once we saw the gables and chimneys below us.

We then crossed the road, and entered the grounds by the gate near the gardener's cottage—all well kept with great care by Mr. Hope-Scott. Our way lay past the terrace-garden, but the arbour-walk is now open.

We then passed through to the front of the mansion, which is now just the right colour from age—a good old castle-look to the corner-stones, and the rest a sort of red whinstone.

There was the flag-tower, the bow-windows of the library and dining-room: quaint windows and old pieces of carving are let in here, there, and everywhere.

It was a dull morning, and the dead leaves were blown about in a saddening way—all seemed to say, "We tell of the past now."

There are two steep grass terraces, which lead to a haugh (meadow), and then the Tweed flows by.

The new part of the house is not so prominent as the old, and fits on well. Mr. Hope-Scott possesses good taste, and has given proof of it by the addition. On three sides of a tower next the new rooms are crosses carved in stone, and by this tower the fresh portion joins itself to the old.

We walked down below the terraces and looked up, and then went by the western walk a short distance. This pleasant pathway was a favourite one with Mrs. Hope-Scott, who was very fond of Abbotsford. She had a Lockhart face, and was rather Italian-looking.

We saw two heaps of auld carved stones still lying as Scott left them, he having used some, but not all, collected by him for the house. One heap is in the bleaching meadow, and the other among the shrubs and oaks about a hundred yards west of the mansion.

After this, gathering courage, we made for the door, and passed Mr. Hope-Scott's house-door, with the couchant deer-hounds carved in stone thereat. Mr. Currie, the sculptor, only got these done and placed two hours before the Queen arrived in 1867. Passing through an open arch, surmounted with the portcullis and Scott motto, we entered, by a door designed for visitors, a small room, with a notice to ring the bell—a large one being on the mantelpiece. Four solid hall chairs, with the boar's head crest on them, are in this room,* and a desk for the visitors' book, and admirable photographs, by the well-known Wilson, of Aberdeen, &c., for sale—Mary Queen of Scots, and Sir Walter Scott, being foremost among them. Mr. Currie left me here, and Clabaux, having read Mr. Hope-Scott's note, led me away up-stairs. In another moment I was in a small room, with a table-desk, faded arm-chair, and the "Canterbury Pilgrims" over the mantelpiece. It was Scott's study, and I could not speak, though the guide ran on about one thing and another. I began with telling him I had seen it mentioned that visitors would sit in Sir Walter's chair. He pointed to it, and I found he had tied it with string to the knobs of the drawers of the table, and so beat the tourists. The sun shone into the room, and it

* These, with the pictures on the walls, once belonged to J. G. Lockhart, the grandfather of Miss Hope-Scott.

was anything but dull or sombre. A little room—not cupboard—off the study contained the cast in bronze of Scott's head after death.

We next went through the library, and this is really a good-sized handsome room. There was no carpet down, but the books were all round the walls, and Shillinglaw's table in front of the fire-place; "The Hussar and his Charger," by William Allan, over the mantelpiece, and Chantry's bust of Scott, smiling in its railed-in niche; but not Byron's vase, which is never shown, because the letter it contained was stolen. The view of the Tweed is very good from this window.

The drawing-room came next in order to the library. In this were family pictures, including Scott's mother; Mr. Scott, with Camp and a greyhound, painted by Raeburn; Lady Scott; Anne and Sophia. Beautiful Chinese paper covers the walls of this room.

The smaller armoury followed, with its stained-glass windows at each end, and queer figures, copied from Melrose Abbey, as cornices to the ceiling. Here I saw Rob Roy's gun, the Montrose sword, Claverhouse's pistol, and many other relics.

Then the dining-room, with the window open as when Scott died. The chairs in this room have been new covered, but the furniture is as it was. There is a table in the centre, and family pictures on the two side walls. I lost my breath upon entering this room, but the Frenchman * did not; and the pictures made me talk. With the hall, the usual show ended; but I was allowed to see the breakfast-parlour in which J. G. Lockhart died. It is not shown usually, as it is a used room. Miss Hope-Scott had it for a school-room when younger. The window was open, and the Tweed breezes came in strongly. I knelt at the open window, and my thoughts naturally went back to September 21st in 1832, and November 25th, 1855. Noble men, both of them, and the names of Sir Walter Scott and John Gibson Lockhart

* It was pleasant to find one of the polite nation in confidential charge of the interior of Sir Walter Scott's mansion and its treasures. In spite of the trials to which the common run of tourists must subject him, he retains his native good qualities, and has added those to be acquired in service like that of Abbotsford.—C. S. M. L.

will always remain linked: two such rooms in one house, and these adjoining, would give an added interest to any mansion, let alone Abbotsford, which needs it not. Both loved the place, and both were an honour to it. *Requiescant in pace.*

The study, the dining-room, and this parlour all came close to me. Within a book-case here are the letters Scott received, placed in quarto books with green binding—one volume for each year, with its date on the back.

When the family are at home, the dining-room is not shown to strangers because there is no other dining-room in the house. The hall is full of armour, and on the pavement, by the grate, are Roman camp kettles, pipkins, and cannon balls; the whole has an old-fashioned, suitable appearance, but it does not look large. I walked to the porch, and had a look out upon the grass where Scott was wheeled about in a Bath chair. In the drawing-room is the painting of Mary Queen of Scots' head in a charger, but I hardly saw this most touching memorial of Scotland's noblest and best.

The clothes Scott wore last are preserved in a glass case in the hall, having been removed from the little room next the study when Steell's cast was placed in it. Abbotsford is quite what I thought it.

The Rhymer's Glen is a very beautiful walk, but I think needs Sir Walter's weeding-hook. But the whole estate, as well as the house, bears striking evidence to Mr. Hope-Scott's kind and skilful protection of what is unique in the land.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

"Approach that master, o'er whose tomb
Immortal laurels ever bloom:
Instructive of the feebler bard,
Still from the grave that voice is heard."
Marmion, introduction to canto iii.

November 1st, 1870.—There never was a finer day for the first of this month, and I have been to Dryburgh Abbey. The train for St. Boswell's (late Newtown) left Melrose at 11.14 a.m.; at half-past I was on the road to the abbey; at the turnpike-gate I turned to the left, and a winding lane led me to the water-side. The boat crosses close to the

remains of the great chain bridge mentioned in "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," a rope running along one chain in connection with the boat as it crosses; on the other side a still more rural path leads up the hill to Dryburgh House and Abbey. I was to call on Mrs. Monroe Binning, who is not only daughter of the Lord President Blair, and grand-daughter of the author of "The Grave," but an old and intimate acquaintance of Sir Walter's. I told her I was glad Scott had still one friend living near him. She said, "I can see his tombstone from the window." Mrs. Binning's conversation put me in very suitable feeling for the abbey. At the Guardian's cottage I hailed the guide, and walked down to the abbey without a word between us. He began with showing me something else, and I said, "Cannot we begin with Scott's tomb and come back to this?" He led me to it. There is a very high iron railing in front which makes the place secure. Sir Walter and Lady Scott are both buried under one massive piece of Peterhead granite, shaped so as to seem two altar tombs. Their son's monument is very low, and in front; Sir Walter's is, therefore, in the middle. The monument to Lockhart is of higher polished granite, and has a fine bronze medallion, by Steell, above the inscription. As I stood bare-headed by their graves, the sough of the wind and the dashing ripple of the Tweed came up distinctly. Nearer at hand, a solitary robin redbreast sang his autumn song, and while copying the inscription to the memory of the second Sir Walter, a sportsman's gun was heard not far off. The sun shone bright, and "Were the leaves on the trees, ye'd think it summer," said the guide.

Inscription to Lady Scott.

DAME CHARLOTTE MARGARET CARPENTER,
WIFE OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT, OF ABBOTSFORD, BART.,
DIED AT ABBOTSFORD, MAY 15, A.D. 1826.

Inscription to first Sir Walter Scott.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET,
DIED SEPTEMBER 21, A.D. 1832.

Inscription to second Sir Walter Scott.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WALTER SCOTT,
OF ABBOTSFORD, SECOND BARONET,
DIED AT SEA 8TH FEBRUARY, 1847, AGED 45 YEARS.
HIS WIDOW PLACED THIS STONE OVER HIS GRAVE.

Lockhart's tombstone bears a bronze medallion, inscribed—

J^N. STEELL,
SCULP^T.

and the following words:—

HERE
AT THE FEET OF WALTER SCOTT,
LIE
THE MORTAL REMAINS OF
JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART,
HIS SON-IN-LAW,
BIOGRAPHER, AND FRIEND.
BORN 14^TH JUNE, 1794.
DIED 25^TH NOV^R., 1854.

The old Earl of Buchan's follies have been cleared away, and the holy place has the appearance now of being sufficiently cared for without spruceness, which would be unsuitable. There is a severe beauty about the sculpture and ruins which accords well with the yew-trees and ivy. A poet might lie contented in such a resting-place.

A few wallflowers are the only green things to be found in the Halyburton aisle: all is stone below, and roof above. In the chapter-house are a book for visitors' names, photographs for sale, and relics carved in wood. I purchased three cedar-wood silk-winders, the tree from which they were formed having grown at Dryburgh Abbey. I came away, and was paddled over the river. At the station I had to wait an hour; the 3.14 p.m. train did not leave till four. Other parties who had been at the abbey were also waiting for it. The Eildon Hills do not look far from Dryburgh Abbey. Scott still has them and the Tweed near him.

The day was fast fading away, and the moon had risen

over one of the three hills as I walked to Darnick from Melrose between four and five o'clock.

"And silence claimed her evening reign."*

On the morning of November 4th I left Scotland for Carlisle and London.

"He said not, though he sighed, 'Adieu!'"†

"*The Centenary of Sir Walter Scott.*

"Sheriff Court House, Edinburgh, December, 1870.

"A committee, consisting of about one hundred and sixty noblemen and gentlemen connected with the Border Counties of Scotland, was selected by the Edinburgh Border Counties Association to make arrangements for the celebration of the Centenary of Sir Walter Scott's birth, in the month of August next, and they feel assured that the proposal will be enthusiastically received by his countrymen.

"A meeting of the committee took place on the 2nd of December last, under the presidency of Lord Jerviswoode, when it was unanimously resolved that the celebration should take place in the City of Edinburgh, as being the birthplace of Scott.

"As it is most desirable that it should be in all respects worthy of the man, the metropolis, and the nation, they respectfully invite the cordial co-operation of the various public bodies, and of all throughout Scotland interested in its success.

"In this view, I have been directed to apply to you for permission to place your name on the committee, and to express a hope that you will use your influence to further the object which they have in view.

"Your early reply will much oblige

"Your most obedient servant."‡

"Scott brought together the past and the present, so that the present was made to feel its unity and community with

* From the "Lady of the Lake," canto iii., stanza xxxi.
† From the "Lord of the Isles," canto v., stanza xxv.
‡ Copy of a 4to. printed circular.

the past. In filling in the background of Scottish national history, in giving life and motion to the characters which peopled the canvas formerly as mere figures, without the passions and feelings of men and women, in exalting thereby our traditional life, and giving it as a common possession to all Scotchmen, Sir Walter Scott performed a work which, by its nature, will last while Scotland holds her place in the world as a nation." *

"AUCHTERARDER.—MASONIC.—A meeting of the St. John's Lodge was held here on Tuesday evening; R.W.G.M. Malcolm presided. The annual accounts were read over and approved of, showing a balance of double that of former years. The meeting resolved to hold a public demonstration on the occasion of the forthcoming Centenary of Sir Walter Scott, on the 15th of August, 1871."†

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

"The glory dies not,
And the grief is past."
SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

1871.

THE CENTENARY YEAR.

THE YEAR has commenced, and we are preparing as a nation to worthily celebrate the DAY.

The year 1871 will pass away like those which went before it; but several memorials of a durable kind will remain and bear witness that it has not passed unhonoured.

We now rejoice in Sir Walter, whose death some can still

* From *The Edinburgh Evening Courant*, December, 1870.

† From *The Edinburgh Evening Courant* of Friday, December 23, 1870.

remember causing deep sorrow, and even the few surviving friends of Scott would repeat the poet's words and say—

"Yet mourn not, land of fame." *

The following "Letter to the Editor" appeared in *The Border Advertiser* of Friday, January 6, 1871, and seems to deserve reprinting here:—

"*The Centenary Celebration of Sir Walter Scott's Birthday.*

"SIR,—It is of some importance that the due celebration of Sir Walter Scott's Centenary should be carefully arranged beforehand. There can be no doubt that his countrymen consider it a national affair, and are prepared to do justice to the occasion in a manner worthy of Scott and Scotland. This being the case, it behoves the committee of the Border Counties Association to meet the natural wishes of Scotchmen in the matter. I believe that the following observations will not be out of place at this time.

"A literary bursary in connection with Scott's Alma Mater is one very suitable way of honouring his memory. It is also one that would be useful to the country, and this would commend it to Sir Walter's affectionate regard. In September, 1826, he received a letter from Lord Melville, informing him that his name had been placed on the Commission for inquiring into the condition of the Colleges in Scotland. In his diary, under date of September 24th, Sir Walter himself writes:—

"'I wonder what I can do or say about these universities. One thing occurs—the distribution of bursaries only *ex merites*. That is, I would have the presentations continue in the present patrons, but exact that those presented should be qualified by success in their literary attainments and distinctions acquired at school to hold those scholarships. This seems to be following out the idea of the founders, who doubtless intended the furthering of good literature. To give education to dull mediocrity is a flinging of the children's bread to dogs; it is sharpening a hatchet on a razor-strop, which renders the strop useless, and does no good to the hatchet.' †

* The "Lord of the Isles," canto vi., stanza xxxv.

† See "Life of Scott," by J. G. Lockhart, vol. viii. pages 404, 405, Library Edition.

"But this should not be all. Let us do something more, and that in a matter personal to himself.

"The truly noble monument erected by his grateful countrymen in their capital remains unfinished. Here is the very opportunity to be embraced, in order to worthily complete it. The four pediments in front of the main tower contain twenty-four niches, and the piers and abutment towers thirty-two—in all, fifty-six niches. It was intended that suitable statues, commemorative of the characters in his poems and novels, should fill those, but *many of them* remain empty to this day. On a level with the first gallery is an apartment, still unoccupied, which was intended to be fitted up as a museum to receive the manuscripts of Sir Walter's works, and any other interesting relics of him that might from time to time be obtained.

"Carrying out these objects would be most suitable as part of the Centenary Celebration. Each town in Scotland might well contribute one or more statues to fill these niches, and their choice of subject should be regulated by local predilection.

"There is yet another way of doing honour to Scott, and that in a peculiarly interesting manner.

"His father, Walter Scott, W.S., two brothers, Major John Scott and Daniel, along with their sister Anne, rest in the Greyfriars' Kirkyard. They lie there by the side of the footpath leading into the west burying-ground, just south of the iron gate. Indeed, passengers to Heroit's Hospital can scarcely help treading over the turf that covers our poet's father and other members of the family. No stone marks the spot, and it is only by searching the records that the place can be pointed out.

"Sir Walter Scott's venerable mother was buried in the Dormitory immediately adjoining the Episcopal Church of St. John, Edinburgh, as were also her brother and sister. There is no monument to the memory of either Mrs. Scott, Dr. Rutherford, or Miss C. Rutherford.

"Again, in the Canongate burial-ground, adjoinir
monument of Sir William Fettes, lie the brothers Ball
who were so nearly connected with Scott and belo
him. There is no head-stone, nor are there
stones to mark their resting-place. The erec

monuments to Scott's near relatives and friends would prove a most excellent way of doing honour to his memory. He has done so much for us, that we might well perform this pious service. I leave it to the decision of his countrymen.

"I see from the papers that Edinburgh has superseded Melrose as the scene of the central celebration. Unless the earlier part of the day is devoted to an official visit to Melrose and Dryburgh, this determination will rob the gathering of much romantic interest. The capital of Scotland is a glorious place for the rest of the programme, and if judiciously combined with so delightful a pilgrimage, the day would be one of unique interest, and complete in itself. The evening speeches after the banquet would then proceed straight from the mouths of those who had just come from Sir Walter Scott's baronial home and monastic grave.

"But a most startling rumour has reached us, that the day of celebration should be changed, and the Centenary held the week before the right time. The gentlemen engaged in making the necessary arrangements talk of having it before the 12th, for the convenience of grouse-shooting! And is, then, the magic charm of that 15th of August to be given up for the sake of mere sport?

"No! The nation will rise on that national holiday, and that day it must be.

"I am, &c.,

"A SCOTSMAN.

"January, 1871."

The capital of Scotland is undoubtedly *the place* for the central celebration, and the month of August, 1871, *the right time*.

The choice of the day has been decided in favour of the 9th, and Scotsmen should unite with heart and soul to make it all we desire.

And we can see one great advantage in the Edinburgh celebration thus taking the lead.

There cannot be a question that throughout the length and breadth of Scotland the 15th will be the day selected for local celebration, and this more especially at Melrose by Borderers.

Hence, all who desire can first take part in the great cele-

bration in the capital, and then have time to disperse and hold their own when Tuesday, August 15th, dawns upon us. No better arrangement could have been made, and in Scott's name

Advance St. Andrew's Banner!

Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, the well-known proprietors of the remaining copyrights in Sir Walter Scott's works, have done their part in duly celebrating the Centenary.

With January, 1870, these publishers commenced the Centenary Edition of the Waverley Novels, with additional notes.

They have been published in monthly volumes, crown 8vo., price 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

January 1st, 1870.—Volume I., "Waverley." *Frontispiece:* Portrait, by Watson Gordon. *Vignette:* Waverley Honour.

February 1st, 1870.—Volume II., "Guy Mannering." *Frontispiece:* Dirk Hatteraick. *Vignette:* Ellangowan Castle.

March 1st, 1870.—Volume III., "The Antiquary." *Frontispiece:* Dousterswivel in the Ruins. *Vignette:* Jonathan Oldbuck.

April 1st, 1870.—Volume IV., "Rob Roy." *Frontispiece:* Scene in the Cathedral Crypt. *Vignette:* Rob Roy's Grave at Balquhidder.

May 1st, 1870.—Volume V., "Old Mortality." *Frontispiece:* Death of Old Mortality. *Vignette:* Bothwell Brig.

June 1st, 1870.—Volume VI., "A Legend of Montrose" and "The Black Dwarf." *Frontispiece:* Dugald Dalgetty. *Vignette:* Elshie, the Dwarf.

July 1st, 1870.—Volume VII., "The Heart of Midlothian." *Frontispiece:* The Sisters in the Prison. *Vignette:* Tolbooth Gaol.

"This neat and convenient edition of the best of British story-tellers has been gratefully acknowledged in our notice of the first three volumes, which contained the tales of 'Waverley,' 'Guy Mannering,' and 'The Antiquary,' each by itself.

"For holding in the hand and reading with comfort they are most suitable in size and shape, in binding, paper, and print. The text is here made perfect, and all the prefaces, introductions, notes, and postscripts written at different times by Sir Walter Scott are preserved with reverent care. We prefer this Centenary Edition, published in memory of the undying author's hundredth birthday, to any other that we have seen."—*The Illustrated London News*, July 16, 1870.

August 1, 1870.—Volume VIII., "The Bride of Lammermoor." *Frontispiece:* Ravenswood and Lucy. *Vignette:* Wolf's Crag.

The Waverley Novels now publishing, containing some notes by the author not hitherto published. The work is printed from a new type specially cast for the purpose, and each volume is illustrated with a frontispiece and vignette.

September 1st, 1870.—Volume IX., "Ivanhoe." *Frontispiece:* The Black Knight. *Vignette:* Rebecca.

October 1st, 1870.—Volume X., "The Monastery." *Frontispiece:* Father Philip. *Vignette:* Melrose Abbey.

November 1st, 1870.—Volume XI., "The Abbot." *Frontispiece:* Queen Mary and Lord Lindesay. *Vignette:* Lochleven Castle.

"The promises with regard to this edition have been all fulfilled up to the present. It is handy, elegant, beautifully printed, and contains the very latest notes of the author."—*Glasgow Herald*, November 24, 1870.

December 1st, 1870.—Volume XII., "Kenilworth." *Frontispiece:* Amy Robsart. *Vignette:* Kenilworth Castle.

January 1st, 1871.—Volume XIII., "The Pirate." *Frontispiece:* Minna and Brenda. *Vignette:* The Roost of Sumburgh.

February 1st, 1871.—Volume XIV., "The Fortunes of Nigel." *Frontispiece:*
Vignette:

March 1st, 1871.—Volume XV., "Peveril of the Peak." *Frontispiece:* . *Vignette:*

April 1st, 1871.—Volume XVI., "Quentin Durward." *Frontispiece:* . *Vignette:*

May 1st, 1871.—Volume XVII., "St. Ronan's Well." *Frontispiece:* . *Vignette:*

June 1st, 1871. — Volume XVIII., "Redgauntlet." *Frontispiece:* . *Vignette:*

July 1st, 1871. — Volume XIX., "The Betrothed." *Frontispiece:* . *Vignette:*

August 1st, 1871.—Volume XX., "The Talisman." *Frontispiece:* . *Vignette:*

September 1st, 1871.—Volume XXI., "Woodstock." *Frontispiece:* . *Vignette:*

October 1st, 1871.—Volume XXII., "The Two Drovers," "The Highland Widow," and "The Surgeon's Daughter." *Frontispiece:* . *Vignette:*

November 1st, 1871.—Volume XXIII., "The Fair Maid of Perth." *Frontispiece:* *Vignette:*

December 1st, 1871.—Volume XXIV., "Anne of Geierstein. *Frontispiece:* *Vignette:*

January 1st, 1872.—Volume XXV., "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous." *Frontispiece:* *Vignette:*

From Advertisements to the Centenary Edition.

"In printing this new edition of the Waverley Novels, the publishers have availed themselves of the opportunity of collating it with the valuable interleaved copy in their possession, containing the author's latest MS. corrections and notes, and from this source have obtained several annotations of considerable interest, not hitherto published. There have also been inserted [within brackets] some minor notes, explanatory of references now rendered somewhat obscure by the lapse of time, and for which they are chiefly indebted to Mr. David Laing, Secretary of the Bannatyne Club, and one of the few surviving friends of the author.

"Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black."

Another letter appeared in *The Border Advertiser* a fortnight later, and we now give part of it to our readers:—

"*The Celebration of Sir Walter Scott's Centenary on the Border.*

"SIR,—I have read the letter which appeared in *The Border Advertiser* of January 7th, and think the writer was correct in saying the right day should have been kept at Edinburgh. But, at a numerous meeting held a short time since of the recently-appointed sub-committee anent the Scott Centenary, it was unanimously resolved that in view of the proceedings of the British Association, the celebration should take place in Edinburgh on Wednesday, the 9th of August next. If this decision is final, we should all be unanimous in our support of the capital, and do our utmost to make its central celebration worthy of the occasion. At Aberdeen, Auchterarder, Dundee, the Crystal Palace, and other places, it has already been determined to hold suitable celebrations of the Centenary.

"It is not to be supposed for one instant that 'the Border' will be the last in honouring Scott. The celebration at Melrose can only be second in interest (if that) to the central one at Edinburgh. The 15th of August, 1871, has been left as yet unoccupied—let us keep it with all the old enthusiasm of Border Scotsmen.

"The parish in which Abbotsford stands is Melrose. It is not to be desired that the gathering there should take other than its natural character of the friends and neighbours of Scott met together in remembrance of their great Bard. The invitations should be sent to all Border residents and natives who would take an interest in it. In addition, surviving *friends* of Scott should be invited to the muster of his *neighbours* at Melrose. It is to be borne in mind that Abbotsford is now fulfilling its founder's fondest desire, and forms the beloved home of his only descendant. 'A nation of gentlemen,' as we have been called by the highest authority, will not be inclined to visit Scott's mansion on the day when of all others they would wish the Lady of Abbotsford to enjoy it herself. No greater charm could be given to it on that day than the knowledge that the family were in residence there.

"Dryburgh Abbey will, indeed, form the pilgrimage of most among us on the morning of the 15th of August, and

this visit constitutes a fitting prelude to the banquet to follow on the afternoon or evening of that memorable summer day in Scotland.

"I am, &c.,
"A SCOTCHMAN.

"Jan. 16, 1871."

"Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and harebell dipped in dew."
WALTER SCOTT.*

"Mr. Wyndham, of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, we are told, will revive, with great care and scenic splendour, one or two of the Waverley dramas about the date of the Scott Centenary." †

"We hear it is proposed to have a grand fancy dress ball as one of the modes of celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Sir Walter Scott's birthday in Edinburgh." ‡

"The Duke of Buccleuch has agreed to preside at the celebration of the Centenary of Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh in August next." §

"It has been resolved to have a banquet in Glasgow on the 9th of August, in honour of the hundredth birthday of Sir Walter Scott. The Duke of Argyll has consented to preside." ||

SCOTLAND.

"The preparations for worthily celebrating the Scott Centenary in Glasgow are being steadily prosecuted. The list of noblemen and gentlemen forming the committee includes the names of the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Derby, the Right Hon. H. A. Bruce, M.P., the Lord Advocate, Mr. Anthony Trollope, Mr. Theodore Martin, and Mr. George

* In "Rokeby," canto v., stanza xiii.
† From *The North Britain*, of February 4, 1871.
‡ From *The Court Journal* of Feb. 25, 1871.
§ From *The Times* of March 1, 1871.
|| From *The Hampshire Chronicle* of March 25, 1871.

MacDonald. The proceedings, it is generally known, are to take the form of a public banquet to be held on the 9th of August in the College at Gilmorehill. Contrary to custom, the banquet will be attended by both ladies and gentlemen. We understand there is some reason to hope that the Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorne may honour the banquet with their presence." *

ADVERTISEMENT.

"*The National Celebration of the Scott Centenary.*

"Attendance will be given daily between the hours of ten and twelve at the Committee Rooms, 5, St. Andrew Square, to which communications for the Secretary may be addressed.

"Edinburgh, 26th April, 1871." †

"It has been resolved to fit up a chamber in the Scott monument of Edinburgh as a repository for relics of the poet. This was originally intended by the architect. There is an effort also being made to get thirty of the unoccupied niches on the outside of the monument filled with suitable statuary. Mr. James Ballantyne has taken the lead in this matter, and money is being raised in Edinburgh and London to carry it out. The subjects will comprise, it is intended, the more celebrated characters with which Scott's name is identified." ‡

A correspondent, who has been a diligent collector for this Memorial, wrote the following description after a visit to Sir Walter's mansion.§

I give it with the more pleasure as the tone of this composition is entirely different from the ordinary guide-book style.

* From *The Court Journal*, Saturday, April 22, 1871.

† From *The Edinburgh Evening Courant* of Friday, April 28, 1861.

‡ From *The Court Journal*, April 29, 1871.

§ His account of Ashestiel and various other places in the immediate neighbourhood will duly appear in the second edition of this work. I regret that, owing to their late arrival, other communications of interest have also been reserved for a time.—C. S. M. L.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

"*A Visit to Abbotsford in the beginning of May*, 1871.

"LEAVING Galashiels by rail to Boldside Ferry, the nearest station to Abbotsford, the line soon leaves the vale of Gala, and turns up the valley of the Tweed, with Abbotsford and its woods in full view on the opposite side of the river. Boldside is soon reached, than which there are few sweeter spots even in the land of Scott, and accosting the old ferry-man with a request to row you across, the boat was soon pointing to the southern bank.

"'Did you know Scott?' was asked. 'Brawley that,' replied the old man with fervour. 'There is only ten of us left now. I was one of the Selkirkshire yeomanry, and Scott was our captain. All dead but ten. I dinnered * with him every year for a number of years, and I would suggest that it would only be a fitting thing for the remains of Scott's yeomanry to figure in some way or other in the coming celebration.'

"'An excellent idea, which shall not be lost sight of,' we replied.

"The boat was now at the southern bank, and the off-hand oar kept patting the bosom of the river whilst the old waterman proceeded to tell how he was at the grand yeomanry dinner at Yair with Scott, the Ettrick shepherd, and other literary magnates.

"Scott and Hogg were in grand glee—Scott remarking of Hogg that the very lightning was playing round him; but the 'Shirra' himsel' was the Jupiter amang them.

"The boat was again pushing across the stream, and we heard the ferryman crying an impromptu toast of Scott's, 'The hills o' green, the waters blue, the grey plaids and tarry oo'.'

"A smart half-hour's walk by the road from Selkirk to Melrose and Abbotsford was reached. Like Ashiesteel, Abbotsford is considerably changed since Scott's death.

* Dined.

Time and the hand of man have both touched it, but in such a manner as the fondest devotee should approve.

"Abbotsford still exists in its unbroken integrity as Scott left it, but some of its surroundings are changed. Forty years have altered the general appearance of the landscape. The plantations were then laid out in varied outline, but the firs were green, and the oaks only saplings; now the firs are full grown, and the oaks will by-and-by be worthy the name of trees, and the birks are tall and beautiful.

"Forty years ago there was little more than the well-defined outline of plantation stripes; now it conveys the impression of a heavily-wooded landscape.

"Whilst time has silently from year to year been working in this direction, and maturing Sir Walter's idea, no hand has been allowed to touch his plans, no stripe has been removed, and no clump has been cut in two; all that has been sacredly preserved as Sir Walter left it. To this there is one exception. All the way along the steep bank between the house and the river was covered with trees, shrouding the house from view, as if in mourning for its master dead. This could not always be, and some years ago the present generous proprietor resolved to cut down the wood between the house and the river, the event commanding the consent and approbation of every sentiment of taste and propriety, and the steep bank, which up till then had been in its natural state, was skilfully transformed into steep, but finely-sloped terraces; and as a result, the house was opened up to full view from the river and the adjacent district.

There is one tree over which unavailing regrets must linger—an oak planted by Scott's own hands to commemorate the battle of Waterloo. Walter Scott held it straight whilst Gordon Wayness beat the earth in about its roots, Mr. Scott remarking as they left it, 'It will be a lang time, Gordon, a' that makes wood for your coffin and mine.' Gordon describes with great accuracy the exact spot where the tree was planted. Almost immediately adjoining the west end of the house there stood an old stable, and close by was a small well, and a little below the well the oak-tree was planted. The well and the site of the oak-tree are all within the area occupied now with the modern extension added by Hope Scott. The well is built over, and the tree was

removed. Possibly, nay probably, the parties engaged with the work were not aware of the interest attaching to that special tree, otherwise it need not be doubted every care would have been taken to preserve it, and to transplant it in some secure spot. The walks with their easy windings are still here just as Sir Walter's foot left them, and here and there some favourite spot is passed where a stone with inscription tells where some favourite dog lies buried. Sitting down in some sheltered nook, the feeling creeps over you that no hand may touch it. His Abbotsford is sacred as the other creations of his fancy and genius. His 'Ivanhoe' and his 'Old Mortality,' his 'Lady of the Lake' and his 'Marmion,' his minstrel and his mailed men, are bequeathed to a world that will take security for their safe keeping. These remain less subject to change than the outline of the hills and dales of his own beloved Border-land. What is true of these imperishable creations of his imagination, is only in a lesser degree true of the place of his abode. Abbotsford belongs in the highest sense to the world. There are spots sacred through all time to all men—a Bannockburn to patriotism, an Ayr to song, and an Abbotsford to romance. Scotland claims these as peculiarly her own, but the world shares them with her in the truest spiritual association. Bruce and Bannockburn are watchwords of patriotism the world over; Burns and Ayr swell in song wherever the English tongue is heard; and Scott and Abbotsford wherever fancy mounts on the wings of imagination. All the world is welcome to come and worship here, and the present noble owner deserves a thunder-peal of gratitude for the generous comprehension with which he holds his own and the world's rights. It is a privilege to him to occupy such a position, and a privilege to the world-wide public to share with him in the Abbotsford associations.

"Looking from Abbotsford across the river, the landscape is not in the main altered. All was bare and bleak before, and all is bare and bleak still. To the right, next Galashiels, a thicket of green firs caps Gala Hill, but the horizon line from that to Touting Hill is one unbroken barren line. Barren and bleak though the outline appears, there were objects even here to interest Scott. In the days when the Scottish kings hunted Ettrick Forest, the Touting Hill was

a prominent eminence overlooking the valley of the Tweed, to which a hunter was sent to sound his horn to summon all within the valley to the chase. It still goes under the name of the *Touting Hill*. There is more alteration and more fields enclosed since Scott's time, but it is bare and treeless as ever. But this, too, is being changed. Within a few years some Galashiels merchant princes have built princely mansions in full view of Abbotsford; King's-Knowe, Netherby, and Glenmain will by-and-by be surrounded with trees, but these places as yet only dot the landscape. The new public road from Galashiels to Selkirk, only forming at Scott's death, now intersects the district, and the Selkirk Railway, between the road and the river, has finally and fully opened up the valley."

"THE SCOTT CENTENARY.

"We have great pleasure in laying before our readers the following extract from a letter by Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, suggesting, in connection with the approaching Centenary, a loan exhibition of pictures, MSS., and other art treasures, illustrative of the life and writings of Sir Walter Scott:—

"'I beg to offer a suggestion regarding the approaching commemoration of the Centenary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott.

"'The scheme of a Scott Exhibition, to be held in Edinburgh in August, is perhaps but a small portion of what it may be found possible to accomplish. But if it is to be successfully realised, it ought to be made known, and the preliminary steps taken, without loss of time.

"'There was held at Florence, in May, 1865, a commemoration of the sixth centenary of the birth of Dante, consisting of a series of *feste* lasting for three days. The political circumstances of Italy at that time gave a significance and an interest to the commemoration of the birth of the greatest of Italians, which, happily for us, are wholly wanting to any similar proceedings in honour of the greatest of Scotchmen. But what Dante was and is to Italy and Florence, Scott was and is in many ways to Scotland and Edinburgh; and I believe that a Scott Exhibition in 1871 would be no less successful and interesting than was the Esposizione *Dantesca* of 1865. How ample were the mate-

rials which Italy could bring together to illustrate the life of her great poet may be judged by the fact that the catalogue, or rather the catalogues—for there were three—form a handsome octavo volume of pp. 112, 70, and 36 respectively—one of the most valuable of recent additions to the ever-growing "Biblioteca Dantesca." Each catalogue represents a department of the exhibition—the first describing the MSS. of the works of Dante, and original documents connected with his history; the second, the editions of his works; and the third, various objects of art, which were divided into three groups:—(1) Portraits and medals of Dante; (2) Works connected with his life; (3) Works illustrating his writings.

"'Now if Italy, swept for so many centuries by conquerors and collectors, could assemble so many relics of Dante, who died in 1321, surely we ought to have no difficulty in doing something of the same kind for Scott, who died in 1832. The single disadvantage under which we seem to labour is the shortness of the time left for preparation. The managing committee of the Dante Exhibition, opened on the 14th May, 1865, appears to have held its first meeting on the 11th May, 1864, while our exhibition must be opened within three months from the present time. Still, with the large experience that many of our countrymen have had of recent exhibitions, the thing surely may be done, if it shall appear to be worth doing.

"'Following the Florentine precedent, we should first turn our attention to the Scott MSS. That unwearied hand (recorded in the well-known anecdote) which was seen day after day, in the bow window of Castle Street, adding to a pile of written sheets, was too famous for many of these sheets to find their way to the fire. I believe the MSS. of most of Scott's chief works are still carefully preserved, there having been within my recollection two or three sales of which they formed the chief attraction. His letters also exist in many family archives, and in large numbers. As a young man he prepared the minutes of the Speculative Society, of which Lockhart notices the careless spelling. A complete set of the first edition of his publications, from the "Bürger Ballads," in 1796, to "Castle Dangerous," in 1831, would easily, I should think, be collected from our Scotch

libraries; and to them might be added specimens of the more ornate editions, of Continental and American reprints, and of the translations into foreign languages.

"'Of the portraits of Scott there must be many, beginning, perhaps, with the miniature which he sent in 1797 to the lady who became his wife, and comprising some of the best works of Raeburn, Chantrey, Allan, Watson Gordon, Grant, and Colvin-Smith. The engraved portraits must be legionary in number. Around Scott himself might be grouped the portraits of his relatives and intimate friends, and of the more famous contemporaries who enjoyed his personal friendship. Historical portraits, and relics connected with his works, or pictorial compositions suggested by them, would perhaps open a field too wide to be dealt with within the time and space at our command. But even within the narrower limit indicated, I believe an exhibition might be formed of a very interesting and instructive character, well worthy of the notice even of "the famous wits, native and hospitable," who may be expected to meet in Edinburgh in August.

"'The Dante Exhibition was formed and displayed under the auspices and authority of the Superintendent-General of the Tuscan Archives. That functionary and a committee were responsible for the selection of the objects exhibited, and for the order of the exhibition. It is of great and obvious importance that our exhibition should take place under the care of some official person, or body of persons, whose resources should afford a sufficient guarantee for the safety of the various precious things we seek to assemble, and for their presentation to the public view in a convenient and worthy manner.

"'Perhaps it may be needful to raise a guarantee fund to meet the expenses of the undertaking, though I cannot suppose that these will be very large, or doubt that some public building will open its doors to the exhibition. Indeed, I am inclined to hope that a Scott Exhibition may not only meet its own expenses, but also afford some surplus towards any public and beneficent work by which it may hereafter be determined to commemorate the first Centenary of the birth of Scott.'

"We are glad to learn that the proposal embodied in the

foregoing letter has already met with the cordial approval of many of the admirers of Scott both in Scotland and England, and that a committee is in course of formation for the purpose of carrying the scheme into execution. We cannot doubt that many of the possessors of such memorials of the mighty minstrel as Sir William refers to will willingly contribute them to the proposed exhibition; and we are enabled to state that in the meantime Mr. David Laing, of the Signet Library, will be glad to receive communications from gentlemen who, in this or any other way, are disposed to aid the movement."*

"THE SCOTT CENTENARY.

"Committee Rooms, 5, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, May, 1871.

"I have the pleasure of informing you that tickets for the National Festival in celebration of the Centenary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott, on the 9th of August next, in the Corn Exchange, are now ready to be given out here daily to the various applicants.

"The chair will be taken by his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch; vice-chairmen, the Right Hon. the Lord Provost, the Right Hon. the Earl of Dalhousie, the Right Hon. the Lord Justice General, the Hon. Lord Jerviswoode, and Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart., of Keir. Many of the most distinguished men of the nation have agreed to attend.

"The festival will consist of wine, fruit, and cake.

"*Accommodation has been provided at the tables for ladies* as well as gentlemen, and their presence is respectfully invited.

"The sub-committee are sincerely desirous that all the members of committee, with their friends, should be present; and they have considered it proper to give the earliest intimation to them, and trust they will secure tickets as soon as possible.

"Tickets will be sent to parties at a distance on remittance of the price, one pound each.

"I am, yours respectfully,

"THOMAS USHER, Secretary."

* From *The Edinburgh Evening Courant* of Thursday, May 4, 1871.

"MELROSE.—THE SCOTT CENTENARY.

"Yesterday,* at noon, a public meeting was held in the Town Hall 'to consider what should be done for celebrating the Centenary of Sir Walter Scott.'

"On the motion of Mr. Hamilton, James Erskine, Esq., chief-magistrate, was asked to preside.

"Mr. Erskine took the chair, and said he had called the meeting in terms of a requisition presented to him about a week or ten days ago, and which was as follows:—'We, the undersigned, respectfully request that you will call a public meeting of the inhabitants of Melrose and the surrounding district, on an early day, to consider what should be done for celebrating the Centenary of Sir Walter Scott.' The resolution had been signed by 78 gentlemen.

"Mr. Erskine then said he would not detain the meeting with any remarks of his own, as there were gentlemen present with resolutions they meant to propose. But the meeting would allow him to say that he gladly embraced, and the people of Melrose would gladly embrace, any opportunity presented of doing honour to that great genius who lived and died amongst them—(Applause)—one who had done so much honour to Scotland and to the district more immediately around Melrose.

"Mr. Tocher said Sir Walter Scott, through his works, was well known to all in the meeting, well known over all Scotland, well-known everywhere, and he would not go into the theme, but simply propose the resolution he had been asked to move, as follows:—'Considering that the genius of Sir Walter Scott has thrown an interest around this district which continues to attract the visitors of every clime, and that he chose it for his own cherished home, this meeting feels that Melrose ought especially to take its part in the approaching Centenary.'

"Mr. Hamilton seconded the motion.

"The motion was carried unanimously.

"Mr. John Davidson moved the second resolution—'That the interest be exhibited in some local manifestation either by Melrose itself or in conjunction with the Border towns.'

* Tuesday, May 9, 1871.

"Mr. Muir seconded the motion, and it was also carried unanimously.

"Mr. Sinclair moved—'That, considering the Border towns are moving, or are about to do so, this meeting resolve to appoint a committee to meet with the delegates appointed already in Galashiels and Selkirk, and to be appointed in Kelso, Jedburgh, and Hawick, and report to an adjourned meeting.'

"Mr. Tait seconded the motion, and it was unanimously agreed to.

"Mr. Muir moved that the following gentlemen—viz., Mr. Mein, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. John Freer, Mr. Sinclair, and Mr. George Mercer—be appointed a committee to carry out the resolutions agreed to. He said it had been mooted that it would be a good way of celebrating the Centenary of the immortal Scott to have a joint district meeting in Melrose for the southern counties. The gentlemen named in his resolution would put themselves in correspondence with representatives of other Border towns, to see whether any arrangement could be carried out to make a meeting worthy of the occasion. When they saw how far it was practicable, they could then call another meeting in Melrose, and get a larger committee appointed to carry out the celebration.

"Mr. Thomson seconded the motion, which was also unanimously agreed to.

"Mr. McBean moved a vote of thanks to the chairman."

"The arrangements for celebrating the Centenary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott on the 9th of August will be of great interest at this time. The committee originally appointed by the Border Counties Association to carry them out has been largely increased, and now includes many eminent men, amongst whom we may mention—The Right Hon. B. Disraeli; the Right Hon. E. Gladstone, First Lord of the Treasury; his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Very Rev. A. P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster; the Right Rev. Charles Wordsworth, D.C.L., Bishop of St. Andrew's, Dunkeld, and Dumblane; the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby; the Right Hon. the Earl Stanhope, F.R.S.,

* From *The Border Advertiser* of Wednesday, May 12, 1871.

F.S.A., D.C.L.; the Right Hon. the Lord Houghton, D.C.L.; the Right Hon. the Lord Lytton; the Right Hon. the Lord Dalling and Bulwer; Sir John Bowring; Sir J. Bernard Burke (of Dublin); Mr. S. C. Hall: Mr. Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate; Mr. Charles Dickens; Dr. Charles Mackay; Mr. Blanchard Jerrold; Mr. Thomas Hughes; Mr. Henry Reeve (editor of *The Edinburgh Review*); the Rev. G. R. Gleg; the Rev. George Gilfillan; Mr. G. W. Lewes; the Lord Mayor of London; a number of the Lords-Lieutenants and Conveners of Counties throughout Scotland; the Provosts; the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Scotland; the leading men of the public bodies of the city, &c. Several ladies of well-known literary fame are expected to be present at the banquet in the Corn Exchange. Among these we may mention Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Miss Agnes Strickland, and Mrs. Lewes. The committee are taking steps to establish a memorial in the name of Sir Walter Scott in connection with the University of Edinburgh. A committee has been formed for the purpose of raising funds to complete the Scott monument in the capital of Scotland, and another body has been organised to carry out Sir W. S. Maxwell's scheme of a Scott Exhibition in Edinburgh.

"We understand that Messrs. Beattie and Son have undertaken the fitting up of the Corn Exchange on the occasion of the Scott Centenary, and that Mr. Scrymgeour is to furnish the decorations. The purveyors are Mr. Grieve, of the Balmoral, and Mr. Drysdale, South St. Andrew Street. Mr. R. B. Stewart, late of the Theatre Royal, will supply the instrumental music, along with the band of the Scots Greys." *

"Dumfries.—The Scott Centenary.—The Centenary of Sir Walter Scott is to be celebrated by a public dinner in Dumfries, over which the Lord Advocate, M.P., is to preside. An influential committee has been formed, and the celebration bids fair to be a highly successful one." †

Innerleithen.—A public meeting of the inhabitants of Innerleithen and neighbourhood, called by requisition, was held on the 12th of May, to consider the most suitable

* From *The Ladies' Own Journal and Miscellany* for May 13, 1871.
† *Scotch Newspaper* of May, 1871.

manner of celebrating the Centenary of Sir Walter Scott. Chief-Magistrate Lennie presided, and it was agreed that the Centenary should be celebrated on the 15th of August by a public banquet and evening entertainment, and that the day should be observed as a general holiday in the district. The committee appointed to carry out the arrangements resolved at a public dinner in the afternoon and a *soirée* in the evening.

"THE NATIONAL CELEBRATION OF THE SCOTT CENTENARY.

"Edinburgh, May 22, 1871.

"SIR,—The movement for the celebration of the Scott Centenary throughout the kingdom originated with the Edinburgh Border Counties Association. The celebration in this city is to take place on a national basis. The committee which has been formed comprises the leading men of the nation, and it has been clearly shown, in the course of the arrangements which have been made, that the most eminent public men have heartily recognised the metropolis of Scotland, and the city of Sir Walter Scott's birth, as the place for a national celebration. The proposal has met with the approval of Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone takes the deepest interest in it, and has expressed his intention to come. On looking over the list, we find the names of gentlemen who were intimately connected with Scott by the ties of relationship, friendship, and otherwise. Amongst these we observe the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Selkirk, and Mr. Robertson of Ladykirk, three of his warmest friends, the last of whom accompanied him in his voyage round the coast; and Bishop Wordsworth, who, with his uncle the poet, were with him at Abbotsford for the three days previous to his leaving for Italy. We observe also the names of the Blackwoods, John Murray, the publisher, and our old and respected citizen, Adam Black, who has brought the Waverley Novels within the reach of all. As is now widely known, the Duke of Buccleuch, as the head of his family, has undertaken to preside, and the Edinburgh celebration has a special interest taken in it by the surviving relations of Sir Walter Scott. The movement is of the most broad and liberal character, and the committee has been thrown open to any gentlemen who might wish to

join it for the purpose of carrying through the celebration, and ultimately of establishing a lasting educational memorial bearing his name. The Scott Centenary differs so far from the Centenary of Burns in respect that it is the resolution of those who promote it to found a Scholarship in Scott's own University, devoted to the cultivation of the literature of our country, which would tend to develop and encourage genius or talent. The laudable undertaking of filling up the niches in the monument will easily be accomplished by a local subscription. I understand that the museum will likely soon be opened, and it is to be hoped that every one possessed of any relics of Scott will give something towards it. A committee has been formed to carry out an exhibition of relics of Sir Walter Scott, under the presidency of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, and if parties will willingly come forward and lend articles suitable for the purpose, it should be a great success and an important auxiliary to the celebration.

"I understand that a meeting will be called on the 10th August to take measures to establish the Scholarship, and that there will also be special performances at the Theatre-Royal.

"The people of the United States and throughout the kingdom look to the metropolis for an example in regard to the Centenary. In this, beyond any other place, should no effort be spared to make the celebration triumphantly successful. It is expected that the Corn Exchange will be completely filled. But the citizens of Edinburgh can do a great deal more. I observe that in most of the local celebrations there is to be a holiday, with a procession of the Freemasons, the Volunteers, the trades, and other bodies. There does not seem any great difficulty in accomplishing this object here, were a combined effort made; and the time seems now come when this should be done. No one loved better such a display of patriotic feeling than Sir Walter himself; and, if not carried beyond reasonable bounds, no one could object to it. It would be very pleasing to the many who will visit the city on the occasion to observe that the metropolis had lost none of its ancient spirit. I need scarcely remind your readers of the intensity of feeling displayed at the Burns celebration at Ayr. Not

only was this the birthplace of Scott, but, besides having invested the traditions of the city with an undying interest, he had a strong attachment for the older parts of it—such as the Canongate—and the rural vicinity of Edinburgh. He has brought to Scotland numbers of illustrious and earnest pilgrims, who have made the metropolis the central point. Here the Waverley Novels were published and put on the stage; and I understand that, so strong was their conviction of the benefits he had conferred on them, and their regret at his death, that certain of the trades went into mourning. In no sense has the influence of his writings declined. This seems an occasion on which all should cordially unite, and lay aside their party differences. The eyes of the world are now looking to the citizens of Edinburgh, and the time seems to have come when they should be up and doing, in order that the celebration should not draw near and find them unprepared. If every one of them who has derived delight and instruction from the Waverley Novels were to do something, the 9th of August would be made a day to be long remembered.

"I am, &c.,

"T. U."

"THE SCOTT CENTENARY.

"There are three committees charged with the Centenary celebration of Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh, where, by common consent, the central demonstration is to be held. The first in importance is the great committee having charge of the festival in the Corn Exchange. We find some astonishment expressed that the charge for the entertainment, which is to consist of cake, fruit, and wine, should be as high as a guinea. There are very good reasons for this charge, even were it not the case that our only large room is a vacuity which must be tabled, and seated, and decorated at great cost, to enable the meeting to be held in it at all. Beyond this, there is the absolute necessity of making the gathering an exclusive one, so that it may be representative not only of Edinburgh and Scotland, but of the world at large. Had the charge been less, the tickets would [illegible] been sold to Edinburgh people in half a day. As i[illegible] guinea makes people hesitate about it; and in the m[illegible]

applicants from other parts of the kingdom, and from abroad, have an opportunity of securing a seat. There can be no doubt that in every respect the celebration will be a great success.

"The second committee, to which we more particularly desire to allude at this time, is charged with carrying out Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's suggestion of a Scott Exhibition. Sir William is convener of the committee, which includes the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Stair, Lord Jerviswoode, the Lord President, Sir William Gibson-Craig, Sir George Harvey, Sir J. Noel Paton, Mr. Adam Black, and other well-known gentlemen, and the exhibition is under the special patronage of Her Majesty. This exhibition, which is to be open from the middle of next month till the middle of August, is to be held in the National Gallery, the use of which has been granted by the Treasury. It is to consist of portraits of Scott, pictures illustrative of his works, manuscripts or letters, engraved portraits, and generally of anything having a personal relation to Scott himself. A very valuable contribution towards this exhibition has been made, we are glad to say, by Mr. Hope-Scott, who has empowered Mr. David Laing, the well-known scholar and antiquary, to select from Abbotsford anything of interest connected with Scott not generally shown to visitors there. It will be observed that, by this limitation, Abbotsford, the shrine to which so many pilgrims will betake themselves this year, will not be robbed of any of its wonted interest, while the exhibition here will contain many hidden treasures that few have seen. Sub-committees have been set apart to take up the various branches of the exhibition, and the general business management is taken by Mr. Cornillon, George Street. The committee have already received offers, from the Queen downwards, of many contributions of an interesting character; and also of some, we believe, which have very little bearing upon Scott. When the wheat is winnowed from such chaff, a very attractive exhibition will result. The possessors of relics of Scott, who may be disposed to send them to the committee, would do well to communicate their intentions soon.

"The third committee, which is presided over by Mr. James Ballantine, seeks to obtain the completion of the Scott

Monument here, by filling its numerous niches with statues, in accordance with the original design. The four principal niches, over the centre of the arches of the canopy, are filled with figures representing Prince Charlie, Madge Wildfire, the Lady of the Lake, and the Last Minstrel. On an outer niche a statue of George Heriot was placed some years ago, and at the topmost pinnacle figures occupy the four spaces. But all over the monument there are canopied niches which, to complete the work, should be occupied with figures, and to secure this is the object of the committee. This committee has not yet advertised itself, its work being in the meantime to endeavour by negotiations to obtain, either from private persons or from localities, the offer to supply figures illustrative of the Scott characters ('Scott's worthies' we may call them) which the donors may be locally interested in. But the invitation is open to all, and Mr. Ballantine will be delighted to hear from anybody who may be desirous thus to occupy a niche in the Scott Walhalla."—*Edinburgh Correspondent of Inverness Courier.*

"THE SCOTT EXHIBITION.—The Scott Exhibition, which is to be held in the National Gallery, Edinburgh, from the 15th of July till the 12th of August inclusive, promises to be very interesting. The following are some of the relics received:—An unfinished painting, representing 'Sir Walter Scott and Family,' by Mr. Stewart Watson, from original miniatures painted by Mr. Watson in 1825, with holograph letter from Sir Walter expressing approval of the likenesses; the cradle of Scott; Meg Dods' punch-bowl; the original design of the Scott Monument; MS. of 'The Bride of Lammermoor' and 'Heart of Mid-Lothian;' bronze copy of Chantrey's bust of Scott; marble statuette of Scott, after Steell; original painting of the celebrated dog 'Camp,' with holograph memoir of the dog by Sir Walter; plan of the grounds of Abbotsford; marble bust of Kemp, by John Hutcheson; portrait of Scott, with his favourite dog Maida, by Allan; painting of 'Jeannie Deans in the Robbers' Barn;' original MS. of 'Tales of a Grandfather'—first series; various paintings illustrative of Scott's works; model of the Scott Monument; portraits of Scott from Mr. Colvin Smith and Mr. H. G. Watson, George Street; portraits of Constable and Ballantyne; original drawings illustrative of 'Waverley,' by Heath and Ewbank;

original miniatures of Claverhouse and Duke of Argyll (water-colours); silver snuff-box used by Scott, and gold watch which belonged to Lady Scott—lent by Dr. Clarkson, Merchiston; Sir Walter's passport through France in 1826; 'The Queen's body-guard suit,' worn by Sir Walter, &c.

"THE SCOTT CENTENARY.—We understand a movement has been set afloat by a number of influential gentlemen in Greenock for the purpose of suitably celebrating the Centenary of Sir Walter Scott in Greenock on the 9th of August. It is proposed that a dinner should take place in the Town Hall on the afternoon of that day, and that thereafter ladies should be invited to the boxes, and the general public to the galleries, a small charge being exacted from the latter. It is proposed to communicate with a number of leading Scotchmen, who are expected to consent to take a prominent part in the proceedings. Several names have been mentioned, amongst whom is Professor Blackie of Edinburgh. Sir M. R. S. Stewart, Bart., Lord-Lieutenant, is expected to take the chair. The co-operation of the Provost and magistrates is to be asked, and a meeting of gentlemen is fixed for to-morrow to consider the proposal. It is feared, however, that the Town Hall, which is being painted and decorated, will not be ready to accommodate such a gathering on that day, but no doubt an effort might be put forth whereby it could be made available for such an important occasion.—*Glasgow Herald*, June 13."*

CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

OUR PAST.

"Of all our national possessions there is none so precious and dear to us as that past of ours, with all its noble and touching lessons, the chart of our great voyage."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*†

As Sir Walter Scott truly says—

"There occur in every country some peculiar historical characters, which are, like a spell or charm, sovereign to

* From *The Ladies' Own Journal* of Saturday, June 17, 1871.

† Of June, 1860, page 716.

excite curiosity and attract attention, since every one in the slightest degree interested in the land which they belong to has heard much of them, and longs to hear more."

No nation has a more famous history than the Scotch, and at all periods has it received vivid illustration from Scott's writings.

To go no further back than the days of Wallace.

What Scottish heart does not beat faster and higher at the very mention of his noble name ?

He led his brave countrymen in times of grief and danger.

He delivered Scotland from the bondage which it would not brook. The invader was forced away.

Bruce, our revered King Robert, follows, and now again does the glowing pride of each Scot revive at the mention of one ever dear in—

"The land of the mountain and mist."

By the Wallace Monument on the Abbey Craig near Stirling, and the proposed memorial to Bruce on his own field of Bannockburn, do we recognise the past in the present.

Long may we remain what we ever were !

In James I., James IV., and James V. we have a poet, a leader and promoter of art, and the brave soldier.

In Mary Queen of Scots, the good, the brave, and the beautiful, we have the brightest gem of that richly-jewelled crown which encircled the nation's brow in the royal line of Stuart.

She was sweetly tolerant, and devoutly desired all in her kingdom to have that free exercise of their religious faith which was denied to herself.

The Catholic of our day, and all who hold the old faith of Scotland, most justly consider her a martyr.

In James VI. we have a peaceful and learned prince.

In Charles I. we have an able sovereign and a lover of art, a brave and skilful general, and a good man.

The Episcopal Church of England and Scotland has in him a martyr ; for, as the poet of our Church truly says, he is—

"Our own, our royal saint."

And at the mention of "The White King," who can fail

to recollect with proud pleasure his trusty general, the noble Marquis of Montrose?

He bravely fought and bravely won; he lost, and as bravely died for the loyalty he bore to his king and country. Long may his name flourish amongst us, as worthy to rank with the noble and national heroes of old times!

In the Duke of York, afterwards King James VII., we have the brave admiral and general who vindicated his country's honour both by sea and land.

In Mary, his beautiful Consort, we found a kind friend and noble Queen.

James Grahame, Viscount Dundee, better known, perhaps, as the warlike Claverhouse, here rises to view as an ardent loyalist, and the champion of right against successful wrong.

Scott tells us "that no character has been so foully traduced as the Viscount of Dundee, who was every inch a soldier and a gentleman."*

And in James VII.'s son we have skilful perseverance for undoubted right, and a Prince constant to the faith of his ancestors.

In the chivalrous Prince Charles Edward, a gallant leader of the loyal Scotch, and a wonderful example of the protection of Providence.

Scott says the fidelity of his countrymen to the adventurous Prince in his distresses and ultimate escape "will reflect honour on the Highlands of Scotland while their mountains shall continue to exist."†

His brother Henry, the good Cardinal of York, and last male of his Grandfather's family, both friends and foes united to respect.

And at his death in 1807, the loyalist of the past became the loyalist of the present.

"George IV." received national welcome and universal homage on his visit to Scotland in 1822, and Scott was leader to his countrymen then.

> "The spears of the North have encircled the crown."
> *Rokeby*, canto v., stanza xx.

* See page 178 in volume v. of the Library Edition of "Sir Walter Scott's Life," by J. G. Lockhart.

† In his "Tales of a Grandfather," chapter lxxxiv.

Scott's name does not rest on fiction. He is the poet and chronicler of his native land. His real glory consists in having revived the scenes of our past history, given life to the departed of earlier times, and thrown over all the mantle of natural reality. The Scottish heart is won in "Waverley" by the vivid reappearance of Bonnie Prince Charlie, whose memory is dear to the nation still. In "Old Mortality" the descendants of both Cavaliers and Covenanters find the past revive, and glory in it. In "The Legend of Montrose," that lion-hearted Cavalier is sufficient of himself to kindle feelings of opposite character—some naturally with him, and others as naturally against him. In "Nigel" the son of Queen Mary is pictured forth, and while with him we again feel the past steal over us. In "Peveril" the kind-hearted and merry monarch, Charles II., with his gay train of courtiers, repeoples Whitehall. And more especially in "The Abbot" have we the vivid appearance of Mary Queen of Scots, loyalists, and the Catholic faith. On the other hand, opposing statesmen and generals, Presbyterian ministers and their faithful followers—both pictures are given us, and each shines brightest as the descendant of the past himself feels. The Scotch are very peculiar—where they like they love, where they dislike they hate. It is, perhaps, the hardest task for any of us to judge fairly between sides, if our ancestors took part with either one or the other. Right and justice, however, should decide even here, let family feeling say or think what it may. It is quite certain that persecution has always done most harm to the side which employed it. And so it will ever be: human nature rebels against oppression naturally. What is best for the nation, again, is, in the end, the best for the individuals who compose it. Despite all minor differences, those who have fought bravely, acted boldly, or suffered enduringly for Scotland are best respected by their descendants. Patriotism is the life of every country.

Our Present.

"Caledonia's queen,"
"The fealty of Scotland claims."‡

Scott not only recorded the past, but looked forward to the future. He thus writes of our Queen while Princess Victoria:—

"May 19 (1828).—Dined by command with the Duchess of Kent, and was presented to the little Princess Victoria, the heir apparent to the crown, as things now stand. This little lady is educating with much care, and watched so closely that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, 'You are heir of England.' I suspect, if we could dissect the little heart, we should find that some pigeon, or other bird of the air, had carried the matter. She is fair, like the royal family."†

In thus speaking he has connected himself with the reign of Queen Victoria, who is directly descended from Mary Queen of Scots, and now herself

"Queen of the North."‡

The Princess was then only nine years old, and I need hardly add that the Scotch of to-day are delighted to find their love and loyalty returned by the loving residence of the sovereign of Scotland at Balmoral.§

* The first of these lines will be found in Scott's introduction to canto v. of "Marmion;" the second is from the "Lady of the Lake," canto vi., stanza xxvii.

† Her Majesty will probably still have some faint recollection of the tall, lame, and white-haired Baronet, whom she has since learned to consider the great man he was. We may indulge the hope that in a future edition of the Royal Diary some notice of this memorable interview will be recorded.

‡ Thomas Campbell.

§ Since writing the above we have learnt that it is the intention of our gracious sovereign to reside again in the Scotch palace of her royal ancestors.

The *Scotsman* informs us: "The public of Edinburgh will be glad to learn that Her Majesty is likely to resume her former habit of spending a day or two in this city on her way to and from Balmoral. Instructions have recently been given to have certain slight alterations and arrangements made in the royal apartments at Holyrood, so as to

Queen Victoria made her pilgrimage to Abbotsford in 1867, and joins us in our love for Walter Scott.

We may briefly allude to other tokens of attachment to Scotland in the members of our own royal family.

The Prince Consort, K.T., who is still remembered with respect, was the designer of Her Majesty's mansion at Balmoral, and has often been at Edinburgh in the active discharge of pleasant duty. "The silent father of our kings to be" was our friend, and liked to live in our midst.

The Prince whom our Capital claims as her namesake, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, K.T., has followed in his father's footsteps, and is sure of a welcome whenever he revisits the city of which all may well be proud; and let him travel whence he may, still its match cannot be found. We trust that His Royal Highness may long be spared to grace our capital, which he has carried round the whole world in his august title of the DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

The Heir to the Throne of Scotland is found in His Royal Highness the Duke of Rothesay, Baron of Renfrew, and Lord of the Isles, K.T.

He has shown his regard by many tokens. Of all the photographs in which his face has been variously depicted, commend us to that in which the full Highland dress is worn.

Like some other dresses peculiar to station or country, that of the Highlands is rather a trying one.

But His Royal Highness has obtained the usual compliment when Donald is pleased; for he is said to make "a pretty man" in the Highland dress.

Not only has His Grace a Highland piper, and gives his

---

fit them for Her Majesty's occupying them in May next."—December 1870.

And *The Court Journal* of March 4, 1871, has this paragraph:—

"THE QUEEN'S RESIDENCE IN HOLYROOD PALACE.—We observe that workmen are now employed in proceeding with the works to which we referred some time ago, preparatory to Her Majesty's visit to this city, which we understand will probably be during the month of May next."

We also read that, "The Marquis of Lorne has taken a house in Moray-place, Edinburgh, which his lordship and the princess will occupy next autumn, when the season begins in the Scottish capital." *The Court Journal* of April 22, 1871.

willing presence at the games which take place annually in the neighbourhood of his Scotch residence, but he has become a Laird of the Soil, and wishes his children, including the youthful heir, Albert Edward Victor Christian, to be at least partly bred near the heather at Abergeldie.

It is a world of differences, and in Scotland many exist.

But there is one subject on which all agree.

The Princess Alexandra of Denmark came among us as our Duchess of Rothesay, Countess of Renfrew, and Lady of the Isles, and the national heart of Scotland now beats with universal admiration, universal respect, and universal love of her.

The annals of our country supply many examples of Royal Ladies who were endowed with the highest qualities of Beauty, Nobility, and Virtue. In Her Grace the Duchess of Rothesay we recognise these selfsame qualities, and—

> "'Enough, enough,' the nation cried,
> 'She's Scotland's hope, her joy, her pride!'"

CHAPTER NINETEENTH.

"While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott."
*The Lay of the Last Minstrel.**

The National Voice of Scotland in 1871.

When Sir Walter Scott died in 1832, he was succeeded in the title and estates by his elder son, who then became the second Sir Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, Bart.

A high sense of duty, and the active discharge of professional avocations, led him to India about the year 1835. He remained abroad until he rose to the command of his regiment, a very fine one—the 15th Hussars, or King's Own. Returning home in ill-health, and hardly expecting ever to see Scotland again, the soldier baronet reached the Cape of Good Hope. There he died, on the 4th of February, 1847.

* Canto i., stanza viii.

His brother Charles having previously died unmarried, the estate of Abbotsford was inherited by Sir Walter's grandson, Walter Scott Lockhart, who, as Mrs. Lockhart's eldest surviving son, was now the lord of all.

In the same year that witnessed the death of Scott's last surviving, though eldest child, a most interesting event took place, upon the fruit of which hangs the future of Abbotsford.

Robert James Hope-Scott, one in every respect worthy to become its protector, became the Laird of Abbotsford, soon after his marriage with the daughter of J. G. Lockhart.

Mrs. Hope-Scott's brother, who was in the army, died of fever in the neighbourhood of Paris, and is buried at Versailles. This was in 1852.

The same year saw the birth of Mary Monica Hope-Scott, who became Lady of Abbotsford upon the death of her mother and only brother in 1858.

One to whom Scotland owes much thus describes a visit to Scott's mansion :—

"It is more than ten years since I lunched at Abbotsford, in sweet Mrs. Hope's time. She held the inkstand for me while I described the touching painting of Mary Stuart's decapitated head.

"You will find the account in vol. vii. of my 'Lives of the Queens of Scotland.'

"That work of art completely absorbed all my attention when at Abbotsford.

"Alterations have been made.

"I can only recall Mrs. Hope, with her ringing voice and silvery laugh. I told her she reminded me of Annot Lyle, in her grandfather's tale of the 'Legend of Montrose,' and she laughed so merrily.

"Yours very truly,

"AGNES STRICKLAND.

"Southwold, Suffolk, April 29, 1870.'

This is Scott's account :—

"Annot Lyle shortly after glided into the room, not ill described by Lord Menteith as being the lightest and most fairy figure that ever trod the turf by moonlight. Her

stature, considerably less than the ordinary size of women, gave her the appearance of extreme youth, insomuch, that although she was near eighteen, she might have passed for four years younger. Her figure, hands, and feet were formed upon a model of exquisite symmetry with the size and lightness of her person, so that Titania herself could scarce have found a more fitting representative. Her hair was a dark shade of the colour usually termed flaxen, whose clustering ringlets suited admirably with her fair complexion, and with the playful yet simple expression of her features. When we add to these charms, that Annot, in her orphan state, seemed the gayest and happiest of maidens, the reader must allow us to claim for her the interest of almost all who looked on her. In fact, it was impossible to find a more universal favourite, and she often came among the rude inhabitants of the castle, as Allan himself, in a poetical mood, expressed it, 'like a sunbeam on a sullen sea,' communicating to all others the cheerfulness that filled her own mind."*

Miss Strickland says of Mary, Queen of Scots :—

"The remains of this injured Princess were contemptuously covered with the old cloth that had been torn from the billiard-table, and carried into a large upper chamber, where the process of embalming was performed the following day by surgeons from Stamford and Peterborough. The curious contemporary portrait of the severed head of Mary Stuart in a charger, now at Abbotsford, was probably painted by some artist who either obtained access to the royal remains in the character of an assistant to those gentlemen, or through the favour of the indulgent castellan, Sir William Fitz-William. It is placed on a table covered with a scarlet velvet cloth. A narrow parchment scroll appears from beneath the charger with this inscription—'Maria Scotiæ Regina, February 9th, 1587;' and the name of the artist, Amyas Cawood, probably the nephew or brother of Bastian's wife, the faithful Margaret Cawood.†

* From chapter vi. of the "Legend of Montrose."

"Annot Lyle glides through the whole like a sunbeam. Her fair face, and sweet voice, are the light of the picture; the one dream of the poet amid the tumult of faction, and the harsh realities of civil war."—L. E. L., at page 139 of "Her Life," vol. ii.

† "This inestimable painting was presented to Sir Walter Scott by a Prussian nobleman."—A. S.

"This affecting posthumous portrait bears an unmistakable analogy in features and contour to Mary's prison pictures; but the nostrils are sharpened and a little elevated. A solemn stillness appears to have composed the marbled brow, placid lips, and sealed eyelids, and the grey pallor of death supersedes the beautiful tints of her natural complexion. One pearl appears among the dark locks which have been replaced by the artist, and the brow is adorned with a radiated diadem—the martyr's crown. The delineation of the neck is considered anatomically true, and is a terrifically fine work of art; yet it is impossible to contemplate the ineffable composure of the features,

'And mark the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,'

without feeling that it verifies its own authenticity by bringing Mary Stuart's countenance before us at the blessed season 'when the wicked had ceased from troubling, and the weary was at rest.'"*

"It is perhaps the finest and most precious of all the rewards which a man of virtue and genius receives from the nation to whose service his virtue and his genius have ministered, that he establishes for his children a true and lofty species of nobility in the eyes of that people, and secures for all *their* exertions (however these may differ in species from his own) a watchful and a partial attention from generations long subsequent to that on which the first and immediate lustre of his own reputation and his own presence may have been reflected. The truth is, that a great national author connects himself for ever with all the better part of his nation by the ties of an intellectual kinsmanship—ties which, in his own age, are scarcely less powerful than those of the kinsmanship of blood, and which, instead of evaporating and being forgotten in the course of a few generations, as the bonds of blood must inevitably be, are only riveted the faster by every year that passes over them. It is not possible to imagine that any lineal descendant of Shakespeare, or Milton, or Locke, or Clarendon, or any one of the great

* Pages 493, 494 of "Lives of the Queen's of Scotland," &c. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. VII. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. MDCCCLVIII.

authors of England, should have borne, in the present day, the name of his illustrious progenitor, and seen himself and his great name treated with neglect by his countrymen."—J. G. LOCKHART.*

The descendant of Sir Walter Scott is entitled to these honourable feelings of hereditary attachment from the people of Scotland, and she does possess them.

It affords us all very genuine delight to be able to contemplate the features of the great-grandfather as reflected and preserved in the living features of Mary Monica Hope-Scott.

The grand-daughter of Mr. Lockhart, and only descendant of Sir Walter Scott, lives in her ancestral home of Abbotsford.

The Sculptor of the Border writes: "I see her frequently, and she is the very image of her great-grandfather." The blessing of every Scotsman be hers! She resides among us in the possession of a grateful nation's affection—and that nation, SCOTLAND.

I know not that there is any other spot in our country made classical by the footsteps of such a person as Scott, one's notions respecting which are thus cherished and freshened by finding it in the hands of his own posterity, bearing his own name. May the gentry of Scotland always include the honoured name—Scott of Abbotsford—among their number!

Our national interest is increased, and our affectionate respect deepened, by Sir Walter Scott's descendant being a gentle young lady.

The Scotch have been emphatically termed, by the very highest authority, "a nation of gentlemen," and by so chivalrous and domestic a people it is certain the great-grand-daughter of Walter Scott must be universally honoured and loved.

> "O might I live to see the grace,
> In Scotland's court thy birthright place!"

It is delightful to hear of this youthful lady as the kind instructor of the children now on the estate. The descendant of Sir Walter is seen in the Sunday-school directing the

* In "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," pages 99, 100, vol. ii., Second Edition, 1819.

grandchildren, and in some cases the great-grandchildren, of Scott's faithful retainers, the survivors among whom are now grey-haired grandsires.

To be a chief of the soil and its people, and contemplate his children as succeeding him in the same character, was to realise his most cherished desire. We now see it at Abbotsford.

Whatever opinion is entertained with regard to the erection of additional rooms at Abbotsford House, we need only observe that, after having been lived in by Scott's grand-daughter and Miss Hope-Scott, they now form an undivided and very interesting part of the ancestral residence and beloved home of his great-grand-daughter,

Whom may God preserve!

"O sacred Genius; blessings on the chains,
Wherein thy sympathy can minds entwine!
Beyond the conscious glow of kindred veins
A power, a spirit, and a charm are thine.

"Thine offspring share them. Thou hast trod the land—
It breathes of thee—and men, through rising tears,
Behold the image of one like thee stand,
More noble than a galaxy of peers."

J. G. L.

"When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,
Something, my friend, we yet may gain,
There is a pleasure in this pain:
It soothes the love of lonely rest,
Deep in each gentler heart impressed."

WALTER SCOTT.*

In this Centenary of Scott, few, I think, but will remember LADY SCOTT, of Lochore.

13, Kensington Gardens Terrace,
Hyde Park,
London,

is her present residence.

She never resides at Lochore, and is seldom in Scotland.

* Introduction to canto ii. of "Marmion."

"The pretty heiress of Lochore" is now the widow of Sir Walter Scott's elder son, the second baronet.

Mr. Lockhart says that Sir Walter Scott felt "truly paternal tenderness for the young lady who had been admitted into his family, and which she, from the first hour of their connection to the last, repaid by a filial love and devotedness that formed one of the sweetest drops in his cup of life."

Though not living in our midst—for how could she, after the blanks time has made?*—yet her heart, we may be sure, is with ours at Dryburgh Abbey.

We send her national greeting of earnest, affectionate respect, and our prayer is that with her it may be light at eventide.

Long may Lady Scott live to connect us with the early and bright days of Abbotsford, and may she never be without the affection and comfort she gave

OUR SIR WALTER SCOTT!

"Still are the thoughts to memory dear."
Rokeby, canto i., stanza xxxiii.

"The respect for gentle birth is a characteristic of the Scottish nation. Its chief distinctions are the guerdon of high qualities, of skill in the council, and courage in the field. The good fame of those who have gone before seems at once the gauge and incentive of our own.

"Never will there be poetry, generous endeavour, or lofty standard of excellence, but among a people who take pride in the past.

"It is a fact, that though a Scotchman be the most locomotive of individuals—there is scarcely a habitable part of the globe where he is not to be found—yet nothing ever weakens his attachment to his country. It is at once a deep steady friendship, and an enthusiastic love."—L. E. L.†

Lovers of Scott in the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood" will welcome a work which tells them more of him.

I now present to his countrymen a Centenary offering.

* "——dead are those I love."
MERDINN WYLTT.

† See the "Life of Miss Landon," vol. ii. pages 120, 121, and 158, 159.

My heart is in this celebration, and I lay the Memorial before the world.

Scott's Centenary Birthday is to be celebrated August 15, 1871.

A commemorative celebration is of no avail unless the heart is in it.

The national heart of Scotland is in the Centenary celebration of her Sir Walter Scott. Of his works it may be said that they stamp once and for ever greatness on the genius of their author.

Scott was "a man among men," and he had family as well as national pride. He was the poet of chivalry and the minstrel of the North.

"Up with the bonnie blue bonnet,
The dirk, and the feather, and a'!"

Scott is the Minstrel Knight of Flodden Field and Bannockburn.

"In his metrical romances he appears like one of his own knights of chivalry, magnificent and imposing, and stalwart in action.

"In his prose fictions he is free, natural, graceful, and energetic as his Rob Roy with his foot on his native heath."*

"No people in the civilised world combine, in a higher degree, all that is original, and excellent, and striking in national character, than the Scotch."†

AUGUST 9, 1871.

"Now might you see the tartans brave,
And plaids and plumage dance and wave."
The Lady of the Lake.‡

"As pennons wont to wave of old
O'er the high feast of Baron bold."
Rokeby, canto ii., stanza viii.

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* Pringle, in *The Penny Magazine.*

† From page 17 of a work entitled "Illustrations, Historical, Biographical, And Miscellaneous, Of The Novels By The Author Of Waverley; *With Criticisms, general and particular.* By The Reverend Richard Warner, Rector of Great Chalfield, Wilts.

London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, And Browne, Pater-Noster Row."

‡ Canto ii., stanza xvi.

"Each minstrel's tributary lay
Paid homage to the festal day.
*The Lord of the Isles.**

"What crest is on these banners wove?"
The Lord of the Isles.†

At the Centenary Banquet, to be held in Edinburgh on the 9th of August, 1871, will be given as *the* toast of the year—

"The immortal memory of Walter Scott."

Its reception will show that Scotland's poet lives in the hearts of his countrymen.

AUGUST 15, 1871.

The Border Celebration.

"But when brown August o'er the land
Call'd forth the reaper's busy hand,
A gladsome sight on sylvan road
There high and low to Melrose flow'd."

"When day dawns on that river's side
Where Scotland laid her bravest pride."

The celebration of Scott's Centenary, to be held on the 15th of August at Melrose, will be second to none in high interest and deep feeling.

Dryburgh's shades on that day will see the approach of many, many pilgrims to the tomb of him who lies below.

We have entered the Centenary year, and notes of preparation are heard on every side.

We await the month and day with undoubting confidence and enthusiastic love.—C. S. M. L.

"A deep, quiet, sober, and growing conviction of the solid worth of his achievements, and of the thorough identification of his name and renown with the nation's pride and the nation's glory, in the mind and heart of his countrymen, will and must secure a noble Centenary celebration in honour of

Walter Scott.

"It behoves Scotland to embrace the opportunity afforded

* Canto i., stanza i. † Canto i., stanza iv.

by the 15th of August, 1871, to declare in a manner worthy of herself, and unmistakable in the certainty of its sound, that she still glories in Scott for Scotland. Scott is *our sun* here in the north, and we are content to bask in his beams and to rejoice in the anniversary of his rising. Other ends may be served by the celebration of the great Scotchman's Centenary, such as the vindicating the true greatness of our national genius and of our national character, asserting that the language of Scotland is not the dialect of a province, but the language of an independent kingdom, and in added resistance to the change or overthrow of our characteristics as shown in the history of

SCOTLAND." *

"Well is our country's work begun,
But more, far more, must yet be done.
Speed messengers the country through,
Arouse old friends and gather new;
Warn Lanark's knights to gird their mail,
Rouse the brave sons of Teviotdale,
Let Ettrick's archers sharp their darts,
The fairest forms, the truest hearts!
Call all, call all! from Reedswain path,
To the wild confines of Cape Wrath;
Wide let the news through Scotland ring—
The northern eagle claps his wing!"

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* Adapted from Gilfillan's "Life of Scott," 1870, pages 381, 382.

THE END.

VIRTUE AND CO., PRINTERS, CITY ROAD, LONDON.

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ESTABLISHED AS A MEMORIAL OF THE NATIONAL CELEBRATION OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S CENTENARY.

Number 1 will be published at the end of August, with the magazines for September.

The following is a table of Contents for the first number:

ST. ANDREW'S MAGAZINE.

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Author of "A General History of the Isle of Wight," "The Centenary Memorial of Sir Walter Scott," &c.

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